

A
COLLECTION
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED
FARCES
AND
ENTERTAINMENTS
PERFORMED ON THE
BRITISH STAGE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for C. ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.

M,DCC,LXXXIII.

COLLECTION

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THEATRES

AND

ENTERTAINMENTS

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VOLUME SECOND

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall Mall

1794



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first volume of this COLLECTION OF FARCES having met with a favourable reception from the Public, the Publisher has been enabled thus early to complete a *second*, containing the same number, and of equal merit, as the first.

THERE is likewise preparing for the press a *third* volume, which will be published at the same distance of time as between the first and second; and the selection, it is hoped, will no less merit the approbation of the Public.

It is the wish of the Publisher, in the prosecution of this undertaking, not to interfere with any gentlemen's pieces, from the sale of which, in a detached manner, they may expect any further emolument: At the same time, these gentlemen will confer upon him a particular obligation, in giving their permission to insert such of their corrected pieces as he may, from a point of delicacy, have omitted.

EDINBURGH, *November 1782.*

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THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Jacob Tollup,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1780.</i>
<i>Major Sturgeon,</i>	<i>Mr Baddely.</i>	<i>Mr Charteris.</i>
<i>Jerry Sneak,</i>	<i>Mr Foote.</i>	<i>Mr Wilkinson.</i>
<i>Crispin Heel-tap,</i>	<i>Mr Weston.</i>	<i>Mr Bailey.</i>
<i>Bruin,</i>	<i>Mr Bransby.</i>	<i>Mr Hallion.</i>
<i>Lint,</i>	<i>Mr Moody.</i>	<i>Mr Smith.</i>
<i>Roger,</i>	<i>Mr Castle.</i>	<i>Mr Lane.</i>
<i>Sauffle,</i>	<i>Mr Clough.</i>	<i>Mr Colby.</i>
<i>Matthew Mug,</i>	<i>Mr Vaughan.</i>	<i>Mr Taylor.</i>
	<i>Mr Foote.</i>	<i>Mr Chalmers.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Sneak,</i>	<i>Mrs Clive.</i>	<i>Mrs Smith.</i>
<i>Mrs Bruin,</i>	<i>Mrs Lee.</i>	<i>Mrs Charteris.</i>

M O B.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Sir Jacob's house at Garratt.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir JACOB.

R O G E R—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you
Vol. II. A rascal?

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rascal? Is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Milter? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key: the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob.

[Exit Rog.]

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late ere they——

[Knocking at the gate.]

Who is that, Roger?

Rog. (without) Master Lint, the pottercarrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, Master Lint, your will?

Lins. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to inquire after your health, and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures simple and compound, may likely ensue: now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs, but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 3

Sir Jac. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob. Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtless the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great: but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, Master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next.—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why, a fever that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, turpentine and water will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, Master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's—Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names—Roger, bring me the news—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

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Lint. Plaguy liars; murderous dogs.

Roger brings the News.

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratchliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful Mr Justice Drowfy, this thirteenth day of—

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, firrah, do you think Mr Justice Drowfy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland.

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting by the Chevalier Taylor.—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, firrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if after all

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 5

all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licensing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum*, now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why, the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Maj. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum and squeaking fife now wound our ears no more.

Maj. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Maj. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use—use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Maj. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Maj. Oh such marchings and counter-marchings!

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from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossias. Bunn-hill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Maj. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault: I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Maj. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Maj. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Maj. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Maj. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Ham-

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 7

Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day indeed!

Maj. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Maj. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could rid; otherwise we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at all-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. He was: for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Maj. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, knight, alderman, and colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Maj. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great?

Maj. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Maj.

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Maj. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions: Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Maj. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Maj. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Maj. No: soldiers for fun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute: You have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Maj. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs Sneak, and the lovely Mrs Bruin: is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh ho, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them: come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Maj. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Maj. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed steeds and neighing troops," as the black man says in the play; like the Roman censor, I shall retire to my savin field, and there cultivate cabbage.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Maj. True; I have done with the major, and now return to the magistrate; *Cedunt arma togge*.

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your country.

Maj.

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Maj. True; man was not made for himself; and so, thinking that this would prove a busy day in the justifying way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Maj. I have brought, as I suppose most of our business will be in the battery way, some warrants and mittimus ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Maj. Pray, how shall we manage as to the article of swearing; for I reckon we shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business to-day, I believe the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Maj. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No; poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Maj. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Maj. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Maj. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—And quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely: they say his wife has made him a methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington Common.

Maj. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country.—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Maj. Well done, Master Matthew—But pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without, buzza!*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors desire to know if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir

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Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap the cobbler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober. Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; stand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair along with her husband.

Maj. Gad's so, you will permit me to convoy her in.

[*Exit Major.*]

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the foldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs Sneak, handed by the Major.

Mrs Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but my husband is such a goose-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I say—

Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then-go and look after the horse. Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the fan.*]

Mrs Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*]

Mrs

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Mrs Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs Sneak. Meek! a mushroom, a milk-sop.

Sir Jac. Look ye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster.

[Exit Sir Jacob.]

Mrs Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse. Had my kind stars, indeed, allotted me a military man, I should doubtless have deported myself in a becoming manner.

Maj. Unquestionably, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Maj. I should have been too happy.

Mrs Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army: they are all so brave, so polite, so every thing a woman can wish—

Maj. Oh! Madam—

Mrs Sneak. So elegant, so genteel, so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a major?

Maj. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. I know it, good Sir. Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Maj. Oh, Madam!—Let me die but she has infinite merit.

[Aside.]

Mrs Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Maj. Melancholy!—

Mrs Sneak. To be jostled and cramm'd with the crowd; no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Maj. Intolerable!

Mrs Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Maj.

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Maj. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Maj. Divine Mrs Sneak!

Mrs Sneak. Obliging commander!

Maj. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs Sneak. Sir—

Maj. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Maj. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs Sneak. I wish they had all been sou's'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Maj. Next time I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Maj. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglio and Bellisle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. Oh, Madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. Madam—

Mrs Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Maj. Oh, Madam—

Mrs Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Maj. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs Sneak. Courteous commander!

Maj. Barragon of women!

Mrs

Mrs Sneak. Adieu!

Maj. Adieu! [Exit Mrs Sneak.

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Maj. I doubt not, Mr Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins the packer, little Tom Simkins the grocer, honest master Muzzle the midwife—

Maj. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in gray." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Major. And you must not think of disobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O a power! And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Maj. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Venus—Mayhap you have known her some time?

Maj. Long.

Sneak. Belike before she was married?

Maj. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Maj. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin (within.) Come along, Jane; why, you are as purly and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin and Wife: Bruin with a cotton-cap on; his wife with his wig, great coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig: you slut,

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how you have tousled the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir, I am your humble servant unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Maj. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't think how impatient she is. [*Exit Major.*] A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs Bruin. Good Lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the flage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed—

Mrs Bruin. There's Mr Sneak keeps my sifter a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs Jane.

Mrs Bruin. And pray, who is more fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitch'd: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe.

[*Exit Mrs Bruin.*]

Sneak. Od's me, how finely she's manag'd! What would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? She is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then
hector

hector a little ; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil. O Lord, I lead the life of a dog. Why, she allows me but two shillings a-week for my pocket.

Bruin. No !

Sneak. No, man ; 'tis she that receives and pays all : and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds ! I would fouse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil !

Sneak. No ; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton. I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married. You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton !

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin : God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift ?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why, then, I will verily pluck up a spirit ; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs Sneak (within.) Jerry, Jerry Sneak !

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice ! Look ye, brother, I don't choose to breed a disturbance in another body's house ; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no ; it would not be decent.

Mrs Sneak (within.) Jerry ! Jerry !

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me ?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs Sneak (within.) Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering ?

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Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast as I can—Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead! [*Exit Sneak.*]

Bruin. *Ex quo vis linguo*: who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at table, man; we have but just time for a snack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean-spirited—Damn it, before I would submit to such a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man;—don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob. Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

SCENE continues.

Sir Jacob, Major Sturgeon, Mr and Mrs Bruin, Mr and Mrs Sneak, discovered.

Mrs Sneak. **I**NDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a lord-mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Maj. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss. I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits; but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad so, then they will soon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Maj.

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Maj. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal—

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant.—

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Maj. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for though art and education may disguise or polish the manner, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Maj. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Maj. Ay, ay; I could have told these things formerly; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

Mob without buzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of flingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger—

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*]

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Mob, with Heel-tap at their head; some crying,

A Goose; others, A Mug; others, A Primmer.

Heel. Silence there; silence.

1st Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-tap. Why then, silence, I say.

B 3

All.

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All. Silence.

Heel-tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel. Silence then, and keep the peace; what, is there no respect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel. Well then, be silent and civil: Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters. Where's Simon Snuffle the sexton!

Snuffle. Here.

Heel. Let him come forward; we appoint him our secretary: for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for master Snuffle.

Heel. Here, stand by me; and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but, first, your reverence to the lord of the manor; a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way, which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them. Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuf. “To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr Richard Dripping, in the said office, he being —”

Heel. This Goose is but a kind of gossling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuf. A journeyman taylor from Putney.

Heel.

Heel. A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-legg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st Mob. No Goose! no Goose!

2d Mob. A Goose!

Heel. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuf. "Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug."

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Oh, oh; what, you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard? But fair and soft, good neighbours: let us taste this Master Mug before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-tap?

1st Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Harkye, you fellow with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question—bring him forward—Pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel. You lie, firrah; an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel. Oh, may be so. Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale, this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel. So, I thought I should crack Mr Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuf.

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Snuf. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer the schoolmaster.

Heel. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning, that can lay down the law: why, ad-zooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson; and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Ruffia and Prussia. Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel. Ay, if the folks above did but know him:—why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what, is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall along with deputy Firkin.

Heel. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden: I will go and take a peep at what they are doing.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mob without huzza.

Heel. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, 'range yourselves to the right and left, that 'you may be canvass'd in order:' let us see who comes first?

1st Mob. Master Mug.

Heel. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter

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Enter Matthew Mug.

* *Mug.* Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves :
 * Mr Heel-tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

* *Heel.* There, did not I tell you ?

* *Mug.* Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well ?

* *1st Mob.* He is dead.

* *Mug.* So he is. Mr Grub, if my wishes prevail,
 * your very good wife is in health.

* *2d Mob.* Wife ! I never was married.

* *Mug.* No more you were. Well, neighbours and
 * friends—Ah ! what, honest Dick Bennet !

* *3d Mob.* My name is Gregory Gubbins.

* *Mug.* You are right, it is so ; and how fares it
 * with good Mr Gubbins ?

* *3d Mob.* Pretty tight, Master Mug.

* *Mug.* I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

* *4th Mob.* Hark'ye, Master Mug.

* *Mug.* Your pleasure, my very dear friend ?

* *4th Mob.* Why as how and concerning our young
 * one at home.

* *Mug.* Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

* *4th Mob.* Girl ! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

* *Mug.* True, a fine boy ! I love and honour the
 * child.

* *4th Mob.* Nay, 'tis none such a child ; but you
 * promis'd to get un a place.

* *Mug.* A place ! what place ?

* *4th Mob.* Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

* *Mug.* It is done ; it is fix'd ; it is settled.

* *4th Mob.* And when is the lad to take on ?

* *Mug.* He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

* *4th Mob.* And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master
 * Mug ?

* *Mug.* The best in the world ; head-butler to Lady
 * Barbara Bounce.

* *4th Mob.* A lady !

* *Mug.* The wages are not much, but the vails are
 * amazing.

* *4th Mob.* Barbara Bunch ?

* *Mug.* Yes ; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays,
 * and

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‘ and he gathers the tables ; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

‘ *4th Mob.* Is Lady Barbara’s work pretty tight ?

‘ *Mug.* As good as a finecure ; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress’s hair.

‘ *4th Mob.* Hair ! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

‘ *Mug.* True ; but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

‘ *4th Mob.* May be so.

‘ *Mug.* It is so. Hark’ye, dear Heel-tap, who is this fellow ? I should remember his face.

‘ *Heel.* And don’t you ?

‘ *Mug.* Not I, I profess.

‘ *Heel.* No !

‘ *Mug.* No.

‘ *Heel.* Well said, Master Mug ; but come, time wears : have you any thing more to say to the corporation ?

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of Garratt—

Heel. Now, twig him ; now, mind him : mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr’d ; and should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough ; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port ; but what nature has denied, industry may supply : cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed at present your staple commodities ; but why should not your commerce be extended ? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade ; sparagras, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagras. Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the bell ; but where lies the fault ? In ourselves, gentlemen : let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of gras from the corporation of

Garratt

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 23

Garratt will, in a short time, at the London market, be held at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

Heel. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe? D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel?

Mug. Gentlemen—

Heel. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer's refusing a bribe.

[*Exit Mug.*]

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel. Hold, hold, no riot: but, that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-tap and Mob.*]

* *Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir

* The 2d act usually begins here; and the whole foregoing scenes, from the end of act I. are omitted.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant : but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit ; you may take your leave, I can tell you ; for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fie, Mr Bruin, how can you be such a bear? is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter Sneak in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin! O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens ; but the deuce a major or madam could I see : at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you : the door was lock'd ; and then I look'd through the key-hole ; and there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not : What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots ; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence : You may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

Mob buzzes.

Sir

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 25

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel. Where is Master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! Good Lord, who would have thought it! But how came Master Primmer to lose it?

Heel. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then I have it for certain; huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs Sneak.

Mrs Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes; she is axing for me.

Mrs Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't choose to trust my affairs with a woman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband I hope?

Bruin. That's right; at her again.

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Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsfontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like; and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it! Why, I did not think it was in me: shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster. Besides, Madam, I have something further to tell you: ecod, if some folks go into gardens with majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs Sneak. Why, doodle, jackanapes, harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: Am I?—why, my wife, and I am your master.

Mrs Sneak. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs Sneak. Have I, firrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! Have I not made myself a bye-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it, Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and choos'd where I would: did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Coussellor Crab come a-courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs Sneak. My last legs!—But I can rein my passion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin.

THE MAYOR OF GARRATT. 27

Bruin. O fie, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs Sneak. Mr Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man to behave like a man.

Mrs Sneak. What, and are you to teach him I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Maj. Look ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen; but were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then?

Maj. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Maj. What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Maj. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason: I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about; I did. Father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Maj. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak: for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well!

Maj. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

Maj. Box! box!—Blades, bullets, bagshot!

Mrs Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! O risk not so precious a life! Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his fougings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker?

Maj. Be satisfied, sweet Mrs Sneak; these little fracascs we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs Sneak. But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear—A man, yes; a very manly action indeed, to set married people a-quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife: if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! Why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: my life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep!

Mrs Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly—

[*Strikes him.*]

Sir Jac. Oh fie, Molly.

Mrs Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee don't expose yourself before the whole parish. But what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs Sneak. Why, has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfament?

Mrs Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff? Why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest. Look ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to choose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once. Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done: so we will get our honest friend Heel-tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-tap!

Heel. What d'ye mean? as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *locum tenens*.

Heel. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled: but now to heal the other breach. Come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice; let me interpose between you and my son.

Maj. Your son in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right: as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles. Now, if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Maj. Sir Jacob, no shoes; a major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What, are all the women engaged? Why then my *locum tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Maj. Freely.

Nor be it said; that after all my toil,

I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,

Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

THE
R E P R I S A L;
 OR, THE
T A R S OF OLD ENGLAND.
 IN TWO ACTS.

By DR S M O L L E T.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duray-Lane.

Edinburgh, 1780.

<i>Heartly</i> , a young gentleman of } <i>Dorsetshire</i> , in love with <i>Harriet</i> ,	Mr Uther.	Mr Taylor.
<i>Brass</i> , his servant,	Mr Palmer.	Mr Williams.
<i>Champion</i> , commander of a } French frigate,	Mr Blakes.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Ochabbe</i> , an Irish lieutenant in the } French service,	Mr Yates.	Mr Bailey.
<i>Maskymore</i> , a Scotch ensign in } the French service,	Mr Johnston,	Mr Mills.
<i>Lyon</i> , lieutenant of an English } man of war,	Mr Jefferson.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Houlyard</i> , a midshipman,	Mr Beard.	Mr Curtis.
<i>Block</i> , a sailor,	Mr Woodward.	Mr Jennings.

W O M E N.

<i>Harriet</i> , a young lady of Dorset- } shire, betrothed to <i>Heartly</i> ,	Miss Macklin.	Miss Mills.
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Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

SCENE, *On board a French ship lying at anchor on the coast of Normandy.*

P R O.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

AN ancient sage, when death approach'd his bed,
 Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
 And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
 With vows and pray'rs he fairly brib'd the Devil:
 Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
 Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tott'ring on the brink of fate,
 The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;
 Yet oft the trembling bard imploves in vain,
 The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
 No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
 He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here justice seems from her straight line to vary,
 No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
 This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
 No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our culprit in his own defence,
 You cannot prove his dulness is—prepenſe.

He means to please—he owns no other view;
 And now presents you with—a sea-ragout.
 A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
 Replete with a variety of flavours.

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
 Together boil in our enchanted pot.
 To taint these viands with the true fumet,
 He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
 This stale ingredient might our porridge mar;
 Without some acid juice of English tar.
 To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
 And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
 When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
 Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
 And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
 When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;
 When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
 And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world.

Still shall that god-like flame your bosoms fire,
 The gen'rous son shall emulate the fire;
 Her ancient splendor England shall maintain,
 O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
 And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.

ACT

Enter HEARTLY and BRUSH.

BRUSH.

WELL, if this be taking diversion on the water, Heav'n send me safe on English ground! and if ever I come in sight of the sea again, may a watery grave be my portion.—First, to be terrified with the thoughts of drowning—secondly, to be tossed and tumbled about like a foot-ball—thirdly, to be drenched with sea-water—fourthly, to be stunk to death with pitch and tar, and the savoury scent of my fellow-sufferers—fifthly, to be racked with perpetual puking 'till my 'guts are turned inside out'—and, sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and plundered by the French!

Heart. Enough—enough—

Brush. Enough!—aye, and to spare.—I wish I could give part to those who envy my good fortune.—But how will the good Lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon?

Heart. No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I have nothing to fear—as there is no war declared; we shall soon be released; and in the mean time the French will treat us with their usual politeness.

Brush. Pox on their politeness! Ah, master, commend me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff.—The rascallion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter, in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong—but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out.—Another of those polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me—a third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles—nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French.

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French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

Heart. I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and dispatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon, the commander, did not keep his hands clear of the pillage:—An instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer.—Sure he will behave as such to Harriet.

Brush. Faith, not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works.—He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourself her brother—If he knew you were his rival, you might pass your time very disagreeably.

Heart. There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but consoled Harriet and me on our misfortune with marks of real concern.

Brush. You mean Lieutenant Oclabber and Ensign Maclaymore; a couple of damn'd renegades—You lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

Heart. Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother; and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer.—The other is an Highlander, excluded (I suppose) from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference.—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about, and endeavour to overhear their conversation. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Oclabber and Maclaymore.

Oclab. Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivil question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

Mac. Weel, weel, Maister Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to say a'together ye're in the wrang—but ye ken there's a time for a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

Oclab.

Oclab. You may talk as you please, Mr Maclaymore, —you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed, I am always happy when you are speaking, whether I am asleep or awake a gra: But, by my shoul, I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the English pleasure-boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war, much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pirates and privateers.

Mac. To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war; for ye ken, in ancient times, the victor took the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere*. But then ye maun tak notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae, to see the faut brine come happing o'er her winsome cheeks.

Oclab. Devil burn me, but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—Och, the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah o'Shannaghan, 'whom I left big with child 'in the county of Fermanaghan, grammachree!—' Ochone my dear Sheelah.—' Look here, she made me ' this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot ' at the mouth of the Shannon—and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—Och, my dear honey captain, cried she, I shall ' never do penance but I will be thinking of you.—' Ah, poor Sheelah! she once met with a terrible misfortune gra: we were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough; and so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her, she told me she was speechless; ' and by ' my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon ' her legs again: ' then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of *drimmendoo*; but a friend of mine, of the order of St Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen a Roon.

Mac. Whether is't an elegy or a ode!

Oclab.

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' *Oclab.* How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all even?

' *Mac.* Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the 'carmen elegiacum; or giff it be an ode, it may be 'momocolos, diecolos, tetraastrophos—or perhaps it's loofe 'iambics.

' *Oclab.* Arra, upon my conscience I believe it is 'simple shambrucks, honey.' But if you'll hold your tongue, you shall see with your own eyes.

S O N G.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone:

Ochone my dear jewel,

Why was you so cruel,

Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

II.

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall,

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;

In the dark she was groping,

And found it wide open;

Och, the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more;

If you're dead do but own it,

Then you'll hear me bemoan it;

For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

IV.

' Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!

' Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!

' O the month of November,

' She'll have cause to remember,

' As a black-letter day all the days of her life.'

V.

With a rope I cou'd catch the dear creature I've lost!

With a rope I cou'd catch the dear creature I've lost!

But without a dismission,

I'd lose my commission,

And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven
long

long years?—An it plaised God to bring us within forty miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life.

Mac. Hoot-sie, Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy?—Did you never read Seneca *de consolatione*?—or Volufenus, my countryman, *de tranquillitate animi*?—I'se warrant we have left a boony las' too, in the braces of Lochaber—my yellow-hair'd deary that wont to meet me among the hether.—Heigh, sirs! how she grat and cried, *Wae's my heart that we should sunder.* Whisht, what's a' that rippet! [*A noise of drums.*]

Oclab. Arra-mon-deaul! they are beating our grenadier's march, as if the enemy was in view: but I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge; or, by St Patrick, I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

Mac. (*To a bag-piper crossing the stage.*) Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

Pip. Guid fait, an please your honour, the commander has sent for her to play a spring to the sassenach damsel; but her nain fell wad na pudge the length of her tae without your honour's order—and she'll gar a' the men march before her with the British flag and the rest of the plunder.

Mac. By my faul he's a gowk and a gauky, to ettle at diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-shew of her ain misfortune—But, howsomever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macree-man's composition; and if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll soon gar her forget her disaster.

Oclab. Arrah, now since that's the caase, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compose her spirits, by my shoul the drum shall beat till she's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—But we'll go and see the procession.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Procession.

First the bag-pipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum followed by a crew of French sailors.

Enter

Enter Champignon and Harriet.

Cham. Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de captive of your eye—by gar, my glorie turn to my disgrace.

Har. Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

Cham. Den vat I ave done!—parblieu, I not understand vat you mean, madame—I ave de honor to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

Har. You have carried off an unarmed boat contrary to the law of nations, and risked the passengers in opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse.

Cham. Common robber!—Madame, your serviteur tres humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my 'art at your altar.

Har. 'If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice—for my own part, I have no taste for the *fumét*; so' you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country, *Monsieur*.

Cham. Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felicitate demselves dat you renonce de tendre of Monsieur de Champignon—'Madame la duchesse—mais taisons—alte la—et la belle marquise! ah quelles ames!—vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes—diable m'emporte! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succès in love as in war.

Har. I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wise.

Cham. Ah ma charmante!—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid de transports of my flame.

Har. In a proper place, I believe I should find them very entertaining.'

Cham. How you ravish-a me, my princesse!—avouez donc, you ave de sentimens for my personne—parblieu! it is all your générosité—dere is noting extraordinary in

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my personne, diable m'emporte ! hai, hai !

[Cuts a caper.

Har. Indeed, Monsieur, you do yourself injustice ; for you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

Cham. Ah, ah, Madame ! I die under the charge of your politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope ma fantaisie—your smile inspire me wid allégresse—allons ! vive l'amour !—la, la, la, la—

Har. What a delicate pipe ! I find, Monsieur, you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

Cham. Madame, your slave éternellement—personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chansonnettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, three, four, ten years ago—I take possession sabre a la main ; but by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre—dey refuse to submit, and carry me to Plimout—Dere I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Angloises—I teach dem to love—they teach me to sing your jolies vaudevilles.—*A cobbler dere vas, and he live in one stall*—Hai, hai ! how you taste my talens, Madame ?

Har. Oh, you sing enchantingly ; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobbler all the days of your life—ha, ha, ha !

Cham. Hai, hai, hai !—If you not flatter me, Madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell-a me of grace, my princeesse, vat sort of lover you shoofe—I vil transform myself for your plaisir.

Har. I will not say what sort of lover I like ; but I'll sing what sort of lover I despise.

Cham. By gar, she love me eperduement. [Aside.

S O N G.

I.

From the man whom I love tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

II.

II.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as an hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

Cham. Morbleau, Madame, you sing a merveilles—
begar, de figure be ver singulier.

Enter Heartly.

Cham. Monf. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most
umble serviteur—Mademoiselle your sister ave des per-
fections of an ange; but she be cold as de albâtre.
You do me good office—I become of your alliance—you
command my service.

Heart. I hope my sister will set a proper value upon
your addresses; and you may depend upon my best en-
deavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it de-
serves.

Cham. As it deserve!—mardy! dat is all I desire—
den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and
retires.*] Comment! que m'importe—Madame, I must
leave you for one moment to de garde of Monf. your
broder; but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*]

Heart. My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough
to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dan-
gers and misfortunes?

Har. I can't but be pleased with an event which has
introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished
Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

Heart. You can't imagine how happy I am to see you
bear your misfortune with such good humour, after the
terror you underwent at our being taken.

Har. I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon-shot came whistling over our heads, and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner—but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that, upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him.—O' my conscience, I believe all courage is acquired from practice—I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery myself.

Heart. Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you.—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

Har. I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

Heart. I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter. I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

Enter Brush.

Heart. Well, Sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot; have you caught any intelligence?

Brush. Sir, I have done your business—Captain Macclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of four wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship: in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

Har. Pray, Mr Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud stalking Highlander?

Brush. I won his heart with some transient eulogiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid, as an improvement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

Heart.

‘ *Heart.* These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

‘ *Brush.* He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, By my soul, man, (says he), ye’re na fule; I see ye ken foo weel how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man be better acquainted.—I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family; and, sighing, cried, *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

‘ *Hear.* That scrap of Latin was a home-thrust—You see, sirrah, the benefit of a charity-school.

‘ *Brush.* Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my Accidence, that ever my learning would turn to such account.—Captain Maclaymore was surprised to hear me speak Latin; yet he found fault with my pronunciation.—He shook me by the hand, though I was a little shy of that compliment; and said, he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle: but I put him in mind of a singat cat, for I wa sbetter than I was bonny.—Then he carried me to his cabin, where we might discourse more freely; told me the captain was a *light-headed guse*, and expressed his concern at your captivity, which he said was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of *Aix-la-Chapelle*.

‘ *Har.* There, I hope, you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

‘ *Brush.* I extolled his understanding; interested his gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him, that my master’s great-grandmother’s aunt was a Scotchwoman of the name of Macintosh, and that Mr Heartly piqu’d himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

‘ *Heart.* I’m obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance.—I hope the discovery had a proper effect upon my cousin Maclaymore.

‘ *Brush.* He no sooner heard that particular, than he started up, crying, What the deil say ye? Macintosh!

‘—swunds, man, that’s the name of my ain mither—
 ‘wha kens but Mester Heartly and I may be coozens
 ‘seventeen times removed? Then he gave me a full ac-
 ‘count of his pedigree for twelve generations, and
 ‘hawked up the names of his progenitors till they set
 ‘my teeth on edge: To conclude, he has promised to
 give you all the assistance in his power, and even to fa-
 vour our escape; for, over and above his other motives,
 I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks
 a piece of service done to an English gentleman may en-
 able him to gratify that inclination.

Heart. But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

Brush. The boat is along side—our men are permit-
 ted to walk the deck—when the captain retires to rest,
 and the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy
 than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope,
 hoist the sails, and make the best of our way to Old
 England.

Heart. But you don’t consider that Mr de Champig-
 non, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chase—
 nay, compliment us with a dish of sugar-plumbs that
 may be very hard of digestion.

Brush. There the friendship of Maclaymore will be of
 service: for as soon as our flight is known, he and his
 men, on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle
 and confusion, that nothing can be done until we are
 out of their reach; and then we must trust to our own
 canvas and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime
 failer.

Har. The project is feasible, and may be the more
 practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-
 operate with the ensign.

Heart. Odso, there he comes—*Brush*, go and wait
 upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hi-
 bernian.

Enter Oclabber.

Oclab. Your humble servant, Sir—I hope the lady is
 plaised with her accommodation—Don’t you begin to
 be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea?
 —upon my conscience, now, it’s so delicate and keen,
 that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as
 an Irish wolf-dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

Heart.

Heart. Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry.—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of Captain Oclabber—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

Oclab. Acquaintance, honey!—by my shoul I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life.

Heart. Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

Oclab. Ub ub oo!—by Shaint Patrick, I remember you as well as nothing in the world—Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

Heart. My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

Oclab. Ah, heav'n rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra—Oh, I remember you two made one with us at the Hotel de Buffy—by my shoul we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as tree potatoes—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot.—Mr Heartly, the devil fly away with me, but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

Heart. Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with Captain Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

Oclab. I'll tell you what, Mr Heartly, we officers don't choose to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know:—therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but as a man, my dear, by the mafs he's a mere baift.

Heart. I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own.—I understand by my servant too, that Mr Maclaymore agrees with us in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

Oclab.

Oclab. By my saoul, I told him so before you came aboard.—As for Ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arrah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the archbishop of Armagh.—Didn't you know we are sworn brothers—though I am his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

Enter Brush.

Brush. O Lord, Sir, all the fat's in the fire.

Oclab. Arrah, what's a-fire, honey?

Brush. All our fine project gone to pot.—'We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.'

Heart. What does the blockhead mean?

Brush. One of our foolish fellows has blabbed, that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears, and storms in a breath.—I have seen bedlam; but an English lunatic at full moon is a very sober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

Heart. I care not for his passion or power.—By heav'n, he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll assault him, though unarm'd, and die in her defence.—

[*Going.*

Oclab. Won't you be easy now?—your dying signifies nothing at all, honey; for if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations, for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy?—By my saoul, you'd look very foolish.—Take no notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

Heart. The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage.

Oclab. Devil confound me, but I'd never desire a better joke.—Och, then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim

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trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

Heart. Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

Brush. Zooks, Sir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that to pretend to ravish! No, no; he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already.—Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name to take care of yourself; for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

Oclab. O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman!—When there are two lovers in the case, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with Ensign Macclaymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you. No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

Brush. Soldierly or unsoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape, I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

Oclab. Devil fire you, my dear, you're a wag—Arrah, who told you that my friend Macclaymore escaped from the gallows?—By my saoul, 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

Heart. I'm so confounded and perplexed in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

Oclab. Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads.—For my own part I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

ACT

A C T II.

[*A great noise and bustle behind the Scenes.*]

Enter Maclaymore and Champignon.

Champignon running upon the Stage in a ridiculous dishabille.

Cham. **P**RENEZ garde qu'elle ne vous echappe! — aux armes! — Monf. le second — contre maitre — la chaloupe, la chaloupe!

Mac. (*overturning him as if through mistake.*) As I fall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft! — Deel stap out your een, I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

Cham. Ah meurtre! assassin! vous avez tué votre commandant! — holla ho! me gens, a moi.

Mac. Hout na, it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow! — Preserve us a', it's the var'a man — Weel I wot, Sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle — but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

Cham. (*rising.*) Ventre faingris! my whole brain be derangée! — Traître, you be in de complot.

Mac. Traiter me nae traiter, Mester Champignon, or gude faith you and I maun ha' our kail through the reek.

Cham. Were be de prisoniers? — tell-a me dat — ha! — mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau! — de prise! de prisoniers! — sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les prisoniers — you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

Mac. Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an offisher — I wuf some other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the respect due to an offisher, we should na be fashed with a' this din.

Cham. Tell-a me au moment, were be Monsieur 'Artlie? were be de prisoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your *sottises*?

Mac. Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge; and sae ye may gang and leuk after him — and

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as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet, whom ye ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your *bouillon*; and if the poor fallow had na done the deed, I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

Cham. Morbleu, Monsieur Maclaimore! you distrait me wid your babil—I demand de Englis prisonniers—m'entendez vous?

Mac. Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entends bien—there was nae English prisoner here—for I maun tell you, Sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*—or *Puffendorf de officio Hominis et Civis*.—ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello*—ergo he was nae prisoner of war—Now what says the learned Puffendorf?

Cham. Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu, you be one impertinent.

Mac. What, what!—that's a paughty word, Sir—that's nae language for a gentleman—nae mair o'that, or gude faith we'll forget where we are.

Cham. Morbleu, you ave forget dat I be your general—your chief.

Mac. By my faul, man, that's strange news indeed! You my chief? you chief of the Maclaymores?

Cham. Si, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

Mac. Donna rustre me, Sir, or deel damn my faul, but I'll wraist your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France. [They draw and fight.

Enter Oclabber.

Oclab. Devil fire you, my lads, what's the maining of all this disturbance?—o' my conscience, there's no such thing as resting below—a man wou'd lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been a bed these tree hours, but I cou'd not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep. [Pretending to discover Champignon. Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? what, is it your own self, Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign?—By my faul, that's not so shivil now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the king's name.—You shall see one another locked

locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then if you cut one another's throats, by the blessed virgin, you shall be brought to a court-martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

Mac. (Sheathing his sword.) Weel, weel, Sir,—ye're my commanding offisher—*tuum est imperare*—but he and I shall meet before mountains meet—that's a'.

Cham. (to Oclabber.) Vat! you presume to entre-mettre in mes affaires d'honneur!—you have de hardiesse to dispute wid me de command of dis vaisseau de guerre!—tell-a me, if you know my condition, ha?

Oclab. Indeed, indeed, my dear, I believe your present condition is not very savoury—but if Ensign Macclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse—and yet, upon my conscience, I have seen a man command such a frigate as this without any head at all.

Cham. Monsieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi; you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs aye bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

Oclab. By my faoul, when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was thread-bare, and out at elbows.

Cham. Ah, la mauvaise plaisanterie.—Daignez, my goot Lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

Oclab. Och, I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and, by my faoul, a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for it stood always uncovered; and never refused entrance to any passenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

Cham. You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

Oclab. By Shaint Patrick, I know them as well as the father that bore them—Your nephew is a begging-brother of the order of St Francis—Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent *savatier* in the county of Bearne—and your own self, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan; then served the Count de Bardasch

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dasch for your diversion ; and now, by the king's favour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

Cham. A quelle medifance !—que vous imaginez bien, Monsieur—but I vill represent your conduct to des Marechaux of France ; and dey will convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some consideration—Un charlatan !—mardy, dat be ver plaissant.—Messieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres pour r' attraper des Englis chaloupe—jusque au revoir—Charlatan !—Savatier !—Mort de ma vie ! *[Exit.]*

Oclab. Faith and troth, my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight by this time.

Mac. By my saoul, Captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet—He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

Oclab. If he will be after-playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh ! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—Arra man deaul, that's not the thing neither—but you know my maining, as the saying is.

Mac. Hoot, aye—I've warrant I ken how to gar your bowls row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my part pretty weel for a beginner.

Oclab. For a beginner !—devil fetch me but you played like a man that jokes in earnest—but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you—and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

Mac. Let that flie stick i' the wa—when the dirt's dry it will rub out—but now we man tak care of the poor waff laffy that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

Oclab. I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her baird, agra.

Mac. It's now break of day—donna ye see the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig ?—We'll e'en gang down and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Harriet and Brush.

Har. O Lord, I'm in such a flutter—What was the
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meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being retaken?

Brush. Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout. The two land-officers performed their parts to a miracle. My master and our people slipped into the boat without being disturbed by the centries, who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake—but now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England—I'm sure I sent many a wishful look after them.

Har. What, you are sorry then for having staid behind with me?

Brush. O, by no manner of means, Ma'am—To be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my master through the barricado—but yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr Heartly, Ma'am, that I should be glad to share all his dangers, Ma'am—though, after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to leave his mistress, and faithful servant, in such a dilemma.

Har. Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly—you know how unwillingly he complied with my request—we could not guess what villainous steps this fellow Champignon might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

Brush. Well—heaven grant him success, and that speedily—For my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence—If I had broke my leg two days ago, I shouldn't have been in this quandary—God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

Har. Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage—I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the Captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

Brush. Odso, I'll run down to Lieutenant Oclabber and his

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his ensign, and give them notice in case there should be occasion to interpose. [Exit Brush.

Enter Champignon.

Cham. Madame, you pardon my presumption, dat I pay my devoirs in dishabille—bot it be all for your service—Monfieur your amant ave decampé fans façon—I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure you de plaisir of seeing him again—Ah, he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitresse!

Har. Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

Cham. By gar, it be tout-a-fait impossible—he steal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité.

Har. I'm heartily glad to hear it.

Cham. For wat you be glad, my princess, ha?

Har. That he's no longer in your power.

Cham. Bon!—juste ciel!—how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—If we rencontre again, revanche, revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra—Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave de honneur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom—Ah, larron! perfide!—la, la, la, ra, ra.

[*He sings, kneels, and dances, by turns.*

Monfieur Artlie is not in my power—bon!—but by Gar, Madame, you know who is, hah!

Har. As for me, my sex protects me—I am here, indeed, a prisoner and alone; but you will not, you dare not, treat me with indignity.

Cham. Dare not!—Bravo—show to me de man vil say I dare not—ça—ha—hah! [Capers about.

Har. You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want music—Shall I sing you a song?

Cham. Ah cruelle!—You gouverne wid sovereign empire over my 'art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into one calm.

S O N G.

I.

Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain:
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown,

E. 2

II.

II.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt wo,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

III.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

Enter Brush.

Brush. News, news! there's an English man of war's
boat along-side with a flag of truce.

Cham. Comment!—Madame, you ave de bonté to
retire to your cabane—I go dress myself, and give de
audience [Exit. Champignon.

Har. O Brush, Brush, how my 'little' heart palpi-
tates with fear and suspense!—What does the arrival of
this boat portend?

Brush. Our deliverance from the hands of the Philis-
tines, I hope—It could not arrive at a more seasonable
juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that I'm
so much concerned on my own account, Ma'am; but
I can't be insensible to your danger, Ma'am—I
should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not feel for one
that is so dear to Mr Heartly, Ma'am.

Har. Really, Mr Brush, you seem to have improved
mightily in politeness since you lived among these
French gentlemen.

Brush. Liv'd, Madam!—I have been dying hourly
since I came aboard: and that politeness which you are
pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneaking
fear and henheartedness, which I believe (God forgive
me) is the true source of all French politeness; a kind
of poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity—I should be
very proud to be drubbed in England for my insolence
and ill-breeding.

Har. Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your
heart's content.—When we revisit our own country, you
shall have all my interest towards the accomplishment of
your wish—mean while, do me the favour to make fur-
ther

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ther inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Block and another Seaman.

Block. Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieutenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder—nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is—we shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money—if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Ad-zooks, the fellow has got no stowage—he's all upper work and head-sail—I'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

Enter Brush.

Brush. Heh—how!—no sure!—yes, faith, but it is.—Odio, cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

Block. What cheer, ho?—How does mother Margery?—Meet me among the French?—Agad, I'd never desire better pastime than to be among 'em with a good outlash in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle.—Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your mistress were wind-bound, we are come along-side to tow you into the offing.

Brush. The Lord reward you, cousin—but what if this damn'd Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

Block. Why then, Lieutenant Lyon is a-cruising to windward of that there head-land—he'll be along-side in half a glass, fall under your stern, clap his helm a-starboard, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman, and every soul on board, to the devil, in the turning of an handspike.

Brush. The devil he will!—but, cousin, what must become of me then?

Block. Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose—we sailors never mind those things—every shot has its commission, d'ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

Brush. O curse your comfort!

Block. Hark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—

have you pick'd up never a runlet along shore?—What d'ye say to a slug?

Brush. Slug!—O, I understand you—

[*Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.*]

Block. Right Nantz, strike my topsails!—Odds heart, this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution.—Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains.—This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French.—An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother—but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy—No more keg, no more courage.

Brush. T'other pull, cousin.

Block. Avast, avast—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel—Smite my cross-trees! we begin to yaw already—Hiccup.—

Brush. Odso, our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midshipman.

Block. Steady.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Champignon, Oclabber, Macalaymore, Brush, Tom Haulyard an English midshipman.

Cham. Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite-il?

Haul. Anan—Monseer sweat-he!—Agad, I believe, if we come along-side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

Mac. That's mair than you can tell, my lad—ye may gar me sweet wi' fetching, but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweet wi' fear.

Oclab. You may swait me after I'm dead, honey—but, by the blessed virgin! you shall not swait me alive—and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

Haul. If it wa'n't for such as you that show your own country the fore-top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to show their colours at sea—But, howsomever, we'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the saying is—If so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat belonging to one Mr Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning,

Cham.

Cham. Mardy ! de commission be very peremptoire !
—Ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monsieur your commandant ?

Haul. I don't take in your palaver, not I—and mayhap you don't know my lingo ; but, agad, we'll soon make you understand plain English.

Oclab. Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

Haul. Who should it be but lieutenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of sixty guns ? as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

Cham. Bon !—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne ?

Haul. Suppose !—if you do, he'll run you along-side yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water ; that's all.

Cham. By gar, he vill find himself mistaken : here is not vater for one sixty gun ship—(*Aside.*)—Heark you me, Monsieur vat is your name, tell Monsieur Lionne dat I am called Michel Sanfon Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau—dat I ave de honeur to serve de king—dat fear be one bagatelle of wich I have de mepris—dat I regard your ambassade as de galimatias—dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre—and dat if Monf. Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un visite, I shall have de gloire to chastise his presumption ; so I permitte you go your way.

Mac. Dissentio.—Bide you, billy—there's nae clerk here, I trow—Weel, Lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments in your haund against the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English leddy, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may gang about your business ; when ye come back, I'll tauk with you in another stile.

Oclab. For my own part, honey, I shall be after showing you some diversion in the way of my duty ; but I taake you to witness, that I have no hand in detaining the lady, who is plaised to favour us with her company against her own consent, gra.

Haul. Mayhap you may trust to your shoal-water—
if you do, you're taken all aback, brother ; for Lieutenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns, and fifty
stout

stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak; and—heh!—agad, yonder she comes round the point with a flowing sail—b'w'ye, Monseer Champignon; all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taste some of your soup-meagre by that time you pipe to dinner. *[Exit.]*

Cham. Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendois pas sitot, à quelle coté faut il que je me tourne? sacrebleau!

[Aside.] Messieurs, I demand your conseil: you protest against my conduite: if you tink me ave done de injustice, you vil find me tout-a-fait raisonnable; we render Mademoiselle to de Englis; for I juge it bien mal-a-propos to engage de enemy, wen de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

Oclab. Faith and troth, my dear, the contradiction is all over; you have nothing to do but to station your men; and as for Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerheads in the air, honey; but we'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

Mac. Never fash your hoddle about me: Conscience, I'll be no be the first to cry *barley*.

Oclab. Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o' the head, gra; but I'm afraid they're no better than dung-hills, for they were raised from the *Canaille* of Paris—And now I'll go and put the young leddy below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra: for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger you know; and then she'll be releas'd without ransom.

Brush. God bless you, Captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady. I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[Exeunt Oclabber, Maclaymore, and Brush.]

Cham. Ventre saingris! que ferai-je? Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autres Anglois sont si precipités! que

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que diable les etouffe. Allons ! Aux armes ! matelots — mes enfans ! chardon — chiffon — ortie — fumier — l'hibou — la faim — allons — vite, vite — aux armes !

[*A crew of tatterdemallions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musquetry.*

Ah mon bon Dieu ! ayez pitié de moi encore — qu' on m'apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur ! — je suis mort ! — je suis enterré ! — ah, voila assez mes enfans — cessez — desistez — il faut amener — Monsieur O-claw-bear — Lieutenant O-claw-bear —

Oclab. (*behind the scenes.*) Holloa !

Cham. Laissez — laissez — leave off your fire — de ennemi be too strong — we ave abaissée le drapeau — I com-mand you leave off —

Oclab. Leave off ! — arrah for what ?

Cham. De ennemi vill accord no quartier.

Oclab. Devil burn your quarter ! — what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd ? The men are lying along the deck like so many païse ; and there is such an abominable stench, gra — by my faoul, I believe they were all rotten before they died. [*Coming upon the stage.* Arra mong deaul, I believe the English have made a compact with the devil to do such execution, for my Ensign has lost all his men too but the piper ; and they two have cleared the fore-castle sword in hand.

Brush (*in great trepidation.*) O Lord, Mr Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil — hacking and hewing about him like a fury : for the love of God interpose, my master is come aboard ; and if they should meet, there will be murder.

Oclab. By my faoul, I know he has a regard for Mr Heartly ; and if he kills him, it will be in the way of friendship, honey — howsomever, if there's any mischief done, I'll go and prevent it. [*Exit Oclab.*

Enter Champignon, Lieut. Lyon, Heartly, Haul-yard, Brush, Block, and English Sailors.

Cham. (*throwing himself on his knees, and presenting his sword.*) Ah misericorde, Monf. Artlie, quartier — quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu !

Heart. I have no time to mind such trifles — where is my Harriet ?

Brush.

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Brush. I'll show you the way to the poor solitary pigeon—Ah, master, this is a happy day!

[*Exeunt Heartly and Brush.*]

Enter Oclabber and Maclaymore.

Oclab. (delivering his sword.) Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble.—Our commander there is a very shivil person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the foldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my saoul, now, they're the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of my life!—About two minutes agoe they were lying like so many slaughter'd sheep, and now they are all scamper'd off about their business.

Mac. As I fall answar, it's a black-burning shame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem*.

Oclab. By my salvation, if the king will take my advice, every single man of them shall be decimated.

Enter Heartly, leading in Harriet.

Heart. (embracing Oclabber and Maclaymore.) Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shewn to this young lady. Mr Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessary to our grievances.

Oclab. (receiving his sword.) Mr Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my saoul.

Lyon. I a'n't used to make speeches, Madam; but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old school-fellow, Heartly, is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't show a commission, authorising him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's arm by the neck as a pirate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfer'd from you and Mr Heartly.

Har. At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer.

You

You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; hanging and marriage go by destiny: yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

Cham. Madame, I employ your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

Enter Block drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.

Block. Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's cloaths.]

By your leave, Tinsey—Od's heart, these braces are so taught, I must keep my yard square, as the saying is.

Lyon. Ahey,—what the devil have we got here?—how now, Block?

Block. All's fair plunder between decks—we han't broke bulk, I'll assure you—Stand clear—I'll soon overhaul the rest of the cargo.

[Pulls out a long leather qucu with red ribbons.] What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—'Sblood, the fellow has no more brains than a noddie, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

[The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvas shirt with very fine lac'd ruffles.]

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread work; flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow. *[Draws out a plume of feathers.]*

Adzooks, this is Mounfeer's vane, that, like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigged with such a deal of feather. The French are so well sleg'd, no wonder they're so ready to fly.

[Finds a pocket glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.]

Swing the swivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under false colours like a pirate—Here's a lubberly dog, he dares not show his own face to the weather.

Cham. Ah, Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

Block. Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—We Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French, is to spare all their Sham-

pinions

pinions—Od's heart, I would all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

Lyon. But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

Block. Swab!—I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

Lyon. None of your jaw, you lubber.

Block. Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of Old England—But go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul—I have seen the day when thou would'st have shown thy colours with the best o'un.

Lyon. Peace, porpuss.

Block. I am a porpuss; for I spout salt water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a-going.

Har. Come, Mr Block, I must make you friends with Lieutenant Lyon—As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

Block. Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, as how he's as brisk a seaman as ever greas'd a marlin-pike—I'll turn 'un adrift with e'er a he that ever reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—And as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

Har. Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

Block. I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see—then a may to sea when a wool, and hoist the Union flag.—'Stand clear, John Frenchman—the Royal 'Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the 'waves, as the song goes.'

Lyon. And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

Cham. Monsieur Lionne, I've not altogether contradicted, but perhaps a little exceeded, my orders, which

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which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

Heart. Well—I'm persuaded Mr Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny; and to shew that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress; but in other respects, I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

Lyon. I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly.—I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness—but there are Champignons in every service—While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities; when she breaks her treaties and grows insolent, we will drub her over to her good behaviour.—Jack Hauyard, you have got a song to the purpose, that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

‘ S O N G.

‘ I.

- ‘ Behold, my brave Britons, the fair springing gale;
- ‘ Fill a bumper, and toss off your glasses;
- ‘ Buss and part with your frolicksome lasses;
- ‘ Then, aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail,

‘ CHORUS.

- ‘ While British oak beneath us rolls,
- ‘ And English courage fires our souls;
- ‘ To crown our toils, the fates decree
- ‘ The wealth and empire of the sea.

‘ II.

- ‘ Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
- ‘ Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
- ‘ And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
- ‘ Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.
- ‘ While British oak, &c.

‘ III.

- ‘ The streamers of France at a distance appear;
- ‘ We must mind other music than catches:
- ‘ Mann our quarters, and handle our matches;
- ‘ Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.
- ‘ While British oak, &c.

IV.

- Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
- British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
- Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
- So victory follows with riches and fame.
- While British oak, &c.

The following SONG is generally introduced instead of the preceding one.

I.
Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

II.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away:
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

III.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children, and beaux:
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

IV.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them sweat,
In spite of the devil and Bruffels Gazette:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

A YE—now I can with pleasure look around,
 Safe as I am, thank heav'n! on English ground—
 In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
 'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay;
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—
 Might damp the heart of any Virgin pullet—
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,
 Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallie Ass—
 By Champignon a wretched victim led
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed.
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
 As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
 His gallantry, so confident and eager,
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-maigre.
 To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr;
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—
 Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
 In his first-cruise, 'twere pity he should founder. [To the Galli.
 Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
 Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below. [To the Pit.
 The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
 Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
 Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause:
 He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.
 His pen against the hostile French is drawn;
 Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
 Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
 Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
 But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[Looking round the house.

And hollow groans portend the approaching storm;
 Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble, [To the Galli.
 And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble; [To the Pit.
 He'll lanch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

T H E
D E V I L T O **P A Y** :
 O R, T H E
W I V E S M E T A M O R P H O S ' D .
 B y C H A R L E S C O F F E Y , E s q .

D R A M A T I C P E R S O N A E .

M E N .

		<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
Sir John Loverule, an honest country gentleman, believ'd for his hospitality,	}	Mr Beard.	Mr Tannet.
Butler,		Mr Turbut.	Mr Hallion.
Cock,		Mr Leigh.	Mr Simpson.
Footman,		Mr Gray.	Mr Taylor.
Coachman,		Mr Marshall.	Mr Banks.
Jobson, a psalm-singing cobbler, attendant to Sir John,	}	Mr Harper.	Mr Hollingsworth.
Doctor,		Mr Hill.	Mr Charteris.

W O M E N .

Lady Loverule, wife to Sir John, a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical threw,	}	Mrs Pritchard.	Mrs Charteris.
Lucy, }		Miss Brett.	Mrs Mountfort.
Lettice, }	Her maids.	Miss Bennett.	Mrs Tannet.
Nell, Jobson's wife, an innocent country Girl,	}	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Kniveton.

Tenants, Servants.

S C E N E , A Country Village.

S C E N E , The Cobbler's house.

J O B S O N and N E L L .

N E L L .

PR'YTHEE, good Jobson, stay with me to-night,
and for once make merry at home.

Job.

Job. Peace, peace, you jade, and go spin; for if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take your swing at the ale-house, spend your substance, get drunk as a beast, then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

Job. Nounz, do you prate? Why, how now, brazen face, do you speak ill of the government? Don't you know, hussy, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such stuff! But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the ale-house to-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow saucy upon't; for I'm invited by Sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall-place; we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to enter her doors; she grudges even a draught of small beer to her own servants; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong-beer in the house.

Job. A pox on her for a fanatical jade! She has almost distracted the good knight: but she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

Nell. O dear husband, let me go with you; we'll be as merry as the night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold baggage, would you be carried to a company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy serving-men; no, no, you jade, I'll not be a cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome; you promis'd I should see the house, and the family has not been here before, since you married and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy lord and master? Get in and

66 THE DEVIL TO PAY: OR,

spin, or else my strap shall wind about thy ribs most
confoundedly.

A I R I. *The Twitcher.*

He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life ;
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a-day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a-day hoop her barrel.

Nell. Well, we poor women must always be slaves,
and never have any joy ; but you men run and ramble
at your pleasure.

Job. Why, you most pestilent baggage, will you be
hoop'd ? Begone.

Nell. I must obey.

[*Going.*

Job. Stay ; now I think on't, here's sixpence for you ;
get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with
lamb's wool ; rejoice and revel by thyself ; be drunk and
wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art.

He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

But. I would our dancing neighbours were here, that
we might rejoice a little while our termagant lady is
abroad. I have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish
new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more mirth in a galley
than in our family. Our master indeed is the worthiest
gentleman—nothing but sweetness and liberality.

Foot. But here's a house turn'd topsy-turvy, from
heaven to hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former lady was all virtue and mildness.

But. Ay, rest her soul, she was so ; but this is in-
spir'd with a legion of devils, who make her lay about
her like a fury.

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my bones ; if
her

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' her complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow
' in a morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it
' before night.

Cook. Pox on her, I dare not come within her reach.
' I have some six broken heads already. A lady, quo-
' tha! a she-bear is a civiler animal.

' *Foot.* Heav'n help my poor master! this devilish ter-
' magant scolding woman will be the death of him: I
' never saw a man so alter'd in all the days of my life.

' *Cook.* There's a perpetual motion in that tongue of
' her's, and a damn'd shrill pipe, enough to break the
' drum of a man's ear.

Enter Jobson.

But. Welcome, welcome 'all; this is our wish.
' Honest old acquaintance, Goodman Jobson! how dost
thou?

Job. By my troth, I am always sharp-set towards
punch, and am now come with a firm resolution, tho'
but a poor cobbler, to be as richly drunk as a lord; I
am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as
the best-part of the liberty of the subject.

But. Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of
punch in solemn procession; and then for a song to crown
our happiness.

[They all go out, and return with a bowl of punch.]

A I R II. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,

Crown this night with pleasure;

Let none at cares of life repine,

To destroy our pleasure.

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,

That ev'ry true and loyal soul

May drink and sing without controul,

To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be

Guardian of our pleasure;

That under thy protection we

May enjoy new pleasure.

And as the hours glide away,

We'll in thy name invoke their stay,

And

And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

But. The King and the royal family in a brimmer—

A I R III.

Here's a good health to the King,
And send him a prosperous reign;
O'er hills and high mountains,
We'll drink dry the fountains,
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
Until the sun rises again.

Then here's to thee, my boy boon,
And here's to thee, my boy boon;
As we've tarry'd all day
For to drink down the sun,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave boys,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.

[*Omnes buzza.*]

Enter Sir John and Lady.

Lady. O heaven and earth, what's here within my doors! Is hell broke loose? What troop of fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak!

Sir John. For shame, my dear.—As this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house, to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say, meddle with your own affairs; I will govern my own house without your putting in an oar. Shall I ask you leave to correct my own servants?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

Lady. Did I bring a fortune to be thus abus'd and snub'd before people? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man! Look you to your dogs and horses abroad; but it will be my province to govern here; nor will I be controll'd by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

A I R IV. *Set by Mr Seedo.*

Sir John. Ye gods! you gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and favour,

To

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To be the comfort of my life;
And I was glad to have her :
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be married to a continual tempest. Strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally afloat—'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my provisions: I shall be devour'd at this rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish cur! is one day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. [*Beats him.*] You minx, you impudent flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable fiddle? all dancing is whorish, hussy.

[*Lugs her by the ears.*]

Lucy. O lud, she has pull'd off both my ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your sex and quality: I blush for your behaviour.

Lady. Consider your incapacity: you shall not instruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you buzzard?

[*She beats 'em all.—Jobson steals by.*]

Job. I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobbler, Madam: if your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy voice here first, villain.

[*Strikes him.*]

Job. Nounz! what a pox, what a devil ails you?

Lady. O profane wretch! wicked varlet!

Sir John. For shame! your behaviour is monstrous.

Lady. Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am? I that am so pious and religious a woman!

Job. sings. He that has the best wife,

She's the plague of his life,

But for her that will scold and will quarrel—

[*Exit.*
Lady.]

Lady. O rogue, scoundrel, villain!

Sir John. Remember modesty.

Lady. I'll rout you all with a vengeance—' I'll spoil
' your squeaking treble.

' [*Beats the fiddle about the blind man's head.*

' *Fid.* O murder, murder! I am a dark man—which
' way shall I get hence?—O heav'n, she has broke my
' fiddle, and undone me and my wife and children.

' *Sir John.* Here, poor fellow, take your staff and
' begone: there's money to buy you two such: that's
' your way. [*Exit Fiddler.*

' *Lady.* Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my
' estate maintain you in your profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your closet, pray, and compose
your mind.

Lady. O wicked man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A man can't be completely curst, I see,
without marriage; but since there is such a thing as se-
parate maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the bene-
fit of it.

A I R V. *Of all comforts I miscarry'd.*

Of the states in life so various,

Marriage, sure, is most precarious;

'Tis a maze so strangely winding,

Still we are new mazes finding:

'Tis an action so severe,

That nought but death can set us clear.

Happy's the man, from wedlock free,

Who knows to prize his liberty.

Were men wary

How they marry,

We should not be by half so full of misery.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Here, where are my servants? Must they be frighted
from me?—Within there—see who knocks.

Lady. Within there—Where are my sluts? Ye drabs,
ye queans—lights there.

Enter Servants, sneaking, with candles.

But. Sir, it is a doctor that lives ten miles off: he
practises physic, and is an astrologer; your worship
knows

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knows him very well: he is a cunning man, makes almanacks, and can help people to their goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to-night.

Lady. Out of my house, you lewd conjurer, you magician.

Doct. Here's a turn!—here's a change!—Well, if I have any art, you shall smart for this. [*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, friend, I am not master of my own house: therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobbler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir; I'm your most humble servant.—But as for your lady there, she shall this night feel my resentment. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some conference together.

Lady. Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation too in this house, or I'll turn it upside down—I will.

A I R VI. *Contented country farmer.*

Sir John. Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this request,
And let who will the world contest;
Convey her to some distant shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to some cottage fly,
In freedom's arms to live and die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Cobbler's.*

Nell and the Doctor.

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your draught, if you please: you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good woman; and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell.

Nell. O pray do, Sir: I never had my fortune told me in my life.

Doff. Let me behold the lines of your face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest, I have been about dirty work all this day.

Doff. Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not asham'd of it; you shall show it in greater places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, Sir, I shall be mightily asham'd; I want dacity when I come before great folks.

Doff. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rareman: Heav'n be thank'd.

Doff. To-morrow before the sun-rise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow!—Alack-a-day, Sir, how can that be?

Doff. No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband that rails at and straps you.

Nell. Laud, how came he to know that? he must be a conjurer. Indeed my husband is somewhat rugged, and in his cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest pains-taking man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take t'other cup of ale.

Doff. I thank you—Believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest woman i'th' hundred, and ride in your own coach.

Nell. O father, you jeer me.

Doff. By my art, I do not. But mark my words; be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you.—O Gemini! a coach!

A I R VII. *Send home my long-stray'd eyes.*

My swelling heart now leaps for joy,
And riches all my thoughts employ;
No more shall people call me Nell,
Her ladyship will do as well:

Deck'd in my golden rich array,
I'll in my chariot roll away,
And shine at ring, at ball, and play.

}

Enter

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Enter Jobson.

Job. Where is this quean? Here, Nell! what a pox, are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

Nell. O husband! here's the rarest man—he has told me my fortune.

Job. Has he so? and planted my fortune too, a lusty pair of horns, upon my head—Eh—is't not so?

Doct. Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'lt be happy—

Job. Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, you cheating, bamboozling villain! must I be cuckolded by such rogues as you are, mackmaticians and almanack-makers!

Nell. Pr'ythee peace, husband, we shall be rich, and have a coach of our own.

Job. A coach! a cart, a wheel-barrow, you jade—By the mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk.—Get you to bed, you strumpet.

[Beats her.]

Neil. O mercy on us! is this a taste of my good fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly rogue.

Job. Out of my house, you villain, or I'll run my awl up to the handle in your buttocks.

Doct. Farewel, you paltry slave.

Job. Get out, you rogue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Changes to an open country.*

Doctor solus.

'A I R VIII. *The Spirit's song in Macbeth.*

My little spirits now appear,
Nadir and Abishog draw near.

'The time is short, make no delay;
'Then quickly haste and come away:
'Nor moon nor stars afford their light,
'But all is wrapt in gloomy night:
'Both men and beasts to rest incline,
'And all things favour my design.

'*Spirits (within.)* Say, master, what is to be done;
My strict commands be sure attend,
For ere this night shall have an end,

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G

You

THE DEVIL TO PAY: OR,

You must this cobbler's wife transform,
 And to the knight's the like perform :
 With all your most specific charms,
 Convey each wife to diff'rent arms ;
 Let the delusion be so strong,
 That none may know the right from wrong.
 (Within.) All this we will with care perform,
 In thunder, lightning, and a storm.
 [Thunder.]

SCENE changes to the Cobbler's house.

Jobson at work. The bed in view.

Job. What devil has been abroad to-night ? I never heard such claps of thunder in my life. I thought my little hovel would have flown away ; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

A I R IX. Charming Sally.

Of all the trades from east to west,
 The cobbler's, past contending,
 Is like in time to prove the best,
 Which ev'ry day is mending.
 How great his praise who can amend
 The soles of all his neighbours ;
 Nor is unmindful of his end,
 But to his last still labours !

Lady. Heyday ! what impudent ballad-singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep ? I'll have you flea'd, you rascal.

Job. What a pox, does she talk in her sleep ? or is she drunk still ?
 [Sings.]

A I R X. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

I.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
 As Chaucer he did write,
 Who wantonly did spend her time
 In many a fond delight.
 All on a time so sick she was,
 And she at length did die,

And

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And then her soul at paradise
Did knock most mightily.

Lady. Why, villain, rascal, screech-owl, who makest a worse noise than a dog hung in the pales, or a hog in a high wind. Where are all my servants? Somebody come and hamstring this rogue. [Knocks.

Job. Why, how now, you brazen quean! you must get drunk with the conjuror, must you? I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no bell to ring. Where are my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

Job. Ay, the jade's asleep still: the conjuror told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage. [Sings.

II.

I will come in, in spite, she said,
Of all such churls as thee;
Thou art the cause of all our pain,
Our grief and misery.
Thou first broke the commandement,
In honour of thy wife:
When Adam heard her say these words,
He ran away for life.

Lady. Why husband! Sir John! Will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir John! what a pox, has she knighted me! and my name's Zekel too: a good jest, faith.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the bed. Heav'n, where am I? 'Foh, what loathsome smells are here? Canvass sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain; a beastly rug, and a flock-bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream! What rogue is that? Sirrah,—Where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing—I never heard such words from her before. If I take my strap to you, I'll make you know your husband. I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you rogue; I'm a lady.

Let me know who has given me a sleeping draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty varlet?

Job. A sleeping-draught! yes, you drunken jade, you had a sleeping draught, with-a-pox to ye. What, has not your lamb's wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villainous husband put me? Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What, does she call her maids too? The conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of conjurors; sure I am bewitched! Ha! what cloaths are here? a linsley-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat: I am removed from my own house by witchcraft. What must I do? what will become of me? [*Horns wind without.*]

Job. Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work; come and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you. What-a-pox, must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

Lady. Why, firrah, thou impudent villain! dost thou not know me, you rogue?

Job. Know you? yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir John Loverule's lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's lady! No, Nell, not quite so bad neither: that damn'd stingy, fanatic whore, plagues every one that comes near her—the whole country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer—You rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners.

[*Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.*]

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her; I never had an ill word from her before. Come, strap, I'll try your mettle; I'll fober you, I warrant you, quean.

[*He straps her—she flies at him.*]

Lady. I'll pull your throat out; I'll tear out your eyes: I am a lady, firrah. O murder, murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this.—Murder, murder!

Job. Come, huffy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you never were so lamb'd since

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since you were an inch long. Take it up, you jade.

[She flings it down—he straps her.]

Dady. Hold, hold! I'll do any thing.

Joh. Oh, I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin. *[Aside.]*

Joh. I'll into my stall; 'tis broad day now.

[Works and sings.]

A I R XI. *Come, let us prepare.*

Let matters of state

Disquiet the great,

The cobbler has nought to perplex him;

Has nought but his wife

To ruffle his life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r

Of Fortune, that whore,

Since low as can be she has thrust him;

From duns he's secure;

For, being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the jade's brain is turn'd! What have you forgot to spin, hussy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my feet: I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me.

[She runs out.]

Joh. What, does she run for it?—I'll after her.

[He runs out.]

SCENE changes to Sir John's house.

Nell in Bed.

Nell. What pleasant dreams I have had to-night? Methought I was in paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by my side! Ha, blest me! where am I now? What sweets are these? No garden in the spring can equal them—Am I on a bed?—The sheets are sarsenet, sure; no linen ever was so fine.—What a gay silken robe have I got?—O heav'n! I dream!—Yet if this be a dream, I would

not wish to wake again.—Sure I died last night, and went to heav'n; and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an alarm that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest: the first greeting, I suppose, will be jade or whore. Madam, Madam!

Nell. O gemini! who's this? What dost say, sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! Oh lud, sweetheart! The best names I have had these three months from her have been slut or whore.—What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship, gown, and ruffles!—Sure I am awake!—Oh, I remember the cunning man now.

Lucy. Did your ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, child, I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me!—Child!—Here's a miracle!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake?—Have you had her shoe or her slipper at your head yet?

Lucy. Oh no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest humour—Go to the bed and speak to her—Now is your time.

Let. Now's my time! what, to have another tooth beat out.—Madam!

Nell. What dost say, my dear?—O father, what would she have?

Let. What work will your ladyship please to have done to-day? Shall I work plain work, or go to my flitching?

Nell. Work, child! 'tis holiday; no work to-day.

Let. Oh mercy! am I, or she, awake? or do we both dream?—Here's a blest change!

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy family.

Let. Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me, what's that!—some garment, I suppose. [*Aside.*] Put it on then, sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off; 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean put it by; I don't care for drinking now.

Enter

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now go I like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's command about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called?

Let. Oh, John Cook, you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper.

Cook. What a devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

Nell. Oh, there's a fine cook! He looks like one of your gentlefolks. [*Aside.*] Indeed, honest man, I'm very hungry now; pray get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of ewe-milk cheese, and some white bread.

Cook. Hey, what's to do here? my head turns round. Honest man! I look'd for rogue and rascal at least.—She's strangely chang'd in her diet, as well as her humour. [*Aside.*]—I'm afraid, Madam, cheese and bacon will fit very heavy on your Ladyship's stomach in a morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white fricasee of chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your Ladyship think of a veal sweetbread?

Nell. Ev'n what you will, good cook.

Cook. Good cook! good cook!—'Ah, 'tis a sweet lady.' Mercy us! miracles will never cease.

Enter Butler.

• Oh, kiss me, Chip, I am out of my wits—We have the kindest, sweetest lady.

• *But.* You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits all of ye; the maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's orders.

Nell. Oh, pray, Mr Butler, let me have some small-beer when my breakfast comes in.

But. Mr Butler! Mr Butler!—I shall be turn'd into stone with amazement. [*Aside.*] Would not your Ladyship rather have a glass of Frontinac or Lacryme?

Nell. O dear, what hard names are there! but I must not betray myself. [*Aside.*] Well, which you please, Mr Butler.

Enter Coachman.

• *But.* Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

• *Coach.* The cook has been making his game I know not how long; what, do you banter too?

Lucy.

Lucy. Madam, the coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out to-day, and which you'll have, the coach or chariot,

Nell. Good lack-a-day!—I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

Coach. The sky will fall, that's certain. *[Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me!—O notable cunning man!—My head turns round!—I am quite giddy with my own happiness.

A I R XII. *What though I am a country lass.*

Though late I was a cobbler's wife,
In cottage most obscure-a,
In plain-stuff gown, and short-ear'd coif,
Hard labour did endure-a:

The scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,
And from all bear the bell-a. *Exit.*

Enter Sir John, meeting his servants.

But. Oh, Sir, here's the rarest news!

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir! You'll be overjoy'd and amaz'd!

Sir John. What, are ye mad?—What's the matter with ye?—How now! here's a new face in my family!—What's the meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir, the family's turn'd upside down!—We are almost distracted; the happiest people!—

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir; my Lady—

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heav'n forbid!—O, she's the best woman, the sweetest lady—

Sir John. This is astonishing—I must go and inquire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my honour. Long live Sir John and my Lady. Huzza!

Enter Nell.

Nell. I well remember the cunning-man warn'd me to bear all out with confidence, or worse, he said, would follow.

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follow.—I am ashamed, and know not what to do with all this ceremony. I am amazed, and out of my senses.—I look'd in the glass, and saw a gay fine thing I knew not.—Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that show them far unlike themselves, whilst poor folks' glasses represent them even just as they are.

'AIR XIII. *When I was a dame of honour.*

- ' Fine ladies with an artful grace
- ' Disguise each native feature ;
- ' Whilst flatt'ring glasses show the face,
- ' As made by art, not nature :
- ' But we poor folks in home-spun grey,
- ' By patch nor washes tainted,
- ' Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
- ' That still are finely painted.'

Lucy. Oh, Madam, here's my master just return'd from hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O gemini! this fine gentleman my husband!

Sir John. My dear, I am overjoyed to see my family thus transported with ecstasy which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction.

Sir John. By heav'n, I am charm'd!—Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real?—May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest.

Sir John. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed.—Where are my friends, my servants? Call 'em all, and let them be witnesses of my happiness. [*Exit.*

Nell. O rare sweet man! He smells all over like a nosegay.—Heav'n preserve my wits.

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A I R XIV. 'Twas within a furlong, &c.

O charming cunning man! thou hast been wond'rous kind,
And all thy golden words do now prove true I find :

Ten thousand transports wait

To crown my happy state;

Thus kifs'd and pres'd,

And doubly blest'd

In all this pomp and state :

New scenes of joy arise

Which fill me with surprise ;

My rock, and reel,

And spinning wheel,

And husband I despise.

Then, *Jobson*, now adieu,

Thy cobling still pursue ;

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Jobson's house.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever lady yet so miserable ? I can't make one soul in the village acknowledge me. They sure are all of the conspiracy. This wicked husband of mine has laid a devilish plot against me : I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an opportunity of executing my design. Here comes the rogue ; I'll have him strangled : but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on, Nell ; art thou come to thyself yet ?

Lady. Yes, I thank you ; I wonder what I ail'd : this cunning man has put powder in my drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder ! the brewer put good store of powder of malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she ? ha, ha, ha !

Lady. I never was so ill in all the days of my life.

Job. Was so ill ! No, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right-hand cut off for that, rogue. [*Aside.*] You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir John Loverule's ; all his tenants are invited. There's to be rare feasting and revelling, and open house kept for three months.

Lady.

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Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the devil ails thee now!—Did I not tell thee but yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go; and art thou at it again, with a pox?

Lady. What does the villain mean by strapping, and yesterday? [*Aside.*]

Job. Why, I have been married but six weeks, and you long to make me a cuckold already. Stay at home, and be hang'd: there's good cold pie in the cupboard; but I'll trust thee no more with strong-beer, hussy. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you. Sure I shall get some of my own family to know me; they can't be all in this wicked plot. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Sir John's.*

Sir John and Company enter.

A I R XV. *Duetto.*

Sir John. Was ever man possess'd of
So sweet, so kind a wife!

Nell. Dear Sir, you make me proud.

Be you but kind,

And you shall find

All the good I can boast of

Shall end but with my life.

Sir John. Give me thy lips:

Nell. First let me, dear Sir, wipe 'em:

Sir John. Was ever so sweet a wife! [*Kissing her.*]

Nell. Thank you, dear Sir!

I vow and protest

I ne'er was so kist:

Again, Sir!

Sir John. Again, and again, my dearest;

O may it last for life!

What joy thus to enfold thee!

Nell. What pleasure to behold thee!

Inclin'd again to kifs?

Sir John. How ravishing the blifs!

Nell. I little thought this morning

'Twould ever come to this.

Da capo.

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine rout and rioting! You firrah, Butler! you rogue!

But. Why, how now! who are you?

Lady. Impudent varlet! Don't you know your Lady?

But. Lady! Here, turn this mad woman out of doors.

Lady. You rascal—take that, firrah.

[Flings a glass at him.]

Lady. Have a care, huffey, there's a good pump without; we shall cool your courage for you.

Lady. You, Lucy! have you forgot me too, you minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, woman! Why, I never remember'd you, I never saw you before in my life.

Lady. Oh the wicked slut! I'll give you cause to remember me, I will, huffy.

[Pulls her head-cloaths off.]

Lucy. Murder, murder! Help!

Sir John. How now! What uproar's this?

Lady. You, Lettice, you slut! won't you know me neither?

[Strikes her.]

Let. Help, help!

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a madwoman calls herself my lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John (to Lady.) Thou my wife! poor creature, I pity thee—I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee, thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I there in my cloaths, that have made all this disturbance? And yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine cloaths. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heav'n, what do I see!—Is not that I yonder, in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be in two places at once?

Sir John. Poor wretch, she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the devil's name, was I here before

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I came? Let me look in the glass—Oh, Heaven's! I am astonish'd, I don't know myself!—If this be I that the glass shows me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent madness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There; that's the devil in my likeness, who has robb'd me of my countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, hussy; and here's my strap, you quean.

Nell. O dear, I'm afraid my husband will beat me, that am on t'other side the room there.

Job. I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjuror last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady Loverule.

Sir John. Poor woman! take care of her; do not hurt her; she may be cured of this.

Job. Yes, an't please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O, pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness too?

Nell. I am not well—pray, lead me in.

[Exeunt Nell and maids.]

Job. I beseech your worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me?

[Exeunt Jobson and Lady.]

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the doctor who call'd here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you upon very earnest business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my knees, Sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercis'd my magic art upon your Lady: I know you have too much honour to take away my life, since I might have still conceal'd it had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great to bear. Is all my happiness then turn'd into vision only?

Doct. Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your lady's face so, that she seems the cobbler's wife, and have charm'd her face into the likeness of my lady's; and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits convey'd them to each other's bed.

Sir John. Oh wretch, thou hast undone me: I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and must still be curst with a tempestuous wife, a fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

Sir John. Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the charm this instant.

Doct. I will this minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life: I can assure you your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold; there's one material circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the cobbler has——You understand me.

Doct. I do assure you no; for ere she was convey'd to his bed, the cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since; and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute—Here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So, Jobson, where's your wife?

Job. An't please your worship, she's here at the door: but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps, did the business at last. Here, where are you, housewife?

Enter Lady.

But. O heaven and earth! is this my lady?

Job. What does he say? My wife chang'd to my Lady!

Cook.

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Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady (to Sir John.) Sir, you are the person I have most offended; and here confess I have been the worst of wives in every thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty, and observance of your will.

Sir John. Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world without you could do.

Job. What a pox! am I to lose my wife thus?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us!—My lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she proved another woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a bull, a bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd, I knew her not; I never saw her face before. O lud, is this my lady?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my servants; it shall hereafter be my endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this resolution, and we shall be blest indeed for life.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My head turns round, I must go home. O, Zekel! are you there?

Job. O lud! is that fine lady my wife! I'gad, I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy change; and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaimed for my late short-liv'd vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife.

Job. But one word, Sir.—Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose?

Sir John. No, upon my honour, nor ever kist her
H 2 lips

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lips till I came from hunting; but since she has been a means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds home with her: go buy a stock of leather.

Job. Brave boys! I'm a prince—the prince of cobblers! Come hither and kiss me, Nell; I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream, that I'm quite weary of it, (*to Jobson.*)—Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your cloaths, and let me have mine again. [*To Lady Loverule.*]

Job. Hold your tongue, you fool, they'll serve you to go to church. [*Aside.*]

Lady. No; thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as relics.

Job. And can your Ladyship forgive my strapping your honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but joy and pleasure.

A I R XVI. *Hey, boys, up go we.*

Lady. Let ev'ry face with smiles appear,
Be joy in ev'ry breast;
Since from a life of pain and care,
We now are truly blest.

Sir John. May no remembrance of past time
Our present pleasures soil;
Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,
And sporting all our toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold;
There's nought but the devil and this good
Could ever tame a scold. [*strap,*]

T H E

THE LYING VALET.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane.

Edinburgh, 1782.

Sharp, the Lying Valet,	Mr Garrick.	Mr Johnson.
Gayless,	Mr Blakes.	Mr Taylor.
Justice Guttle,	Mr Taswell.	Mr Hollingsworth.
Beau Trippet,	Mr Neal.	Mr Simpson.
Dick,	Mr Yates.	Mr Charteris.

W O M E N.

Melissa,	Miss Bennet.	Mrs Gaudry.
Kitty Pry,	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Kniveton.
Mrs Gadabout,	Mrs Cross.	Mrs Charteris.
Mrs Trippet,	Mrs Ridout.	Mrs Mountfort.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Gayless's Lodgings.*

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

SHARP.

HOW, Sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh,
I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble ser-
vant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented,
and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been
a dreadful one for us in our present condition: all your
money spent, your moveables fold; your honour almost

H 3.

ruined,

ruined, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two days longer—But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o' my conscience I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolv'd to throw myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage with all my heart, Sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it. What, because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me. So, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well, that that honour of your's will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat. Do, gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Prithce leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. Why, you must certainly be a very great philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, firrah.

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But to be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune, and outliv'd your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify. Your father has disown'd you; all your friends forlook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you
squan-

squander'd away, make a good husband, and turn economist, you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady too no loser by the bargain. There's reason and argument, Sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undress'd me from top to toe, she must begin with you, and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me. So, Sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd friend and servant. [Going.]

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me.

Sharp. I must eat, Sir; by my honour and appetite, I must!

Gay. Well, then, I am resolv'd to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. (a knocking without.)—Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favoured you with money at fifty per cent. and helped you to spend it, and are now become daily memento's to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence! to the door! If they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret, for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir: they still have so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it should be any body

body from Melissa, say I am not at home; lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. [*Exit Sharp.*]

Gay. These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and profess'd the greatest friendship.

Sharp. (*without.*) Upon my word, Mrs Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty (*without.*) Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him.

Gay. Ha! what do I hear? Melissa's maid! What has brought her here? My poverty has made her my enemy too—She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there without fees—She's coming up stairs.—What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit Gayless.*]

Enter Sharp and Kitty.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr Impertinence.

Sharp. Not of me ye won't. [*Aside.*]*—*He's not within, I tell you, Mrs Kitty; I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

Kit. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl.

Kit. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*]*—*But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kit. Why, I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be reliev'd by it too: For instance now, your master will get a good fortune; that's what I'm afraid he wants: my mistress will get a husband; that's what she has wanted for some time: you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity.

portunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant. But I'll tell you what, Mrs Kitty, I am positively against the match; for was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kit. You'd marry if you could, and mend it—Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

Gay. Oh the devil, what a question was there!

[*Aside.*

Sharp. Lie! lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many. His effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kit. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But hark, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gay. What, has she found out that too? [*Aside.*

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fixed, my master order'd me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kit. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is! [*Aside.*

Kit. She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kit. No more: And she order'd me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear—

Kit. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*

Kit. And what do you think I have done of my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kit. I have invited all my Lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: Won't your master be surpriz'd!

Sharp.

Sharp. Much so indeed!

Kit. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations: you have no time to lose.—Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate face! [*Aside.*]—I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I am as full of vigour, huffey—

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kit. What, with that face! Well, bye, bye, [*going.*]—Oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are those were standing about your door when I came in? They want your master too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum!—Yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his tenants out of the country, that want to pay him some money.

Kit. Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They choose it: as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do: they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kit. Well, I must run home: farewell—But do you hear, get something substantial for us in the kitchen—a ham, a turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confin'd in my French dances; tal, lal, lal, [*dancing.*]—Well, adieu! Without any compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray heav'n you may.

Enter Gaylefs.

[*They look for some time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me!

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers—ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—my Lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp.

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates an appetite: and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy, except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me, and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No; why did her maid then make so strict an inquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons: the first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir: and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp!

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm; and delays will cool it: therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,

Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man; and I hope you neither dispute my friendship or qualifications.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Melissa's Lodgings.*

Enter Melissa and Kitty.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! The master not at home — the man in confusion — no furniture in the house
I — and

—and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'Tis all a riddle.

Kit. But very easy to be explain'd.

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

Kit. The affair is this, Madam: Mr Gayles is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kit. But I know they are all base.—You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have more experience: You never was in love before; I have been in love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, defuding, bewitching devils.

Mel. The low wretches you have had to do with, may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr Gayles—

Kit. Is a man, Madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kit. With all my heart—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy—

Kit. Of his poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the shoe pinches. [*Aside.*]

Kit. Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect, when a man is deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another.

[*Knocking without.*]

Mel. See who's at the door. [*Exit Kitty.*—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this girl: Her

had

bad obinion of Mr Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her.—

Enter Sharp and Kitty.

—So, Sharp, have you found your master? Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. To your wishes, Madam. I have just now bespoken the music and supper, and wait now for your Ladyship's farther commands.

Mel. My compliments to your master, and let him know, I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea and play at cards before we dance.

Kit. So shall I and my company, Mr Sharp.

[*Aside.*

Sharp. Mighty well, Madam!

Mel. Prithce, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kit. Mr Sharp, Madam, is of a very hot constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that.

[*Sighing.*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, Madam; I beseech you, don't: let us change the subject.

Kit. Insist upon knowing it, Madam—My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst.

[*Aside.*

Mel. I do insist upon knowing—On pain of my displeasure, tell me—

Sharp. If my master should know—I must not tell you, Madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your Ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

Kit. Yes, Mr Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, Madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, Madam,—I lost my coat in defence of your reputation.

Mel. In defence of my reputation !

Sharp. I will assure you, Madam, I've suffer'd very much in defence of it ! which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithce explain.

Sharp. In short, Madam, you was seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

Mel. Alone ! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs Kitty ? So much the worse ; for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my master.

Kit. What, your property, jackanapes ?

Mel. What is all this ?

Sharp. Why, Madam, as I came out but now to make preparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs Pry-about, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me ; Harkee, fellow, says she, do you and your modest master know, that my husband shall indict your house at the next parish-meeting, for a nuisance ?

Mel. A nuisance !

Sharp. I said so—A nuisance ! I believe none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master—as is really the case—Decency and regularity, cries she, with a sneer—why, firrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber ? and did not he bring in a certain lady such a day ? describing you, Madam. And did not I see—

Mel. See ! O scandalous ! what ?

Sharp. Modesty requires my silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her ?

Sharp. Contradict her ! Why, I told her, I was sure she ly'd : for, zounds ! said I, (for I could not help swearing), I am so well convinced of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else ? Did not you convince her of her error and impertinence ?

Sharp. She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names : upon which, out bolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and

and fell upon me with such violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full confession.

Mel. A full confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my master lov'd fornication; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs Kitty was a bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

Kit. A bawd! a bawd! Do I look like a bawd; Madam?

Sharp. And so, Madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For heaven's sake, Madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, [*showing his head plaster'd,*] that I would have given up all the maidenheads in the kingdom, rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be revenged—And did not you tell your master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No, Madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attorneys in town by this time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolv'd not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my impudence be praised!

[*Aside.*]

Kit. Why not, Madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

Sharp. Oh the devil! ruin'd again! [*Aside.*]—To be sure, face 'em by all means, Madam—They can't but be abusive, and break the windows a little.—Besides, Madam, I have thought of a way to make this affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine blunderbuss, charg'd with half a hundred slugs, and my Master has a delicate large Swifts broad sword; and between us, Madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at murder?

Kit. Don't fear, Madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, Madam! 'Tis self-defence. Besides, in these sort of skirmishes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: for supposing they bring the whole

body of militia upon us, down but with a brace of them, and away fly the rest of the covey.

Mel. Persuade me never so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

Kit. Why, then, I'll tell you what, Madam; since you are resolved not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was to come to you: 'Tis great pity such preparations as Mr Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs Kitty. But I can immediately run back, and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what excuse can I send to your master? he'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. O terribly so!—but I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of order—that you were suddenly taken with the vapours or qualms, or what you please, Madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help your invention.

Sharp. Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, outlie her chambermaid, and yet be paid for thy honesty! But my joy will discover me. [*Aside.*]—Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble servant—Oh the delights of impudence and a good understanding! [*Exit Sharp.*]

Kit. Ha, ha, ha! was there ever such a lying varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords, his attorneys and broken heads, and nonsense! Well, Madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more proofs?

Mel. Of your modesty I do: But I find you are resolv'd to give me none.

Kit. Madam!

Mel. I see through your little mean artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr Gayless in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

Kit. Pay me, Madam! I am sure I have very little occasion

occasion to be angry with Mr Gayles for not paying me, when I believe 'tis his general practice.

Mel. 'Tis false: he's a gentleman and a man of honour, and you are——

Kit. Not in love, I thank Heav'n! [*Curtseying.*]

Mel. You are a fool.

Kit. I have been in love; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your tongue, impertinence!

Kit. That's the severest thing she has said yet.

[*Aside.*]

Mel. Leave me.

Kit. Oh this love, this love, is the devil!

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Mel. We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put 'em upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers——Sharp's behaviour, though I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions; and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

Enter Kitty.

Kit. May I speak, Madam?

Mel. Don't be a fool. What do you want?

Kit. There is a servant just come out of the country, says he belongs to Sir William Gayles, and has got a letter for you from his master upon very urgent business.

Mel. Sir William Gayles? What can this mean? Where is the man?

Kit. In the little parlour, Madam.

Mel. I'll go to him——My heart flutters strangely.

[*Exit Melissa.*]

Kit. Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayles; nay, were she as well-convinc'd of his poverty as I am, she'd have him.—A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratafia; when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds; upon what? Faith, little better than nothing.—He's a man, and that's all—and, Heav'n knows! mere man is but small consolation.

Be this advice pursu'd by each fond maid,
 Ne'er slight the substance for an empty shade :
 Rich weighty sparks alone should please and charm ye ;
 For should spouse cool, his gold will always warm ye.

A C T II.

Enter Gaylefs and Sharp.

Gay. **P**Rithee be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded ?

Sharp. To our wishes, Sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment ?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, Sir.—But in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her, we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, Sir,—at that instant a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion ! have you betray'd me, villain ? Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances ?

Sharp. No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well ; and was this your skill and dexterity ?

Sharp. I was going to tell you ; but you won't hear reason : my melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp ?

Sharp. Yes, and desires never to see your face again ; and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea.

[Shows the money.]

Gay. What do you mean ?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, Sir ; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me !

Sharp.

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world? Well, well, then, to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes. [*Putt up the money.*]

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal?

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laughed at? ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, Sir, dispute the success of my negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, Sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time whether you was a fish or a man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A downright lie from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, Sir; but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern that her indisposition has debarr'd you the pleasure of her company here to-night: You need know no more; away.

Gay. But what shall we do, *Sharp*? Here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is—I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure, while she lives, I can never prosper.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Your door was open; so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly.

Kit. Vapours, vapours only, Sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr *Sharp* has made her excuses.

Gay.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know 'tis put off.

Kit. Not for the world, Sir: my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, though she can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment: she's very good-natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferred. [Going.]

Kitty (*stopping him.*) I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here: so pray don't be under any apprehensions that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kit. Oh, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so; and Mrs Gad-about, and the rest of the company, will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruin'd, in spite of my parts. [Aside.]

Gay. (*aside to Sharp.*) 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards: if he should come in the mean-time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with 'em.—Pray, Mr Gayless, don't order too many things; they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose: while Mr Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within. If you'll lend me

me the keys of your side-board, (*to Sharp*), I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs Kitty; but it is dispos'd of already.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Kit. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door and conduct 'em into your presence.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this.

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs Gad-about, 'her daughter and niece,' Mr Guttle, Mr Trippet, and Mrs Trippet.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr Gayles!

[*Kisses him.*]

Gay. My dear widow!

[*Kisses her.*]

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr Gayles.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life.

[*Aside.*]

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you; and I protest I have been all about the town to get the little I have——'Prissy, my dear—Mr Gayles, my daughter.

'*Gay*. And as handsome as her mother: you must have a husband shortly, my dear.

'*Pris*. I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

'*Gad*. My niece too.

'*Gay*. I know by her eyes she belongs to you, widow.

'*Gad*. Mr Guttle, Sir, Mr Gayles;—Mr Gayles, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh destruction! one of the quorum.

Gut. Hem! Though I had not the honour of any personal knowledge of you, yet at the instigation of Mrs Gad-about, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, throw'd aside all ceremony, to let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, though I cannot answer you with the same elocution,

elocation, however, Sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

Gad. Mr and Mrs Trippit, Sir; the properest lady in the world for your purpose, for she'll dance for four and twenty hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith; so near marriage, and not let me know, 'twas barbarous; you thought, I suppose, I should rally you upon it; but dear Mrs Trippet here has long ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial principles.

Mrs Trip. I eradicate! fie, Mr Trippit, don't be so obscene.

Kit. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot, Mr Gayless: my nephew, whom you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so I left word to send him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me honour, Madam.

Sharp. Do the ladies choose cards or the supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the fellow mean?

Gut. Oh, the supper by all means; for I have eat nothing to signify since dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since last Monday was a fortnight.

[*Aside.*

Gay. Pray, ladies, walk into the next room: Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music.

Sharp. Well said, Master.

Gad. Without ceremony, ladies. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Kit. I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. [*Exit Kitty.*

Guttle and Sharp.

Gut. Pray, Mr what's your name, don't be long with supper: But harkee, what can I do in the mean time? Suppose you get me a pipe and some good wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a nap till then, there's a very easy couch in that closet.

Gut. The best thing in the world; I'll take your advice: but be sure to wake me when supper is ready.

[*Exit Guttle.*

Sharp. Pray Heav'n you may not wake till then——

What

What a fine situation my master is in at present! I have promised him my assistance; but his affairs are in so desperate a way, that I am afraid 'tis out of my skill to recover 'em. Well, fools have fortune, says an old proverb, and a very true one it is; for my master and I are two of the most unfortunate mortals in the creation.

Enter Gaylefs.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to cards; and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for your's. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the villainy of it, the danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death to indigestion—a very common death among the justices.

Gay. Prithee be serious; we have no time to lose: can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the house?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs Gad-about say her nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your company: if I don't send 'em out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your silence and obedience: away to your company, Sir. [*Exit Gaylefs.*]—Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you: now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind whimsical whore they take you for; but let 'em see, by your assisting

sisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes intitled to your favour and protection.—So much for prayer; now for a great noise and a lie. [*Goes aside, and cries out*] Help, help, master! help, gentlemen, ladies! Murder, fire, brimstone!—Help, help, help!

Enter Mr Gayless and the Ladies, with cards in their hands, and Sharp enters running and meets 'em.

Gay. What's the matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir! if you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murder'd: I am sure 'twas he; he was set upon at the corner of the street by four; he has kill'd two; and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Gad. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! This frolic of her's may be fatal. [*Aside.*]

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me.

[*Exit Gay. and Gad.*]

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into needless quarrels; I have suffered too much formerly by flying into passions: besides, I have pawn'd my honour to Mrs Trippet, never to draw my sword again; and in her present condition, to break my word might have fatal consequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself; the young gentleman may be murder'd by this time.

Trip. Then my assistance will be of no service to him: however—I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a distance.

Mrs Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr Trippet, if you draw.

Enter Guttle, disorder'd as from sleep.

Gut. What noise and confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murder'd in the street.

Gut. Is that all?—Zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the supper down—A plague of your noise—I shan't recover my stomach this half hour.

Enter Gayless and Gad-about, with Melissa in boy's cloaths, dressed in the French manner.

Gad.

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little with riding post only.

Gad. Mr Sharp alarm'd us all with an account of your being set upon by four men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away; and when we met you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

Mel. I had a small rencounter with half a-dozen villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their heels: I believe I scratch'd some of 'em.

[*Laying her hand to her sword.*]

Sharp. His vanity has fav'd my credit. I have a thought come into my head may prove to our advantage, provided Monsieur's ignorance bears any proportion to his impudence.

[*Aside.*]

Gad. Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my dear, to Mr Gayles. Sir, this is my nephew.

Gay. (*saluting her.*) Sir, I shall be proud of your friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what news in France?

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political way: I had no time to spend among the politicians. I was——

Gay. Among the ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy enough to resist their solicitations; you take me.

[*To Gayles aside.*]

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop: 'sdeath, this puppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery.

[*Aside to Sharp.*]

Mel. Poor Gayles! to what shifts is he reduced? I cannot bear to see him much longer in this condition; I shall discover myself.

[*Aside to Gad-about.*]

Gad. Not before the end of the play: besides, the more his pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my heart.

Mel. Alons donc.—[*As the company goes out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, Sir! Shall I beg leave to speak with you? Pray, did you find a bank-note in your way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this house.

Mel. You are drunk, fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago, my master sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street of, Damn-me, Sir, and clashing of swords, and Rascal, and Murder; I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one; and having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character—

Mel. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*—Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

Sharp. Ah, Sir, you don't know my master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured man.

Sharp. I have heard so too; but I have felt it otherwise: he has so much good-nature, that if I could compound for one broken-head a day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, friend?

Sharp. Look ye, Sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you—See here, Sir, [*shows his head*], these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

Mel. Matchless impudence! [*Aside.*—Why do you live with him then after such usage?

Sharp.

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of money; and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a-day, he's very free, and will give me any thing: but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum—You must know this entertainment was design'd for madam to-night; but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house: so her maid, who was half gone too, came here with an excuse, that Mrs Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed violently, here, here, Sir. [Pointing to his head.]

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. [Aside.]—Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, an't please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex—But to return, Sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surpris'd, you who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it. [Knocking.]

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security. [Knocking.]

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr—

Sharp. Ten pounds will do. [Knocking.]

Mel. *Allez vous en.*

Sharp. Five, Sir. [Knocking.]

Mel. *Je ne puis pa.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas!*—I find we shan't understand one another; I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement. [Exit Sharp.]

Mel. Ha, ha, ha! what lies does this fellow invent, and what rogueries does he commit, for his master's service!

vice! There never, sure, was a more faithful servant to his master, or a greater rogue to the rest of mankind. But here he comes again: the plot thickens; I'll in and observe Gayles's. *[Exit Melissa.]*

Enter Sharp before several persons with dishes in their hands, and a cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! *[Aside.]*—This way, gentlemen; this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes, upon my honour, Mr Cook; the company is in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's. *[Aside.]*

[Exit, and returns immediately, drawing in a table.]
Come, come, my boys, be quick; the company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no friend of your's; so I desire less familiarity: Lick-spit too!

Enter Gayles, and stares.

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed. *[Aside to Gayles.]*

Gay. Prithee explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here: however, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

Gay. Hold, hold; necessity obliges me, against my inclination, to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expence.

Cook. Hark you, friend, is that your master?

Sharp. Ay; and the best master in the world.

Cook. I'll speak to him then—Sir, I have, according
to

to your commands, dress'd as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir; 'tis paid for.

[*Afide to Gayless.*

Gay. I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr Cook; and I'm oblig'd to you for your care.

Cook. Sir, you are a gentleman—and if you would look but over the bill, and approve it, [*pulls out a bill*], you will over and above return the obligation.

Sharp. Oh the devil!

Gay. [*looking on a bill.*]—Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him that trouble, and take it with me, Sir—I never work but for ready money.

Gay. Hah!

Sharp. Then you won't have our custom.—[*Afide.*]—My master is busy now, friend: Do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow; so, d'ye hear—

Enter Melissa.

Gay. Prithee be advis'd: 'sdeath, I shall be discover'd.

[*Takes the Cook aside.*

Mel. (to *Sharp.*) What's the matter?

Sharp. The cook has not quite answer'd my master's expectations about the supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him; that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr Gayless, don't be uneasy; a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken fool say?

Cook. That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and——

Sharp (*runs and stops his mouth.*)—Hold, hold! what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the man's breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you names.—Don't

be abusive, Cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you: pray be pacify'd, you are in liquor.

Cook. I will have my—

Sharp (holding still.) Why, I tell you, fool, you mistake the gentleman; he is a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.—Pray, good Sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, friend.—Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

Gay. Pray, Sir, walk in—He's below your anger.

Mel. Damn the rascal! what does he mean by affronting me?—Let the scoundrel go, I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best reformer of manners in the universe. [*Draws his sword.*—Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so, you have done finely now—Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome man in all England—Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you—Make your escape, you fool.

Cook. I won't—Eat me! he'll find me damn'd hard of digestion though—

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you.

[*They walk aside.*

Enter Kitty.

Kit. Gad's me, is supper on the table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she, indeed? Bless me—I did not expect—but however—Sharp!

Kit. What success, Madam?

[*Aside to Melissa.*

Mel. As we could wish, girl—but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out much longer.

Kit. Ay, that holding out is the ruin of half our sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the cook; and if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet: you may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you—about it straight, Sir—

Gay. Sir, Sir, [*to Melissa*], I beg to speak a word with you: My servant, Sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, Sir, to lose a note of mine of twenty pounds, which

which I sent him to receive—and the banker's shops being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

Mel. Oh, Sir, with all my heart, [*taking out her purse*]; and as I have a small favour to beg of you, Sir, the obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to Melissa.

Gay. To-morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small favour, Sir?

Mel. A mere trifle, Sir—Breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckon'd trifles now-a-days; and smart young fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of fashion.

Gay. But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this affair?

Mel. Oh, Sir, you must know I have a very great regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me: and by the bye, I have a most despicable opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir, and give yourself airs—Damme, Sir, I shall be through your body else in the snapping of a finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws and makes at Melissa.*]

Kit. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah, her mistress! [*Drops his sword.*]

Sharp. How! Melissa!—nay, then, drive away cart—all's over now.

Enter all the Company laughing.

Gad. What, Mr Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. Your humble servant, good Mr Politician [*to Sharp.*] This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, schemer-general, and redoubted 'squire to the most renowned and fortunate

nate adventurer Charles Gaylefs, knight of the Woful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal face, and more dismal head of your's.

[*Strikes Sharp upon the head.*]

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr Gaylefs!—What, not a word? You are sensible I can be no stranger to your misfortunes; and I might reasonably expect an excuse for your ill treatment of me.

Gay. No, Madam, silence is my only refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my crimes, would show a greater want of virtue than even the commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gaylefs! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that lov'd you too!

Gay. Oh most unpardonable; but my necessities—

Sharp. And mine, Madam, were not to be match'd, I'm sure, o'this side starving.

Mel. His tears have softened me at once—Your necessities, Mr Gaylefs, with such real contrition, are too powerful motives not to affect the breast already prejudic'd in your favour—You have suffer'd too much already for your extravagance; and as I take part in your sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: Know, therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it, sure? I am lost in wonder!

Mel. Prepare yourself for more wonder—You have another friend in masquerade here. Mr Cook, pray throw aside your drunkenness, and make your sober appearance—Don't you know that face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, Master, what, have you forgot your friend Dick, as you us'd to call me?

Gay. More wonder indeed! Don't you live with my father?

Mel. Just after your hopeful servant there had left me, comes this man from Sir William with a letter to me; upon which (being by that wholly convinced of your necessitous condition) I invented, by the help of Kitty and Mrs Gad-about, this little plot, in which your friend Dick there has acted miracles, resolving to tease you a little, that you might have a greater relish for a
happy

'happy turn in your affairs.' Now, Sir, read 'that letter,' and complete your joy.

Gay. [*reads.*] "Madam, I am father to the unfortunate young man, who, I hear by a friend of mine, (that by my desire has been a continual spy upon him), is making his addressee to you: if he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to you, (whose character I am charm'd with), I shall own him with joy for my son, and forget his former follies."

"I am, Madam,

"Your most humble servant,

"WILLIAM GAYLESS."

"P. S. I will be soon in town myself, to congratulate his reformation and marriage."

Oh, Melissa, this is too much: Thus let me shew my thanks and gratitude, [*kneeling, she raises him*]; for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

Kit. I have been, Sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant. And I hope, Sir, all former enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs Pry, I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

Sharp. Well, then, Madam, since my master has vouchsaf'd pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, Madam; and, among the rest, insinuating that your Ladyship would—

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was design'd for the service of your master; and if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, Madam, 'twould be better to halve the small fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability we may taste the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled

troubled with its inconveniences.—What say you, Kitty?

Kit. Do you hear, Sharp: before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

Sharp. The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr Gayless, to show I have not provided for you by halves, let the music prepare themselves, and, with the approbation of the company, we'll have a dance.

All. By all means a dance.

Gut. By all means a dance—after supper tho'—

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have supper first, or I'm sure I shan't live till the dance is finish'd.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. The wild impetuous fallies of my youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

Thus *Ætna's* flames the verdant earth consume,
But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom:
So virtuous love affords us springing joy,
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
And yet look round the world, and you will see
How many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to show my parts;
And not like those, when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in Physic and in Law.
The gouty Serjeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause."

But

But when my Lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.
 A Doctor comes with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case :
 “ Your fever's slight, not dang'rous, I assure you ;
 “ Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will cure you.”
 Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying :
 The patient dies, the Doctor's paid for lying.
 The Poet, willing to secure the Pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit :
 The cause comes on ; and, while the judges try,
 Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lie.
 Now let us ask, pray, what the Ladies do :
 They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
 “ Lord,” says the Prude, (her face behind her fan),
 “ How can our sex have any joy in man ;
 “ As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me ;
 “ And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me :
 “ Their sight is odious ; but their touch—O Gad !
 “ The thought of that's enough to drive one mad.”
 Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty ;
 Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.
 In short, a Beau's intrigues, a Lover's sighs,
 The Courtier's promise, the rich Widow's cries,
 And Patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
 Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
 Nor to his country show the least relation.
 For instance now —
 A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
 An Englishman a coward or a slave.
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art ;
 I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part :
 Rank me not therefore 'mongst the lying crew ;
 For though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

T H E

T H E VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>Goodwill,</i>	Mr Shepard.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Lucy, his daughter,</i>	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Jackson.
<i>Blister, an apothecary,</i>	Mr Harper.	Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Coupee, a dancing-master,</i>	Mr Languerre.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Quaver, a singing-master,</i>	Mr Salway.	Mr Tannet.
<i>Wormwood, a lawyer,</i>	Mr Macklin.	
<i>Mr Thomas, a footman,</i>	Mr Este.	Mr Taylor.

SCENE, *A Hall in Goodwill's House in the Country.*

GOODWILL *solus.*

WELL, it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit; nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven and my own industry, worth a good L. 10,000, and an only daughter; both which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon 'em. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make.—How happily must my old age slide away,

away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a so-much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes; come hither, child. I have sent for you, to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing but for your own good: Indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have deny'd myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of L. 500 a-year, amassed the sum of L. 10,000.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Shou'd you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. No, no; what has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why, you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carry'd away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep; and methought it was the purest thing! —

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*]—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

VOL. II. L *Good.*

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that—But if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

A I R I. *Thomas, I cannot.*

Do you, papa, but find a coach,

And leave the other to me, Sir;

For that will make the lover approach,

And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.

No sparks will talk

To girls that walk,

I've heard it, and I confide in't;

Do you then fix

My coach and fix,

I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,

I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussey, who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fy, papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why, then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life-time, I like Mr Thomas, my Lord Bounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh fy upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either Squire Foxchafe or Squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like

like one too. His head is so prettily drest, done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little little hat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legged fowl; and he always carries a great swinging stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman indeed! why, Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is.—Icod, I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach; and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! But I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worse than all—What, child, would you have any one with a coach? Would you have Mr Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

A I R II. *Wully Honey.*

When he in a coach can be carry'd,

What need has a man to go?

That women for coaches are marry'd,

I'm not such a child but I know.

But if the poor crippled elf

In coach be not able to roam,

Why then I can go by myself,

And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter Blister.

Blift. Mr Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid, by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose: Truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account—*Lucy*, this is a relation of your's you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Bliss. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Bliss. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physic between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart—I hope I shall never see that great thing again. *[Exit.]*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message; and will perhaps more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness: Wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me, that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Bliss. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Bliss. A little feverish—I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin. *[Exit.]*

Bliss. This man is near seventy, and I have heard never took any physic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his lifetime. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the

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the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner: but he is very rich; and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

' A I R III. *Round, round the mill.*

- ' In women we beauty or wit may admire;
- ' Sing trol, lerol.
- ' But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;
- ' Oh ho, will they so?
- ' Abroad for these dainties the wife therefore roam;
- ' Sing trol lerol:
- ' And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;
- ' Oh ho, do they so?
- ' Who marries a beauty, must hate her when old;
- ' Sing trol lerol.
- ' But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
- ' Oh ho, is it so?

Enter Lucy.

Oh, here comes my mistress. What a pox shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come; but they say I shall be whipt there, and a husband can't whip me let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliss. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [*Aside.*]

Bliss. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Bliss. Yes; how do ye do? Let me feel your pulse. How do ye sleep o' nights?

Lucy. How? why, upon my back generally.

Bliss. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Bliss. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Bliss. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite?

L. 3

appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nunchion.

Bliss. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that—I wish he was gone with all my heart. [*Aside.*]

Bliss. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do what he bids me.

Bliss. May I then hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Bliss. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray, tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No; you will be angry with me if I tell you.

Bliss. I angry! it is not in my power; I can't be angry with you: I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you whatever you do.

Lucy. What! must not you be angry let me do what I will?

Bliss. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Bliss. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing: but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Bliss. Did not you tell me just now you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

A I R IV. *Now ponder well, &c.*

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;

For

For though I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

Bliss. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me, I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not. Besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that: it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliss. Ha, ha, ha! an't we? No! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*]—Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals; and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously—Ah, but there is one thing though—an't we to lie together?

Bliss. A fortnight; no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time; but it will be over.

Bliss. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr Thomas, by goles! why this is pure, la! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must have never liked any one but my husband; and that if I should, he would kill me: but I thought one thing though with myself, that I could like another man without letting him know it; and then a fig for him.

Bliss. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories: I warrant they have told you, you must be govern'd by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Bliss. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be govern'd by a husband: and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage, and another afterwards; for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Bliss. No, child, I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you? that's pure; ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Bliss. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? By goles, then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em. Do, tell me how I shall do it.

Bliss. Every other man you kifs, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By goles! then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

A I R V. *Buff-coat.*

Ah, Sir, I guefs

You are a fibbing creature.

Bliss. Because, dear Miss,

You know not human nature.

Lucy. Marry'd men, I'll be sworn,

I have seen without horn.

Bliss. Ah, child! you want art to unlock it:

The secret here lies,

Men now are so wise,

To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear your's on your head; for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Bliss. Well, then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliss. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Bliss. Oh, child, all marry'd people call one another *my dear*, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my dear—Hum! I think

think there is not any great matter in the word neither.

Biff. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in any thing they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Biff. Your servant, my pretty dear. [Exit.

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing though: I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life: since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles, I'll make him know who is at home—Let me see, I'll practice a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and, ecod, by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as any thing else: Now, says my husband to me, *How do you do, my dear?*—Lard, my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. *Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day.*—Indeed, my dear, I can't.—*Do you intend to go abroad to-day?*—No, my dear.—*Then you will stay at home?*—No, my dear.—*Shall we ride out?*—No, my dear.—*Shall we go a-visiting?*—No, my dear.—I will never do any that I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then Mr Thomas! O good, I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. *Bessy Bell.*

La! what swinging lies some people will tell!

I thought when another I'd wedded,

I must have bid poor Mr Thomas farewell,

And none but my husband have bedded:

But I find I'm deceiv'd; for as Michaelmas day

Is still the forerunner of Lammas,

So wedding another is but the right way

To come at my dear Mr Thomas.

Enter Coupee.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you,
cousin;

cousin ; but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer ! What a fine charming man this is !

Coup. My name, Madam, is *Coupee*, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance ?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance. Did you never learn to dance ?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I ; only Mr Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education ; and it will be a very great happiness for you to amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir ; but I am not to have a dancing-master : my papa says I'm to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says ! What signifies what your papa says ?

Lucy. What ! must I not mind what my papa says ?

Coup. No, no ; you are to follow your own inclinations. I think if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*]—Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry ; for between you and I, I think him as odd queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him ! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you ; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance ! Why, Madam, not learning to dance, is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is ; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself

myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things—He's a pure man. *[Aside.]*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love; the least spark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever could quench. O hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed.—Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. *[Aside.]*

Cou. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but—

A I R VII. *Tweed Side.*

O press me not, Sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So sweet a fine gentleman's life,
Should never be sour'd with that fate.

But soon as I married have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh stay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you shall—Oh, I'm a sham'd.

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—of—
—Mr What's-his-name? the oldest man that ever liv'd. Live a fortnight after you are married! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O do not do that; but indeed I never can hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O, but I would not have you think I love you.

I assure you I don't love you: I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you, indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says, I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me: the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope.—Hope indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face. It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd even at that price. [*Pulls out his kilt.*]—Ha, cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way; within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!—La, Sir, you're so hasty—Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet; and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted: indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that would.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason, as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well then, I don't much care if I do marry you; but hold, there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the apothecary just now; that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put ev'ry thing in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel; and now one, two, three, and away. *[Exit.]*

Lucy. Oh dear sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handsomer than Mr Thomas, and, icod, almost as well drest. I see now why my father wou'd never let me learn to dance: for, by goles! if all dancing masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O la, now I think on't, he pull'd out his fiddling-thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon't—but when we are married, I'll make him play upon't: icod, he shall teach me to dance too—he shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la, what's here? another beau!

Enter Quaver.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of your's; and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, Madam; I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding *[Aside.]*—Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice cannot.

cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me, for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But at present I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

A I R VIII. *Dimi Caro.*

Quav.

Dearest charmer,
Will you then bid me tell
What you discern so well,
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look through th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love:
See how the turtles play,
Each object prompts to love;
All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant—

Lucy. Another song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav.

Dearest creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!

Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quav. And ev'ry night too, my angel.

Enter Coupee.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quav.

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

Coup. Sir!

Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. *Of all the simple, &c.*

Coup. Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.

Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir?

Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Quav. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you, speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress, to my face?

AIR X. *Molly Mog.*

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see such two fools?

For nothing they're going to fight;

I begin to find men are but tools,

And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, Sir,

I'll give t'other fool a rebuff: [To *Coupee*.

Stay you but a fortnight or so, Sir,

I warrant I'll grant you enough. [To *Quav*.

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confusion!

[*They draw, Lucy runs out.*

Enter Blister.

Bliss. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd,

Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulse; I wish you are not light-headed.

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, firrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my sword about your head, you dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you rascal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

Bliss. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.—I wish I had nothing to do with you; I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worse, firrah; so much the worse.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen?

Enter Goodwill.

Good. Heyday! What, are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Bliss. Fencing, quotha! they have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you. You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr Coupee, have liv'd all your lifetime in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans: let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear cousin Quaver!

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee.

Bliss. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr Blister, son to your uncle Blister the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Bliss. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you

you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your summons, you see.

Good. Mr Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose, by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family law-suit I come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible, for I must carry away some of your neighbour's goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no law-suit this time. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with L. 10,000, and you should happen to be her choice—

Blis. That's impossible; for she has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has she promis'd three of you?—
Why then, the two that miss her, will have very good actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blis. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she should make choice of you.

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Coup. There is some difference though between us ; mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable—This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing ! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences ? I thought you a man of sense, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Bliss. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools, that they should hesitate at leaving off their professions for L. 10,000.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice, I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What would you do without lawyers ? Who'd know his own property ?

Bliss. Or without physicians, who'd know when he was well ?

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha ! confusion ! what do I see ! my daughter in the hands of that fellow !

Enter Lucy and Mr Thomas.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing : I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr Thomas.

Good. Oh Lucy, Lucy ! Is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness ?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me ; I won't do so any more.

more.—Indeed I should have been perjured, if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir; I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Hark ye, Mr Goodwill; your daughter is 'an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.'

Bliss. Did not you promise me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all, I promis'd him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of 'her fortune.'

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt music, it would have put softer things into her head.

Bliss. This comes of your contempt of physic. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happen'd,

Worm. You should have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the temple, that she might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

A I R XI. *Bush of Boon.*

Lucy. Oh, dear papa, don't look so grum:

'Forgive me, and be good:

'For tho' he's not so great as some,

'He still is flesh and blood.

'What though he's not so fine as beans,

'In gold and silver gay;

'Yet he, perhaps, without their cloaths,

'May have more charms than they.'

Tho.

Tho. Your daughter has married a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favour. 'As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great family, I have seen, that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has: the world pays no regard at present to any thing but money; and if my own industry should add to your fortune, so as to intitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son or grandson a lord, that his father or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow; and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I should lose my time. I expect six and eight-pence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinced, 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

A I R XII. *The Yorkshire Ballad.*

Blister.

Had your daughter been physic'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With bleeding, and blist'ring, and vomit, and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his down, down, &c.

Coupee.

Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse, 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his down, down, &c.

Quaver.

Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his down, down, &c.

Lucy.

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D. 141

Lucy.

You may physick, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance ;
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies controul,
He swears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole !
More than an Italian can do for his soul,
With a down, down, &c.

My fate, then, spectators, hangs on your decree ;
I have brought kind papa here at last to agree ;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce, then, nice critics pursue ;
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do ;
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

THE PROLOGUE

What various pleasures in our art
Shall I describe this happy night in a short
I cannot tell, but I will say that we
And lay the deep foundations of the play
From the first moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light
And the happy moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light
The happy moment that I saw the light

THE LYRICAL.

IN THREE ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hay-Market. Edinburgh, 1780.

MEN.

Sir James Elliot,	Mr Davis.	Mr Hallion.
Old Wilding, the Father,	Mr Castle.	Mr Colby.
Young Wilding,	Mr Foote.	Mr Wilkinson.
Papillon,	Mr Weston.	Mr Bailey.

WOMEN.

Miss Grantbam,	Mrs Jeffries.	Mrs Woods.
Miss Godfrey,	Mrs Brown.	Miss Mills.
Kitty, the Maid,	Mrs Parsons.	Mrs Charteris.

The Servants.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
 Since Thespis first sung ballads in a cart!
 By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
 And lay the deep foundations of the stage,
 From his own foil that bard his pictures drew:
 The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
 And the broad jest with fire electric flew.
 Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd,
 To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd.
 Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,
 In artful measures now she floats along,
 No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit:
 Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,

To

To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
 Convenient closets, and a snug back-stairs;
 'Twixt her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,
 And jilted Humour to enjoy intrigue.
 To gain the suff'rage of this polish'd age,
 We bring to-night a stranger on the stage:
 His sire De Vega; we confess this truth,
 Lest you mistake him for a British youth.
 Severe the censure on my feeble pen,
 Neglecting manners, that she copies men.
 Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
 'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the luns of Court;
 If, at the age that ladies cease to dance,
 To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
 I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
 Or paint her rage for china or japan,
 The true original is quickly known,
 And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
 But in the following group let no man dare
 To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair:
 What gallant Briton can be such a sot
 To own the child a Spaniard has begot?

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Lodging.*

YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION *discovered.*

YOUNG WILDING.

AND I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped

Pap. *Personne mieux.* Nobody better.

T. Wild. My figure?

Pap. *Fait a peindre.*

T. Wild. My air?

Pap. *Libre.*

T. Wild. My address?

Pap. *Parisiene.*

T. Wild. My hat fits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

T. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, short commons

mons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du payé. This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoke of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road: where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. O faite!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, open your lecture: And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet, to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? why, you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native.

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir: Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman. I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, major, minor, and consequence. What! do you think, Sir, that whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? No, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but notwithstanding your pleafantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry. You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

Y. Wild. Why then, prithee, unlock it.

Pap. Immediately. But by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint. You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, Sir, knows that Dr Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christ-Church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons, are feigned.

Y. Wild. A useful observation.

Pap. Why now, Sir, at the first coffeehouse I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whose decent fable drefs, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of *A dish of coffee for Dr Julap*, you would suppose him to be a physician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diascordium from diaculum. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, drefs, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming-table, and bully to a bawdy house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too in the round-house.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who

‘ practise smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

‘ *T. Wild.* In the last list, I presume, you roll.

‘ *Pap.* Just my situation.

‘ *T. Wild.* And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

‘ *Pap.* A very harmless one, I promise you. I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

‘ *T. Wild.* As how?

Pap. Why, Sir—But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

T. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

T. Wild. But to the point: Why this disguise? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

T. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

T. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn’d books I never read; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

T. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir; but not a monthly one. Our method

thod was very concise. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further: if we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, "laudable design, happy arrangement, "spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of "thought, conclusive argument:" If we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, false, illiberal, stricture, reprehensible, unnatural:" And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A short recipe. :

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary: These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week, and my small beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starv'd me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Hap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. 'Some would have had me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer: and as to player,—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; and so I resolved to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wisely resolv'd.

Hap. Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing: Madam disliked me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next: so that I was as much puzzled

* to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

T. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over three pennyworth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: to trive here, you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur!" "Taisez vous: keep a your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper drefs, den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as foot-man Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

T. Wild. Well, Papillon?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

T. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a passe-partout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

T. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master: these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

T. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

T. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquissate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Alons.

Pap. But don't stare, Sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no, no: only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact—And yet this talent of your's is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the

grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

T. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, Sir, in this town, people are more smoky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses; and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation, than they will allow in this latitude.

T. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me growing too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away. [Exit.

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure, he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service. I think the government should employ him to answer the Brussels Gazette. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own weapons. [Exit.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Miss Grantam and Miss Godfrey, and Servant.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens, for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! Why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why, the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow croses the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoly ambassador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnotic'd in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: You are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am determin'd, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[Exit Miss Godfrey.]

Enter Young Wilding with Papillion.

Y. Wild. Your Ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour, in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure

procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder-magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have serv'd in America then?

Y. Wild. Full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There indeed the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: Sieges now-a-days are reduc'd to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation. For instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?"—"Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh-wounds."

M. Gr. And you should be near the mark?

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations; and I had the first honour of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their war-hoop.

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you; then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achiev'd; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover: But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him.—*[Aside.]*—Well, Sir, I accept the tendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with

with that ; you have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

T. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha ! What, you are caught ? ha, ha, ha ! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit.*

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

T. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

T. Wild. Poh ! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress ?

Pap. I will try.

[*Exit.*

[*Wilding retires to the back of the Stage.*

Enter Sir James Elliot and Servant.

Sir Ja. Music and an entertainment ?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Last night, upon the water ?

Ser. Upon the water, last night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it ?

Ser. That, Sir, I can't say.

To them Wilding.

T. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding ! you are welcome to town.

T. Wild. You will pardon my impatience ; I interrupted you ; you seem'd upon an interesting subject.

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

T. Wild. Of what kind ?

Sir Ja. A young lady regal'd last night by her lover on the Thames.

T. Wild. As how ?

Sir Ja. A band of music in boats.

T. Wild. Were they good performers ?

Sir Ja. The best. Then conducted to Marblehall, where she found a magnificent collation.

T. Wild. Well order'd ?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After supper a ball ; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

T. Wild.

T. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir Ja. Superb.

T. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a single faux pas.

T. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even guess.

T. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

T. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me,

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

T. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he is enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

T. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

T. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir—

T. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

T. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence—But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival.

[*Aside.*

T. Wild. Why, Sir, between six and seven my gods des embark'd at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

T. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing. The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-tim'd, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

T. Wild.

T. Wild. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, french-horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant desert in Dresden China, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenucci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

T. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

T. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produc'd: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

T. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature!

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success—For the present you will excuse me.

T. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion.

[Exit.

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

T. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

T. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams ! what dost mean by dreams ?

Hap. Those ornamental reveries, those frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No ; a plebeian soul ! But I will animate thy clay : mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, Sir ; I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing—Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments ? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year ?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength, of my passion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a soldier ?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex ! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees ?

Pap. Nay, Sir—

Y. Wild. No, no ; the *savoir vivre* is the science for them ; the man of war is their man : they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterescarps, angles, trenches, coehorns, and covert-ways ; then enter sword-in-hand, pell-mell ! Oh how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousmoufsky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marthal Fullinburg ! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller ; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the fighting, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir, this is all very lively ; but remember the travelling pitcher : if you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so, Papillion ?—And when—

ever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so, along after the lady—[*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan.

[*Excunt separately.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Young Wilding and Papillion rising from table.

Y Wild. **G**AD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: Prithee, who is she?

Pap. There were two.

Y Wild. That I saw?

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y Wild. And her fortune?

Pap. Immense.

Y Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no?

Y Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, Sir.

Y Wild. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

T Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

T Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

T Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How?

T Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way?

T Wild. The old way; solder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr Wilding.

T Wild. For me! what sort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

T Wild. Ay; how is he dress'd?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

T Wild. Show him up.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Pap. And what must I do?

T Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank: I have a reason for it.

Enter Old Wilding.

O Wild. Your servant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

T Wild. You have just prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

T Wild. Sir!

O Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

T Wild. Six weeks! I have scarce been six hours.

O Wild. Come, come; I am better inform'd.

T Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Briant, of an ancient house in Britany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for

some

some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O Wild. Does he speak English?

T Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir—

O Wild. Any services, Sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

T Wild. This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you, that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

O Wild. This is amazing. I was at the same time inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

T Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

T Wild. Sir!

O Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

T Wild. Me, Sir!

O Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fire-works.

T Wild. Monsieur le Marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O Wild. An old friend of your's.

T Wild. His name, if you please.

O Wild. Sir James Elliot.

T Wild. Yes; I thought he was the man.

O Wild. Your reason.

T Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O Wild. What may that be?

T Wild. Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent?

O Wild. How!

T Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who

who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell ye more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

O Wild. Indeed!

Y Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford: he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the *Bouncer*.

O Wild. Amazing!

Y Wild. Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize, a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O Wild. A strange turn!

Y Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y Wild. That may be: But can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of fire-works, and the Lord-knows-what? And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O Wild. Extremely.

Y Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y Wild. You see, Sir—

O Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional liars.

Y Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is your's.

O Wild. Well, Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with some

of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend: besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble.

[Exit Old Wilding.

Y Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is dispatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously manag'd: But are not you afraid of the consequence?

Y Wild. I don't comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y Wild. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y Wild. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y Wild. I positively will. Why, this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [Aside.]—Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter-of-fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey: her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: She lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor-square.

Y Wild. A governor!—Oh ho!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon.—Well, I long to be summing.—But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter.—But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y Wild. I shall know presently.—To Miss Godfrey, for—

formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square.
—Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

T Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss Grantam and Miss Godfrey.

M God. And you really like this gallant spark?

M Gr. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town: A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

M God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't surely have any serious designs upon him?

M Gr. Indeed but I have.

M God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M Gr. Oh, no!

M God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M Cr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

M God. My dear?

M Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other: so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M God. Very true.

M Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love-affairs: If I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love?

M Gr.

M Gr. Three: The sober Sir James Elliot; the new America-man; and this mornig I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

M God. Mr Wilding?

M Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub? Though, upon second thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Wilding, Madam.

M Gr. Show him in. [*Exit Servant*]—You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

M God. I wonder, now, what she calls particular business.

Enter Old Wilding.

Q Wild. Ladies, your servant, I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M Gr. Your son is in town then?

Q Wild. He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm, with as little the air of a pedant as—

M Gr. I don't, Mr Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

O Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M Gr. But, Sir, I have something to say—

O Wild. Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M Gr. Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M Gr. We live, Sir, in a very censorious world: a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor should I choose to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability—

O Wild.

O Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight. I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O Wild. I understand you, Madam: you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable; Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [Exit.]

M Gr. Now, there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M God. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter for you, Madam. [To Miss Godfrey.]
Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [To Miss Grantam.]
[Exit.]

M Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the distils: What can be the matter now?

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of inquiring after your health.

M Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you receiv'd a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I didn't sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

M Gr. What can he be driving at now?

Sir

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

M Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however: But for the son, you never—

Mr Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really?

M Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely supported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

M Gr. And that is a wonder!—What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose?

Sir Ja. Admirably rally'd! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

M Gr. Indeed!

Sir Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M Gr. Surprising!

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M Gr. May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer?

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M Gr.

M Gr. But his name?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir Ja. I had.

M Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last!
and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

M Gr. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M Gr. Matchless insolence! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surpris'd at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your Ladyship's servant. [*Going.*—But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear.

[*Exit.*

M Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd, if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone!

M God. But are you sure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M Gr. Impossible!—Why, can't you discern that this flam of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat?

M God. And you never saw Wilding?

M Gr. Never.

M God. There is some mystery in this. I have, too, here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

M Gr. Of what kind?

M God.

M God. A little allied to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M Gr. What are the contents?

M God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M Gr. Why, you did not see him.

M God. But it seems he did me.

M Gr. Might I peruse it?—" Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death—the stranger." It is address'd to you.

M God. I told you so.

M Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

M God. That would be enough to make me vain: But why do you think it was so impossible?

M Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M God. Positively.

M Gr. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M God. Who may that be?

M Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M God. I can't say I think that necessary.

M Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion; time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding at my window.

M God. I attend you.

M Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to serve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable in a young woman as self conceit and vanity.

M God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M Gr. I'll follow you, Miss. [*Exit Miss Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her awkward, but she is now an absolute fright.

M God. (*within.*) Miss, Miss Grantam, your hero's at hand.

M Gr. I come.

M God. As I live, the very individual stranger!

M Gr. No, sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M God. It is he, it is he, it is he!

Enter Old Wilding, Young Wilding, and Papillion.

O Wild. There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity.—Oh, Jack, look at that corner-house; how d'ye like it?

T Wild. Very well; but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

O Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

T Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O Wild. The mistress, you rogue you! a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

T Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O Wild. I don't see that: You are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

T Wild. Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours, you have cordially my consent.

O Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

T Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself?

O Wild. Why, firrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you: Now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

T Wild. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

T Wild. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

O Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

T Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O Wild. That you may study at leisure.

T Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

T Wild. You are then resolv'd?

O Wild. Fix'd.

T Wild. Positively?

O Wild. Peremptorily.

T Wild. No prayers—

O Wild. Can move me.

T Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil?

[*Aside.*—But suppose, Sir, there should be an unmountable objection?

O Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

T Wild. But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

T Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

O Wild. Pardon! for what?

T Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O Wild. Which way?

T Wild. I have done a deed—

O Wild. Let's hear it.

T Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks.

O Wild. Well?

T Wild. I am—

O Wild. What?

T Wild. Already married.

O Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

T Wild. Married.

O Wild. And without my consent?

T Wild. Compell'd; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O Wild. What an unlucky event!—But rise, and let me hear it all.

T Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible: I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

O Wild.

O Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young Wilding.*]—Dry-a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

Y Wild. Any thing.—Oh!—[*Seems to weep.*]

Pap. You see, Sire.

O Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family, calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, sans doute.

O Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup, great deal more.

O Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abington?

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in de county of Berks.

Y Wild. Oh, oh!

O Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*]—Who shall I say?

Y Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say upon my vard.

O Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*]—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve: some artful hussy.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussy?

O Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepar'd to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y Wild. I'll step to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady

suffer by my silence. She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

O Wild. That is something.

T Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

O Wild. Her name?

T Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the name.—But proceed.

T Wild. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O Wild. Is she handsome?

T Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful—

O Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

T Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O Wild. Modestly observed.

T Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

T Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O Wild. What, unobserved by him?

T Wild. Entirely. But as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O Wild. I have observ'd those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I love.

T Wild. The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention:

tion: he opened the door, and there discover'd your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

T Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarm'd her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O Wild. And so surpriz'd you?

T Wild. No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw-bon'd, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to surrender at discretion: the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

T Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse: all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam I shall make an aukward figure; but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

T Wild. Most melancholy. [Exit Old Wilding.]

Pap. I am amaz'd, Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

T Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

T Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

T Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

T Wild. Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papilion.

lion. But to deceive you who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform—

T Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Two letters, Sir.

[Exit.

Pap. There are two things, in my conscience, my master will never want; a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

T Wild. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: A challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now if I can but get engaged in a chancery-suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Pappillon, we have no time to be idle. *[Exeunt.*

A C T III.

* *Miss Grantam and Miss Godfrey.*

* *M. God.* UPON my word, Miss Grantam, this is but an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is already dispos'd of, and therefore—

* *M. Gr.* That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair some mystery, that I must and will have explain'd.

* *M. God.* Come, come, I know the grievance.—You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

M Gr. And so you take the fact for granted?

* *M. God.* Have I not his letter?

* *M. Gr.*

* This scene is omitted only when the piece is done as a farce.

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever received.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqu'd at me? the fault is none of mine; I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! What, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle! Why, really, Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

M. Gr. Rival! admirably rally'd.—But let me tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always show a proper resentment to any insult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The affignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam! then let it wait—Oh, what, that was your scheme! but it won't take, Miss: the contrivance is a little too shallow.

M. God. I don't understand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this insolence was concerted, it seems; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself: but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie, Miss, a passion for a married man! I really blush for you.

M. God. And I most sincerely pity you, But curb your choler a little: the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepar'd. But, Miss
God-

‘ Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

‘ *M. God.* Most willingly: but he will recollect your voice.

‘ *M. Gr.* Oh, that is easily alter’d. [*Enter a maid, who whispers Miss Grantam, and exit.*]—It is he; but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

‘ *M. God.* Your hood a little forwarder, Miss; you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam’d to proofs of a violent passion.

‘ *M. Gr.* You are prodigiously cautious.

‘ *Enter Young Wilding.*

‘ *Y. Wild.* This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume the custom is confin’d to the great: but it will descend; and in a couple of months I shall not be surpris’d to hear an attorney’s hackney clerk rousing at midnight a milliner’s prentice, with an *Ally, Ally Croker*. But that, if I mistake not, is the temple; and see my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey!

‘ *M. Gr.* Hush!

‘ *Y. Wild.* Am I right, Miss?

‘ *M. Gr.* Softly. You receiv’d my letter I see, Sir.

‘ *Y. Wild.* And flew to the appointment with more—

‘ *M. Gr.* No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

‘ *Y. Wild.* How, Madam!

‘ *M. Gr.* Oh, by no means, Sir; for though I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation—

‘ *M. God.* Hold, Miss; when did I ever converse with him?

‘ *M. Gr.* Why, did not you see him in the park?

‘ *M. God.* True, Madam; but the conversation was with you.

‘ *M. Gr.* Bless me! you are very difficult. I say, Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character—

‘ *Y. Wild.* My character!

‘ *M. Gr.* Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

‘ *Y. Wild.* I hope not.

‘ *M.*

‘ *M. Gr.* Your name is Wilding.

‘ *T. Wild.* How the deuce came she by that ! True, Madam.

‘ *M. Gr.* Pray, have you never heard of a Miss Grantam ?

‘ *T. Wild.* Frequently.

‘ *M. Gr.* You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady ? Now mind, Miss.

‘ *T. Wild.* If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

‘ *M. God.* I hear every word, Miss.

‘ *M. Gr.* But you need not lean so heavy upon me ; he speaks loud enough to be heard—I have been told, Sir, that—

‘ *T. Wild.* Yes, Ma’am, and very likely by the lady herself.

‘ *M. Gr.* Sir !

‘ *T. Wild.* Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantam, which must be discharged in the morning.

‘ *M. Gr.* Of what kind ?

‘ *T. Wild.* Why, the lady, finding an old humble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

‘ *M. Gr.* Sir, let me tell you —

‘ *M. God.* Have a care, you will betray yourself.

‘ *T. Wild.* Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite diversion : such a farrago of fights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

‘ *M. God.* So ! what, that story was your’s ; was it ?

‘ *T. Wild.* Pray, Madam, don’t I hear another voice ?

‘ *M. Gr.* A distant relation of mine.—Every syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abington ?

‘ *T. Wild.* Miss Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

‘ *M. Gr.* You have ? Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance—

‘ *T. Wild.* A moment’s patience, Ma’am. That lady,

dy, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir; no bar?

T. Wild. Not in the least, Ma'am; for that lady exists in idea only.

M. Gr. No such person!

T. Wild. A mere creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed!

T. Wild. The attacks of Miss Grantam were so powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

M. Gr. You are not marry'd then?—But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who, in an article of such importance, and to a person of such respect—

T. Wild. Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive, but the fear of losing her, prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so inviolably observ'd?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

T. Wild. The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But when the whole of the affair is discover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantam? The violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy—

T. Wild. Are nothing to a mind resolv'd.

M. Gr. Poor Miss Grantam!

T. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr. I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

T. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is she handsome?

T. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

M. Gr. Very well!—Her shape?

T. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon esteemed the best stay-maker for people inclin'd to be crooked?

M.

' *M. Gr.* But as to the qualities of her mind ; for instance, her understanding ?

' *Y. Wild.* Uncultivated.

' *M. Gr.* Her wit ?

' *Y. Wild.* Borrow'd.

' *M. Gr.* Her taste ?

' *Y. Wild.* Trifling.

' *M. Gr.* And her temper ?

' *Y. Wild.* Intolerable.

' *M. Gr.* A finish'd picture. But come, these are not your real thoughts : this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

' *Y. Wild.* My honest sentiments : and to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the Grand Signior's seraglio.—Now, Madam, I hope you are satisfy'd.

' *M. Gr.* And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face ?

' *Y. Wild.* The first opportunity.

' *M. Gr.* That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her house ?

' *Y. Wild.* When ?

' *M. Gr.* In half an hour.

' *Y. Wild.* But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at—a—

' *M. Gr.* Come, no evasion ; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof at least of—

' *Y. Wild.* You shall have it.

' *M. Gr.* In half an hour ?

' *Y. Wild.* This instant.

' *M. Gr.* Be punctual.

' *Y. Wild.* Or may I forfeit your favour.

' *M. Gr.* Very well ; till then, Sir, adieu.—Now I think I have my spark in the toil ; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article—Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid.

[*Exeunt.*]

' *Y. Wild.* So, I am now, I think, arriv'd at a critical period. If I can but weather this point.—But why should I doubt it ? it is in the day of distress only that

‘ that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall
 ‘ want Papillion; where can the puppy be?

‘ *Enter Papillion.*

‘ *Y. Wild.* So, Sir, where have you been rambling?

‘ *Pap.* I did not suppose you would want—

‘ *Y. Wild.* Want!—you are always out of the way.
 ‘ Here have I been forc’d to tell forty lies upon my own
 ‘ credit, and not a single soul to vouch for the truth of
 ‘ them.

‘ *Pap.* Lord, Sir, you know—

‘ *Y. Wild.* Don’t plague me with your apologies: but
 ‘ it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. Come
 ‘ with me to Miss Grantam’s.

‘ *Pap.* On what occasion?

‘ *Y. Wild.* An important one: but I’ll prepare you
 ‘ as we walk.

‘ *Pap.* Sir, I am really—I could wish you would be
 ‘ so good as to—

‘ *Y. Wild.* What, desert your friend in the heat of
 ‘ battle! Oh, you poltroon!

‘ *Pap.* Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I
 ‘ have not talents.

‘ *Y. Wild.* I do; and for my own sake shall not task
 ‘ them too high.

‘ *Pap.* Now I suppose the hour is come when we shall
 ‘ pay for all.

‘ *Y. Wild.* Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted—

‘ But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign.

‘ Don’t droop, man; confide in your leader, and re-
 ‘ member, *Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum.* [*Exeunt.*]

* SCENE, *A Room.*

Enter a Servant, conducting in Old Wilding.

Serv. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately.
 Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her re-
 turn.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James
 that I beg the favour of a word with him. [*Exit Ser.*]
 This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has
 2 been

* The third act usually begins here when the piece is done as a
 farce.

been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character: Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorpes!

O Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O Wild. My son Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he marry'd?

O Wild. Is he marry'd! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has!

O Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance: Going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at the assembly—their private interviews—surpris'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage: in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son?

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O

- O Wild.* From Jack ; not two hours ago.
- Sir Ja.* I wish you joy, Sir.
- O Wild.* Not much of that, I believe.
- Sir Ja.* Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?
- O Wild.* Doubtless.
- Sir Ja.* Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.
- O Wild.* Why so?
- Sir Ja.* You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.
- O Wild.* I am happy to hear it.
- Sir Ja.* For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.
- O Wild.* Ay ; exactly Jack's account.
- Sir Ja.* She'll be easily jointur'd.
- O Wild.* Justice shall be done her.
- Sir Ja.* No provision necessary for younger children.
- O Wild.* No, Sir ! why not ?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——
- Sir Ja.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !
- O Wild.* You are merry, Sir.
- Sir Ja.* What an unaccountable fellow ?
- O Wild.* Sir !
- Sir Ja.* I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage——
- O Wild.* Well, Sir !
- Sir Ja.* I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than absolute fable.
- O Wild.* How, Sir !
- Sir Ja.* Even so.
- O Wild.* Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me ?
- Sir Ja.* Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him ?
- O Wild.* What do you know ?
- Sir Ja.* I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit ; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.
- O Wild.* Oh, mighty well, Sir !—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do ; you are fore-stall'd ; your novels won't pass upon me.
- Sir Ja.* Sir !

O Wild.

O Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O Wild. No, no, Mr Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss Grantam.

M Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more at present, Sir: I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

O Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M Gr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right—

O Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

M Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but you, it seems—

M Gr. Oh, is that the business?—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr Wilding.

O Wild. Madam!

M Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O Wild. Is it possible?

M Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O Wild. What can they be?

M Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O Wild. You amaze me.

M Gr. Indeed, Mr Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

M Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity—

O Wild. How, Madam, a levity!

M Gr. Take my word for it, no more; enflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M Gr. D'ye hear, Mr Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Wilding to wait upon you, Madam. [*Exit.*]

M Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some odd accident, mistaken for me: the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty?

Enter

Enter Kitty.

Let John show Mr Wilding in to his father: then come to my dressing-room; I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit Kitty.*—The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees.

[*Exeunt.*]

O Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

T Wild. (*Speaking as he enters.*)—People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion.—My father here! that's unlucky enough.

O Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

T Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

O Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

T Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

T Wild. Sir!

O Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

T Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

T Wild. The devil it shall! [*Aside.*—Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

O Wild. No! Why not?

T Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O Wild. What's the matter with her?

T Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O Wild. An audacious——Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage, and short stages, can't hurt her.

T Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

O Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed.

Q 3

But:

But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret.

T Wild. By all means, Sir, it will make him extremely happy.

O Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

T Wild. Abington, Berkshire.

O Wild. True; but his address?

T Wild. You need not trouble yourself, Sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclos'd.

O Wild. Ay, ay, that will do.

[*Going.*

T Wild. So, I have parry'd that thrust.

O Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

T Wild. Sir!

G Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

T Wild. You have it, Sir.

O Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

T Wild. I am sure so have I. [*Aside.*—His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O Wild. Hopkins!

T Wild. Yes, Sir.

O Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either Sythorpe or Sybthorpe.

T Wild. You are right, Sir; that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

O Wild. There is no end of this: I must stop him at once. Hark ye, Sir, I think you are call'd my son?

T Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

O Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

T Wild. In having the honour of descending from you.

O Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

T Wild.

Y Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Y Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O Wild. And has it never occur'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

Y Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands; and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Y Wild. Doubtless, Sir.

O Wild. Then, how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Y Wild. But, Sir!

O Wild. Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: But perhaps that was your intention; and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y Wild. For heaven's sake, Sir.

O Wild. What other motive?

Y Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O Wild. To be again impos'd on! no, Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

Y Wild. By all that's sacred, Sir—

O Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y Wild. But hear me, Sir. I own the Abington business—

O Wild. An absolute fiction.

Y Wild. I do.

O Wild. And how dare you—

Y Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O Wild. Go on.

Y Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention

tention for me, I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms——

O Wild. So!—what, here's another marriage trumped out; but that is a stale device. And, pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, *in nubibus*—

Y Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O Wild. Indeed!

Y Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

O Wild. And her name—

Y Wild. Godfrey.

O Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Y Wild. The very same, Sir.

O Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O Wild. Has she favour'd your address?

Y Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O Wild. Look ye, Sir, as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y Wild. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wild.*

Enter Papillion.

Y Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap.

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y Wild. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y Wild. Prithee, are you mad? There must be some mistake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings; but Mr Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, sweet-meats, pine-apples: the whole amount is L. 372, 9s. besides music and fireworks.

Y Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y Wild. Hark ye, Mr Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention; though this incident, I can't help thinking, is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y Wild. But are you serious? is this possible?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience; but, however, I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

Pap. The deuce?

Y Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Y Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Y Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old Wilding.

O Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

Y Wild. With transport.

O Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey.

[*Exit.*

Y Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?—But they come.

Enter Old Wilding and Miss Godfrey.

O Wild. If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him.—There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y Wild. Sir!

O Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O Wild. What, is the puppy petrified! Why don't you go up to the lady?

Y Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?

O Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?
—To Miss Godfrey!

Y Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey?

O Wild. What is all this?—Hark ye, Sir; I see what you are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Recollect my last resolution: This instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

P Wild.

Y Wild. Sir, that, I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

O Wild. No further evasions! There, Sir.

Y Wild. Heigh ho! [*Signs it.*]

O Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you please.

Y Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, Sir?

Y Wild. Not I, as I hope to be fav'd.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A young lady begs to speak with Mr Wilding.

Y Wild. With me!

M God. A young lady with Mr Wilding!

Ser. Seems distress'd, Madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

M God. Indeed! There may be something in this! You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady?

Y Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

O Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y Wild. How should I?

O Wild. You hear, Madam.

M God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y Wild. Not in the least, Madam.

M God. Show her in, John. [*Exit Ser.*]

O Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandon'd as to—But she is here. Upon my word, a flighty woman.

Enter Kitty as Miss Sybthorpe.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life, my—

Y Wild. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look; no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Y Wild.

Y Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserv'd such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

O Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y Wild. Davaus, non *Œdipus*, sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted?

O Wild. Hold; let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here——Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O Wild. So far she is right. Now your's, if you please?

Kit. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

O Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, Sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O Wild. What, marry'd to him!

Kit. Most true.

Omnes. How!

Y Wild. Sir, may I never——

O Wild. Peace, monster!——One question more: Your maiden name?

Kit. Sybthorpe.

O Wild. Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks?

Kit. The same.

O Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is marry'd at last.

Y Wild. Me, Sir! By all that's——

O Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

Y Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman——Marquis——

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes:
it

it is a pit of your own digging; and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [Exit.

O Wild. What evasion now, monster?

M. God. Deceiver!

O Wild. Liar!

M. God. Impostor!

T Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impos'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpris'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own request?

T Wild. No.

M God. Is not this your own letter?

T Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife?

T Wild. No.

O Wild. Did not you own it to me?

T Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit. Hear me.

T Wild. No.

M God. Answer me.

T Wild. No.

O Wild. Have not I—

T Wild. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad; and if I stay, I shall catch the infection. [Exit.

Enter Sir James Elliot, and Miss Grantam.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr Gr. Finely perform'd.

O Wild. You have kept your promise, and I thank you, Madam.

M Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough, Sir; but in desperate cases, you know—

O Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the

success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar :

They in the fairest fames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.

E P I L O G U E.

Between Miss GRANTAM and OLD WILDING.

By a Man of Fashion.

M. Gr. **H**OLD, Sir!

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate:
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town:
The tribe of politicians will want food;
Ev'n now half famish'd—for the public good.
All Grubstreet murderers of men and sense,
And ev'ry office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence; must the good and great
Patriots be wronged, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word.
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,
Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's reports,
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loath;
A lawyer has no credit but an oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show:
Leave no possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever that your pish and sic,
On all occasions should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause;
Should all pay homage to Truth's sacred Laws,

Let us examine what would be the case †

Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Though on the side of bad the balance fall,
Better to find few good, than fear for all

M. Gr. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.

Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,

That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,

Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

}

R 2

THE

THE
CUNNING MAN.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

IN TWO ACTS.

From the *Devin de Village* of ROUSSEAU.

By DR CHARLES BURNET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cunning Man,
Colin,
Phoebe,
Villagers.

Drury-Lane.
Mr Champness.
Mr Vernon.
Mrs Arne.

A C T I.

The Theatre represents a rural scene, with the Cunning Man's house on the side of a hill.

Phoebe, (*weeping, and wiping her eyes with her apron.*)

A I R.

LOST is all my peace of mind,
Since my Colin proves unkind:
Alas! he's gone for ever.
Ah, since he has learn'd to rove,
Fain would I forget my love:
Ah me! ah me! vain is my endeavour.

R E.

RECITATIVE.

He lov'd me once—thence flows my pain :
 Who then is she has won my swain ?
 Some charming nymph ?—Ah, simple fair !
 And fear'st thou not my ills to share ?
 Colin for me has ceas'd to burn ;
 Thou too, ere long, may'st have thy turn——
 But why for ever thus complain ?
 Since nought can cure my love,
 And all augments my pain !

A I R.

' Lost is all my peace of mind,
 ' Since my Colin proves unkind :
 ' Alas, he's gone for ever !

RECITATIVE.

' I fain would hate him——nay, I ought :
 ' Perhaps he loves me still—vain thought !
 ' Why, then, for ever from me fly,
 ' Whose presence once was all his joy ?'
 Here lives a Cunning Man, who well
 Our future fortune can foretel.
 Ah, there he is—of him I'll know
 If love will always prove my foe.

Enter Cunning Man.

(*Phæbe telling money, and hesitating as she approaches the
 Cunning Man, to whom she gives the money, which she
 had been counting and folding in a paper during the pre-
 lude.*)

Phæbe. Will Colin ne'er be mine again ?
 Tell me, if death must end my pain ?

C. Man. I read your heart, and his can tell—

Phæbe. O Heav'n !——

C. Man.—Your grief assuage—

Phæbe. —Well !

Colin—

C. Man. —To you is false of late—

Phæbe. Ah me, I die !——go on—

C. Man. —And yet

He always loves you :—

Phæbe. —What ! what said ye !

C. Man. More artful, but less fair, the lady

R 3

Who

Who dwells hard by—

Phabe. —To here he roves?

C. Man. But you, I've said, he always loves—

Phabe. And always flies!—

C. Man. —On me depend,

I soon the rover back will send.

Colin is vain, and fond of dress,

And that has made him love you less:

An outrage, by my art I swear,

His love hereafter shall repair.

A I R.

Phabe. Had I heard each am'rous ditty

Breath'd by sparks about the town;

Ah, how many spruce and witty

Lovers there I might have won!

Dress'd as fine as any lady,

I should then each day have shone,

Bright and beautiful as May-day,

With rich lace and ribands on.

Had I heard, &c.

But for love of this ungrateful,

I from ev'ry joy could part;

Rich attire to me were hateful,

If it robb'd him of my heart.

Had I heard, &c.

RECITATIVE.

C. Man. His heart I'll soon restore;

Beware you never lose it more;

But first, his passion to increase,

Feign, feign, fair maid, to love him less.

A I R.

If uneasy, love increases;

If contented, found he sleeps:

She who with coquetry teazes,

Fast in chains her shepherd keeps.

RECITATIVE.

Phabe. Resign'd to your advice alone—

C. Man. With Colin you must change your tone.

Phabe. Though hard the task, I yet will feign

To imitate the fickle swain.

A I R.

A I R.

I'll teaze him and fret him,
And seem to forget him;
I'll try ev'ry art to recover my swain:
Disguising my sorrow,
The airs I will borrow
Of flirts and coquettes, whom at heart I disdain.

RECITATIVE.

C. Man. Be wise, howe'er you fright th' ingrate,
Nor him too closely imitate.—
My art now says he'll soon be here;
I'll call you when you may appear.
[Exit Phœbe.

C. Man. Tho' Colin told me all I know,
He wonders—I can conjure so—
' And both admire the magic spell,
' By which I find out—what they tell—
Here comes the swain—and now I'll try
To touch his heart with jealousy.

Enter Colin.

Colin. By love and your instructions wife,
I now for Phœbe wealth despise.—
I pleas'd her once in habit plain,
What greater blifs can sin'ry gain?

C. Man. Thou'rt now forgot, so long thou'ft rang'd.

Colin. Forgot! Oh heav'n! is Phœbe chang'd?

C. Man. Did ever woman, young and fair,
For wrongs like hers, revenge forbear?

Colin. No, no, my Phœbe will ne'er deceive me,
She will ne'er forget her vows:

For other shepherd can she leave me?

Can she be another's spouse?

RECITATIVE.

C. Man. No shepherd's now to you preferr'd;
But 'tis a young and handsome lord.

Colin. Who told you so?—

C. Man. —My art—

Colin. —No doubt,
Your skill all secrets can find out!—
Alas! how dearly I shall pay
For being weakly led astray!

Is Phœbe then for ever lost?

G. Man. By fortune love is often crost.
If pretty fellows we must be,
'Tis sometimes at our cost, you see.

Colin. Oh, lend your aid!—

G. Man. —Let me consult

My books—The task is difficult. [*Exit Colin.*

[*The Cunning Man takes a conjuring book out of his pocket, and with his white wand forms a spell during the symphony.*]

G. Man. The charm is ended, [*Enter Colin.*
Hither comes the maid offended.

Colin. Can I appease her just disdain?
Her pardon may I hope t'obtain?

G. Man. A heart that's truly kind and tender,
Propitious soon a nymph may render—
But at yon fountain wait, till she
Approach, and speak your destiny. [*Exit Col.*

G. Man. But first I'll see th' afflicted maid,
And with my sage advice will aid.
From lovers, credulous as these,
I quickly gain both fame and fees;
And shall, when once their union's crown'd,
Be prais'd by all the neighbours round:
Who hither hasten from all parts,
To learn who steals their goods—and hearts.
For, luckily, they ne'er find out
Whence all our science comes about.

A I R.

Some think in the stars we are able,
Past, present, and future to read;
Some think, from white wand, or gown sable,
The whole art and myst'ry proceed.
But they know not the plan
Of a true Cunning Man.

When fortune will rude be, or civil,
Some think we by magic are told;
And some, that we deal with the devil,
To whom we've our carcasses sold:
But that's not the plan
Of a true Cunning Man.

But

THE CUNNING MAN. 201

But when folks have been at our dwelling,
And to us have their secrets betray'd,
We for hearing their tale—and then telling,
Are sure to be very well paid.—
And this is the plan
Of a true Cunning Man. [Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Country Prospect.*

COLIN *solo.*

A. I. R.

I Soon my charming nymph shall view; I
Fine houses, grandeur, wealth adieu!
No more by you my love is crost.

If my tears,

My anxious cares,
Can touch the maid whom I adore,
I then may see renew'd once more

Those happy moments I have lost!

I then may see, &c.

Love with love, if but repaid,

Is there need of other bliss?

Give me back thy heart, sweet maid!

Colin has restor'd thee his.

Now my crook and oaten reed,

Shall my only trappings prove:

Bless'd with Phœbe, shall I need

Other treasures than her love?

Love with love, &c.

What great lords did ev'ry hour

For my Phœbe fondly sigh!

Yet, in spite of all their pow'r,

They less happy are than I.

Love with love, if but repaid,

Is there need of other bliss?

Give me back thy heart, sweet maid!

Colin has restor'd thee his.

Enter

Enter Phœbe.

RECIT. accompanied.

Col. Ah! here she comes, I tremble at her sight.—
I'll e'en retreat—She's lost if once I fly. [*Aside.*]

Phœb. He sees me now—I'm in a dreadful fright!—
Be still, my heart— [*Aside.*]

Col. —I'll e'en my fortune try. [*Aside.*]

Phœb. I'm nearer got than I at first design'd. [*Aside.*]

Col. On, on I'll go; there's no retreat, I find— [*Aside.*]

[*To Phœbe, in a soothing and confused tone of voice.*]

Sweet Phœbe! are you angry, say?

I Colin am—O look this way!

Phœb. Me Colin lov'd—Colin was true—

I see not Colin—yet see you.

Col. My heart has never chang'd—some vile
Enchantment did my sense beguile.

But our sagacious Cunning Man

Has broke the charm—and now, again,

In spite of envy, you will find,

I'm Colin still, and still more kind.

Phœb. I, in my turn, am now pursu'd

By spell, which ne'er can be subdu'd

By Cunning Man—

Col. Unhappy me!

Phœb. A youth of greater constancy—

Col. Ah! death will quickly end my smart,

If Phœbe from her vows depart!

Phœb. Your future cares in vain will prove;

No, Colin, you no more I love.

Col. Your love from me's not yet departed;

No, consult first well your breast:

To kill me, were you so hard-hearted,

Would destroy your peace and rest.

Phœb. Ah me! [*Aside.*—No, by you betray'd,

Useless all your cares will prove,

Since Colin now I cease to love.

Col. I'm then undone!—Ah, cruel maid!

Since 'tis your will that I should die,

For ever I'll the village fly.

[*Going.*]

Phœb. Ah, Colin!—

Col. —What?—

[*Returning
Phœb.*]

Phæb. —And wilt thou go?

Col. Must I then feel the double wo,
To lose thy heart, forego thy charms,
And see thee in a rival's arms?

D U E T.

Phæb. While I my Colin knew to please,
No other wish I had to name.

Col. I thought my joy could never cease,
While Phœbe own'd a mutual flame.

Phæb. But since to me his heart's denied,
Mine's given to another swain.

Col. Ah! since the gentle knot's untied,
Does another bliss remain?
My dear Phœbe then will leave me!

Phæb. I fear a lover who'll deceive.

Both. I disengage me in my turn:
My heart's now in a peaceful state,
And will, if possible, forget,

That e'er it did for Colin burn.
Phœbe

Col. However great the wealth or pleasure
Which new engagements would have given;
Phœbe I thought a greater treasure
Than all the goods that's under heav'n.

Phæb. Though a young and charming lord
Has often woo'd me to his arms;
Colin was fondly then preferr'd
To all his proffer'd wealth and charms.

Col. Ah, my Phœbe!—

Phæb. —Ah, too fickle swain!
Must I then love, in spite of all disdain?

P R E L U D E.

[*Phœbe reminds Colin of a riband in his hat, which had been given him by the lady: He throws it away, and she gives him a more ordinary one, which he receives with transport.*]

D U E T.

Col. Colin now his faith has plighted,
Nor longer will rove.

Phæb. Phœbe now her heart has plighted,
And constant will prove.

Both.

Both. When by Hymen united,
How endless our love!

Enter Cunning Man.

C. Man. My pow'r has caus'd th' enchantment dire to cease,
And, spight of envy, giv'n your love increase.

Col. Our thanks by this are ill exprest'd.

[They severally offer him a present.]

C. Man. I'm amply paid, if you are blest'd.

[Receiving with both hands.]

A I R.

Haste, haste, ye maidens fair;

Haste, haste, ye jocund swains:

Assemble here, assemble here,

And imitate this pair.

Gay shepherds, quit the plains;

Fair nymphs from village haste:

Their joy, in tuneful strains,

Come sing, and learn to taste.

Enter a Company of Villagers of both sexes.

DANCE.

CHORUS. *[With the Cunning Man.]*

Since Colin now has ceas'd to range,

Let's celebrate the happy change:

May their home be blest with peace,

And their love each day increase!

CHORUS. *[Without the Cunning Man.]*

' Sing, ye nymphs and shepherds, the praises,

' Loudly sing of our Cunning Man.

' A dead passion to life he raises,

' And makes true and happy the swain.

PASTORAL DANCE.

[The shepherdesses give a nosegay to Colin, who immediately presents it to Phæbe.]

[The shepherds give Phæbe a nosegay, who, in her turn, gives it to Colin.]

A I R.

Col. ' In my cottage obscure,

' New evils for ever I share;

' Now cold, now heat I endure,

' Nor am e'er free from labour and care.

‘ But if Phoebe’s my bride.
 ‘ And will all my past follies forget,
 ‘ While with her I reside,
 ‘ A thatch’d house will have nought to regret.

‘ From the mead or the field,
 ‘ If, fatigu’d, I return when ’tis night;
 ‘ New life, new vigour, she’ll yield,
 ‘ New comfort and joy to my sight.

‘ Ere the sun gilds the plains,
 ‘ Or reddens the tops of the groves,
 ‘ I shall charm all my pains
 ‘ By singing with rapture our loves.

‘ *C. Man.* We all with zeal must here essay
 ‘ To signalize ourselves to-day:
 ‘ And since I cannot jump so high as you,
 ‘ My part shall be to sing a song that’s new.
 ‘ [*Pulls a song out of his pocket, and sings.*

‘ A I R.

‘ Sometimes a passion’s rais’d by art,
 ‘ Sometimes ’tis nature gives the smart;
 ‘ Though courtly lovers well can charm,
 ‘ Yet village hearts are still more warm.
 ‘ Love is just like April weather,
 ‘ Ne’er the same an hour together:
 ‘ Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
 ‘ Nothing, nothing but a child.

‘ *Col.* ’Tis but a child, ’tis but a child.

‘ RECITATIVE.

‘ Stay, stay, there other verses are—
 ‘ And very pretty too, I swear.

‘ [*To the Cunning Man, who is putting the song in his pocket.*]

‘ *Phx.* Let’s see, let’s see—I eager burn,
 ‘ To sing a stanza in my turn.

A I R.

Though here alone with nature love
 In simple guise delights to rove;
 In other places, he no less
 Affects the borrow’d charms of dress.

Love is just like April weather,
 Ne'er the same an hour together :
 Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
 Nothing, nothing but a child.

C H O R U S.

'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

Col. A cherish'd flame we often see
 Produc'd by ingenuity ;
 A fickle heart we oft retain
 By arts coquetish, light and vain.

Love is just like April, &c.

Phæ. Yet love disposes of us all,
 ' At his own fancy's fickle call :
 ' Black jealousy he now permits,
 ' Now punishes our jealous fits.

Love is just like April, &c.

Col. From fair to fair, while fickle toft,
 ' The happy moment's often lost :
 ' A swain quite constant oft will find,
 ' He's less belov'd than one unkind.

Love is just like April, &c.

Phæ. On mortals each caprice to prove,
 ' Now smiles, now tears, awaken love :
 ' Rebuff'd—rebuff'd— [*Finds it difficult to read.*

Colin. [*Who helps her to decypher it.*]
 ' —Rebuff'd by rigour, far he flies.

Phæ. By favours weaken'd, faints, and dies.

Both. Love is just like April weather,
 ' Ne'er the same an hour together ;
 ' Froward, fickle, wanton, wild,
 ' Nothing, nothing but a child.

C H O R U S.

'Tis but a child, 'tis but a child.

A I R.

Phæ. United with the swain I love,
 ' My life a round of joy will prove ;
 ' Of grief we ne'er can feel the sting,
 ' While thus we laugh and dance and sing.
 ' What a blessing is life,
 ' If 'tis season'd by love !
 ' No care, no sorrow or strife,
 ' Can its joy e'er remove.

Thus

‘ Thus a gentle river flows,
 ‘ Meand’ring as it goes,
 ‘ Through flow’ry meads which grace its way
 ‘ With all that’s fair, and sweet, and gay.
 ‘ United with the swain I love,
 ‘ My life a round of joy will prove ;
 ‘ Of grief we ne’er can feel the sting,
 ‘ While thus we laugh, and dance, and sing.’

A I R.

Let us now dance with mirth and glee ;
 Lasses and lads, beat, beat the ground ;
 Let us now dance all under this tree,
 To the sweet pipe’s enlivening sound.

CHORUS

[*Repeats with her ; the villagers dancing at the same time.*]
 Let us now dance, &c.

Let us first sing, then dance to each air ;
 And in the joy that all may have part,
 Let each swain dance with his fav’rite fair,
 And let each lass have the lad of her heart.
 Then let us now dance, &c.

Tho’ noise and splendour they boast of in town,
 More heart-felt enjoyments our festivals crown :
 While dance and song
 Our blifs prolong,
 And beauty warms
 With artless charms——

What music e’er with our pipes can compare ?

Then let us all dance with mirth and glee ;
 Lasses and lads, beat, beat the ground ;
 Let us then dance all under this tree
 To the sweet pipe’s enliv’ning sound.

THE OLD MAID.

IN TWO ACTS.

By MR MURPHY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Clermont,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>Captain Cape,</i>	<i>Mr O'Brien.</i>	<i>Mr Ward.</i>
<i>Mr Harlow,</i>	<i>Mr King.</i>	<i>Mr Johnson.</i>
<i>Mr Heartwell,</i>	<i>Mr Kennedy.</i>	<i>Mr Sparks.</i>
<i>Footman,</i>	<i>Mr Phillips.</i>	
	<i>Mr Castle.</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Harlow,</i>	<i>Miss Haughton.</i>	<i>Mrs Woods.</i>
<i>Miss Harlow,</i>	<i>Miss Kennedy.</i>	<i>Mrs Sparks.</i>
<i>Trifle,</i>	<i>Miss Hippisley.</i>	<i>Mrs Mountfort,</i>

A C T I.

Enter Mrs HARLOW and Miss HARLOW.

Mrs HARLOW.

MY dear sister, let me tell you—

Miss Har. But, my dear sister, let me tell you it is in vain; you can say nothing that will have any effect.

Mrs Har. Not if you won't hear me—only hear me—

Miss Har. Oh, ma'am, I know you love to hear yourself talk, and so please yourself;—but I am resolved—

Mrs Har. Your resolution may alter.

Miss Har. Never.

Mrs Har. Upon a little consideration.

Miss

Miss Har. Upon no consideration.

Mrs Har. You don't know how that may be.—Recollect, sister, that you are no chicken—you are not now of the age that becomes giddiness and folly.

Miss Har. Age, Ma'am—

Mrs Har. Do but hear me, sister—do but hear me—
A person of your years—

Miss Har. My years, sister!—Upon my word!

Mrs Har. Nay, no offence, sister—

Miss Har. But there is offence, Ma'am:—I don't understand what you meant by it—always thwarting me with my years—my years, indeed!—when perhaps, Ma'am, if I was to die of old age, some folks might have reason to look about them.

Mrs Har. She feels it, I see—Oh, I delight in mortifying her. [*Aside.*]—Sister, if I did not love you, I am sure I should not talk to you in this manner—But how can you make so unkind a return now, as to alarm me about myself?—In some sixteen or eighteen years after you, to be sure, I own I shall begin to think of making my will—How could you be so severe?

Miss Har. Some sixteen or eighteen years, Ma'am! If you would own the truth, Ma'am—I believe, Ma'am—you would find, Ma'am, that the disparity, Ma'am, is not so very great, Ma'am—

Mrs Har. Well, I vow passion becomes you inordinately.—It blends a few roses with the lilies of your cheek, and—

Miss Har. And though you are married to my brother, Ma'am, I would have you to know, Ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authorised, Ma'am, to take unbecoming liberties with his sister.—I am independent of my brother, Ma'am—my fortune is in my own hands, Ma'am; and, Ma'am—

Mrs Har. Well, do you know now, when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well?—But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age—sweet three and twenty!—You can't conceive what a deal of good it would have done your temper and your spirits, if you had married early—

Miss Har. Insolent!—provoking—female malice—

Mrs Har. But to be waiting till it is almost too late—

in the day, and force one's self to say strange things—
with the tongue and heart at variance all the time:—

“I don't mind the hideous men—I am very happy as I
am”—and all that time, my dear, dear sister—to be upon
the tenter-hooks of expectation—

Miss Har. I upon tenter-hooks?

Mrs Har. And to be at this work of four grapes, till
one is turned of three and forty—

Miss Har. Three and forty, Ma'am!—I desire,
sister—I desire, Ma'am—three and forty, Ma'am—

Mrs Har. Nay, nay, nay; don't be angry—don't
blame me—blame my husband; he is your own brother,
you know, and he knows your age—He told me so.

Miss Har. Oh, Ma'am, I see your drift—but you
need not give yourself those airs, Ma'am—the men don't
see with your eyes, Ma'am—Years, indeed!—three
and forty, truly!—I'll assure you—upon my word—
hah! very fine!—But I see plainly, Ma'am, what
you are at—Mr Clerimont, Madam!—Mr Clerimont,
sister! that's what frets you—A young husband, Ma'am
—younger than your husband, Ma'am—Mr Clerimont,
let me tell you, Ma'am—

Enter Trifle.

Trif. O rare news, Ma'am! charming news!—We
have got another letter—

Miss Har. From whom?—from Mr Clerimont?—
where is it?

Trif. Yes, Ma'am—from Mr Clerimont, Ma'am.

Miss Har. Let me see it—let me see it—quick—

[*Reads.*

“Madam,

“The honour of a letter from you has so filled my
mind with joy with gratitude, that I want words of
force to reach but half my meaning. I can only say,
that you have revived a heart that was expiring for
you, and now beats for you alone.”

There, sister, mind that!—Years indeed!

[*Reads to herself.*

Mrs Harlow. I wish you joy, sister.—I wish I had not
gone to Ranelagh with her last week—Who could have
thought that her faded beauties would have made such
an impression on him?

[*Aside.*
Miss

Miss Har. Mind here again, sister—(reads.)—"Ever since I had the good fortune of seeing you at Ranelagh, your idea has been ever present to me; and since you now give me leave, I shall, without delay, wait upon your brother; and whatever terms he prescribes, I shall readily subscribe to; for to be your slave is dearer to me than liberty. I have the honour to remain

"The humblest of your admirers,

"CLERIMONT.

There, sister!—

Mrs Har. Well, I wish you joy again—but remember I tell you, take care what you do.—He is young, and of course giddy and inconstant.

Miss Har. He is warm, passionate, and tender—

Mrs Har. But you don't know how long that may last—and here are you going to break off a very suitable match—which all your friends liked and approved, a match with Captain Cape; who to be sure—

Miss Har. Don't name Captain Cape, I beseech you, don't name him—

Mrs Har. Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be despised—He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune—has a charming box of a house upon Hackney-Marsh—and is of an age every way suitable to you.

Miss Har. There again now!—age! age! age! for ever;—years—years—my years!—But I tell you once for all, Mr Clerimont does not see with your eyes—I am determined to hear no more of Captain Cape—Odious Hackney-Marsh!—Ah, sister, you would be glad to see me married in a middling way—

Mrs Har. I, sister?—I am sure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment.—I am resolved never to visit her if Mr Clerimont marries her—

[*Aside.*

Miss Har. Well, well, I tell you, Mr Clerimont has won my heart—young—handsome—rich—town-house, country-house—equipage—To him, and only him, will I surrender myself—Three and forty indeed!—ha, ha!—You see, my dear, dear sister, that these features are still regular and blooming;—that the love-darting eye has not quite forsook me; and that I have made

made a conquest which your boasted youth might be vain of—

Mrs Har. Oh, Ma'am, I beg your pardon if I have taken too much liberty for your good.

Miss Har. I humbly thank you for your advice, my sweet, dear, friendly sister—But don't envy me, I beg you won't;—don't fret yourself: you can't conceive what a deal of good a serenity of mind will do your health—I'll go and write an answer directly to this charming, charming letter—Sister—your's.—I shall be glad to see you, sister, at my house in Hill-street, when I am Mrs Clerimont—and remember what I tell you—that some faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine—my dear sister—Come, Trifle—let me fly this moment—Sister, your servant.

[Exit with Trifle.]

Mrs Har. Your servant, my dear!—Well—I am determined to lead the gayest life in nature, if she marries Clerimont—I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing—and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another—Positively, I must outshine her there—and I'll keep up a polite enmity with her—go and see her, may be once or twice in a winter—"Ma'am, I am really so hurried with such a number of acquaintances, that I can't possibly find time."—And then to provoke her, "I wish you joy, sister; I hear you are breeding."—ha, ha!—that will so mortify her—"I wish it may be a boy, sister"—ha, ha!—And then when her husband begins to despise her, "Really, sister, I pity you—had you taken my advice, and married the India captain—your case is a compassionate one"—Compassion is so insolent when a body feels none at all—ha, ha!—it is the finest way of insulting—

Enter Mr Harlow.

Mr Har. So, my dear; how are my sister's affairs going on?

Mrs Har. Why, my dear, she has had another letter from Mr Clerimont—Did you ever hear of such an odd unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr Har. Why, it is sudden, to be sure—

Mrs Har. Upon my word, I think you had better advise her not to break off with Captain Cape.

Mr

Mr Har. No—not I—I wish she may be married to one or other of them—for her temper is really grown so very sour, and there is such eternal wrangling between ye both, that I wish to see her in her own house, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs Har. Do you know this Mr Clerimont?

Mr Har. No; but I have heard of the family—There is a very fine fortune—I wish he may hold his intention.

Mrs Har. Why, I doubt it vastly.

Mr Har. And truly so do I; for, between ourselves, I see no charms in my sister.

Mrs Har. For my part, I can't comprehend it—How she could strike his fancy, is to me the most astonishing thing—After this, I shall be surpris'd at nothing.

Mr Har. Well, strange things do happen:—So she is but married out of the way, I am satisfied—An old maid in a house is the devil.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Clerimont, Sir, to wait on you.

Mr Har. Show him in. [*Exit servant.*]
—How comes this visit, pray?

Mrs Har. My sister wrote to him to explain himself to you—Well, it is mighty odd—but I'll leave you to yourselves. The man must be an idiot to think of her.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Enter Mr Clerimont.

Mr Har. Sir, I am glad to have this pleasure.

Cler. I presume, Sir, you are no stranger to the business that occasions this visit.

Mr Har. Sir, the honour you do me and my family—

Cler. Oh, Sir, to be allied to your family by so tender a tie as a marriage with your sister, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happiness in the most essential point—The lady charmed me at the very first sight.

Mr Har. The devil she did!

[*Aside.*]

Cler. The sensibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the sweetness of her manner—

Mr Har. Sir, you are pleas'd to—compliment.

Cler.

Cler. Compliment!—not in the least, Sir—

Mr Har. The sweetness of my sister's manner—ha, ha!

[*Aside.*

Cler. The first time I saw her was a few nights ago at Ranelagh—Though there was a crowd of beauties in the room, thronging and pressing all around, yet she shone amongst them all with superior lustre—She was walking arm and arm with another lady—no opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidst the hurry and bustle of the place; but I inquired their names as they were going into their chariot—and learned they were Mrs and Miss Harlow. From that moment she won my heart; and at one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty.

Mr Har. A very candid declaration, Sir.—How can this be? the bloom has been off the peach any time these fifteen years, to my knowledge—[*Aside.*]—You see my sister with a favourable eye, Sir.

Cler. A favourable eye!—He must greatly want discernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr Har. You do her a great deal of honour.—But this affair—is it not somewhat sudden, Sir?—

Cler. I grant it—you may indeed be surprised at it, Sir: nor should I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,—at least yet a while,—if she herself had not condescended to listen to my passion, and authorised me, under her own fair hand, to apply to her brother for his consent.

Mr Har. I shall be very ready, Sir, to give my approbation to my sister's happiness—

Cler. No doubt you will—but let me not cherish an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tenderest passions.

Mr Har. To you, Sir, there can be no exception—I am not altogether a stranger to your family and fortune—His language is warm, considering my sister's age—but I won't hurt her preferment—[*Aside.*]—You will pardon me, Sir, one thing—you are very young—

Cler. 'Sir—I am almost three and twenty'—Old enough, I hope, Sir, to make a good husband.

Mr Har. But have you consulted your friends?

Cler. I have—My uncle Mr Heartwell, who proposes

ses to leave me a very handsome addition to my fortune, which is considerable already—he, Sir—

Mr Har. Well, Sir, if he has no objection, I can have none.

Cler. He has none, Sir; he has given his consent; he desires me to lose no time—‘I will bring him to pay you a visit—He rejoices in my choice—You shall have it out of his own mouth—Name your hour, and he shall attend you.

‘*Mr Har.* Any time to-day—I shall stay at home on purpose.

‘*Cler.* In the evening I will conduct him hither.—’ In the mean time I feel an attachment here—The lady, Sir—

Mr Har. Oh, you want to see my sister. I will send her to you, Sir, this instant. I beg your pardon for leaving you alone—Ha, ha!—who could have thought of her making a conquest at last? [Exit.

Cler. (solus.) Sir, your most obedient. Now, Clerimont, now your heart may rest content; your doubts and fears may all subside, and joy and rapture take their place—Miss Harlow shall be mine; she receives my vows; she approves my passion—(Sings and dances.)—Soft, here she comes—Her very appearance controuls my wildest hopes, and hushes my proud heart into respect and silent admiration.

Enter Mrs Harlow.

Mrs Har. Sir, your servant.

Cler. Madam—(bows respectfully.)

Mrs Har. I thought Mr Harlow was here, Sir.

Cler. Madam, he is but just gone. How a single glance of her eye over-awes me! [Aside.

Mrs Har. I wonder he would leave you alone, Sir—that is not so polite in his own house.

Cler. How her modesty throws a veil over her inclinations!—My tongue falters!—I can’t speak to her.

[Aside.

Mrs Har. He seems in confusion—a pretty man too!—That this should be my sister’s luck!

[Aside.

Cler. Madam!—(Embarrassed.)

Mrs Har. I imagine you have been talking to him on the subject of the letter you sent this morning.

Cler.

Cler. Madam, I have presumed to——

Mrs Har. Well, Sir; and he has no objection, I hope——

Cler. She hopes!—Heav'n bless her for the word—
(*Aside.*)—Madam, he has frankly consented, if his sister will do me that honour.

Mrs Har. For his sister I think I may venture to answer, Sir.

Cler. Generous, generous creature!

Mrs Har. You are sure, Sir, of Miss Harlow's admiration; and the whole family hold themselves much obliged to you.

Cler. Madam, this extreme condescension has added rapture to the sentiments I felt before; and it shall be the endeavour of my life to prove deserving of the amiable object I have dared to aspire to.

Mrs Har. Sir, I make no doubt of your sincerity—I have already declared my sentiments—you know Mr Harlow's—and if my sister is willing,—nothing will be wanting to conclude this business—if no difficulties arise from her—for her temper is uncertain.—As to my consent, Sir, your air, your manner, have commanded it. Sir, your most obedient—I'll send my sister to you—

[*Exit.*

Cler. Madam, (*bowing*)—I shall endeavour to repay this goodness with excess of gratitude—Oh, she is an angel!—and yet, stupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderness I have within—It is ever so with sincere and generous love; it fills the heart with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we so exquisitely feel.—Generous Miss Harlow! who could thus see through my confusion; interpret all appearances favourably; and, with a dignity superior to her sex's little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teasing, and tormenting her admirer.—I hear somebody—Oh, here comes Mrs Harlow—What a gloom sits upon her features!—She assumes authority here, I find—but I'll endeavour, by insinuation and respect—

Enter Miss Harlow.

Miss Har. My sister has told me, Sir—

Cler. Ma'am—(*bowing cheerfully.*)

Miss Har. He is a sweet figure.

[*Aside.*
Cler.

Cler. She rather looks like Miss Harlow's mother than her sister-in-law. [Aside.]

Miss Har. He seems abash'd—his respect is the cause. (Aside.)—My sister told me, Sir, that you was here—I beg pardon for making you wait so long—

Cler. Oh, Ma'am. (Bows.)—The gloom disappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain. [Aside.]

Miss Har. I see he loves me, by his confusion—I'll cheer him with affability—[Aside.]—Sir, the letter you was pleased to send, my sister has seen—and—

Cler. And has assured me that she has no objection—

Miss Har. I am glad of that, Sir—I was afraid—

Cler. No, Ma'am, she has none—and Mr Harlow, I have seen him too—he has honoured me with his consent—Now, Madam, the only doubt remains with you—May I be permitted to hope—

Miss Har. Sir, you appear like a gentleman—and—

Cler. Madam, believe me, never was love more sincere, more justly founded on esteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miss Har. Sir, with the rest of the family I hold myself much obliged to you, and—

Cler. Obligated!—tis I that am obliged—there is no merit on my side—it is the consequence of impressions made upon my heart; and what heart can resist such beauty, such various graces!

Miss Har. Sir, I am afraid—I wish my sister heard him—[Aside.]—Sir, I am afraid you are lavish of your praise; and the short date of your love, Sir—

Cler. It will burn with unabating ardor—The same charms that first inspired it, will for ever cherish it, and add new fuel.—But I presume you hold this style to try my sincerity—I see that's your aim—but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in suspense.

Miss Har. Heavens! if my sister saw my power over him—(Aside.)—A little suspense cannot be deemed unreasonable—Marriage is an important affair—an affair for life—and some caution you will allow necessary—

Cler. Madam!—(disconcerted.)—Oh! I dread the frown of her look. [Aside.]

Miss Har. I can't help observing, Sir, that you dwell chiefly

chiefly on articles of external and superficial merit; whereas the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good sense, a well-regulated conduct—

Cler. Oh, Ma'am, I am not inattentive to those matters—Oh, she has a notable household-understanding, I warrant her—[*Aside.*]—But let me intreat you, Madam, to do justice to my principles, and believe me a sincere and generous lover.

Miss Har. Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time; and from henceforth all doubts are banished.

Cler. Your words recal me to new life—I shall for ever study to merit this goodness—But your fair sister—do you think I can depend upon her consent?—May I flatter myself she will not change her mind?

Miss Har. My sister cannot be insensible of the honour you do us all—and, Sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all inclined to favour you.

Cler. Madam—[*bows.*]

Miss Har. You have an interest in my breast that will be busy for you—

Cler. I am eternally devoted to you, Madam—

[*Bows.*]

Miss Har. How modest, and yet how expressive he is!—

[*Aside.*]

Cler. Madam, I shall be for ever sensible of this extreme condescension, and shall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and esteem I bear you. I beg my compliments to Mr Harlow, and I shall be here with my uncle in the evening—as early as possible I shall come—My respects to your sister, Ma'am—and pray, Madam, keep her in my interest—Madam, your most obedient—I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think—[*Aside.*]—Madam—

[*Bows, and exit.*]

Miss Har. What will my sister say now?—I shall hear no more of her taunts—A malicious thing!—I fancy she now sees that your giddy skirts are not always the highest beauties.—Set her up, indeed!—Had she but heard him, the dear man!—what sweet things he said, and what sweet things he looked—

Enter

Enter Mrs Harlow.

Mrs Har. Well, sister—how!—what does he say?—

Miss Har. Say, sister!—every thing that is charming—he is the prettiest man—

Mrs Har. Well, I am glad of it—but all's well that ends well—

Miss Har. Envy, sister!—envy, and downright malice!—Oh, had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that ecstasy too! that tenderness! that delight restrained by modesty—

Mrs Har. I don't know though; there is something odd in it still—

Miss Har. Oh, I don't doubt but you will say so—but you will find I have beauty enough left to make some noise in the world still—The men, sister, are the best judges of female beauty—Don't concern yourself about it, sister—Leave it all to them—

Mrs Har. But only think of a lover you never saw but once at Ranelagh—

Miss Har. Very true—but even then I saw what work I made in his heart—Oh, I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me—*(Sings)*—Yes, I'll have a husband, ay, marry, &c.

Enter Mr Harlow.

Mr Har. So, sister! how stand matters now?

Miss Har. As I could wish—I shall no more be a trouble to you—he has declared himself in the most warm and vehement manner—Though my sister has her doubts—she is a good friend—she is afraid of my success—

Mrs Har. Pray, sister, don't think so meanly of me—I understand that sneer, Ma'am.

Miss Har. And I understand you too, Ma'am—

Mr Har. Come, come, I desire we may have no quarrelling—you two are always wrangling; but when you are separated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way—Tho', sister, let me tell you, I am afraid our India friend will think himself ill treated.

Mrs Har. That's what I fear too—that's my reason for speaking—

Miss Har. Oh, never throw away a thought on him.

Mr Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am settled for life, Sister,—I love to plague her—now I think I am settled for life—for life—for life, my dear sister—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Dinner is served, Sir.

Mr Har. Very well. Come, sister, I give you joy—Let us in to dinner.

Miss Har. Oh, vulgar—I can't eat—I must go and dress my head over again, and do a thousand things—for I am determin'd I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can. *[Exit.]*

Mrs Har. Is not all this amazing, my dear?—Her head is turned.

Mr Har. Well, let it all pass—don't you mind it—don't you say any thing—let her get married if she can, I am sure I shall rejoice at it.

Mrs Har. And upon my word, my dear, so shall I—and if I interfere, it is purely out of friendship.

Mr Har. But be advised by me—say no more to her—If the affair goes on, we shall fairly get rid of her—Her peevish humours, and her maiden temper, are become insupportable. Come, let us in to dinner. If Mr Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be odd enough, we shall then enjoy a little peace and quiet. *[Exit.]*

Mrs Har. What in the world could the man see in her? Oh, he will repent his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am sure he will—She is gone to dress now—ha, ha!

Oh, how she rolls her pretty eyes in spight,
And looks delightfully with all her might!

Ha, ha! delightfully she will look indeed! *[Exit.]*

A C T II.

Enter a Servant and Captain Cape.

Ser. **Y**ES, Sir, my master is at home—he has just done dinner, Sir.

Cape. Very well then; tell him I would speak a word with him.

Ser.

Ser. I beg pardon, Sir; I am but a stranger in the family—who shall I say?

Cape. Captain Cape, tell him.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Cape. I can hardly believe my own eyes—S'death! I am almost inclined to think this letter, signed with Miss Harlow's name, a mere forgery by some enemy, to drive me into an excess of passion, and so injure us both. I don't know what to say to it.

Enter Mr Harlow.

Cape. Sir, I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair—I can't comprehend it, Sir—Here is a letter with your sister's name—Look at it, Sir—is that her hand-writing?

Mr Har. Yes, Sir—I take it to be her writing.

Cape. And do you know the contents?

Mr Har. I can't say I have read it—but—

Cape. But you know the purport of it?

Mr Har. Partly.

Cape. You do?—and is not it base treatment, Sir?—is it not unwarrantable?—can you justify her?

Mr Har. For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs—I am not fond of intermeddling.

Cape. But, Sir, let me ask you, Was not every thing agreed upon? Are not the writings now in lawyers hands? Was not next week fixed for our wedding?

Mr Har. I understood it so.

Cape. Very well then, and see how she treats me—She writes me here in a contemptuous manner, that she recalls her promise—it was rashly given—she has thought better of it—she will listen to me no more—she is going to dispose of herself to a gentleman with whom she can be happy for life—and “I desire to see you no more, Sir?”—There, that's free and easy, is not it?—What do you say to that?

Mr Har. Why, really, Sir, it is not my affair—I have nothing to say to it.

Cape. Nothing to say to it! Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr Har. You have been dealing with a woman, and you know—

Cape. Yes, I know—I know the treachery of the sex—Who is this gentleman, pray?

Mr Har. His name is Clerimont—they have fixed the affair among themselves; and amongst them be it, for me.

Cape. Very fine! mighty fine!—Is Miss Harlow at home, Sir?

Mr Har. She is; and here she comes too.

Cape. Very well; let me hear it from herself, that's all. I desire to hear her speak for herself.

Mr Har. With all my heart. I'll leave you together.—You know, Captain, I was never fond of being concerned in those things. [Exit.]

Enter Miss Harlow.

Miss Har. Captain Cape, this is mighty odd—I thought, Sir, I desired—

Cape. Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter; and, Madam, the usage is so extraordinary, that I hold myself excusable if I refuse to comply with the terms you impose upon me.

Miss Har. Sir, I really wonder what you can mean.

Cape. Mistake me not, Madam; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myself again—Madam, that is all blown over.

Miss Har. Well then, there is no harm done, and you will survive this, I hope.

Cape. Survive it!

Miss Har. Yes—you won't grow desperate, I hope—suppose you were to order somebody to take care of you, because, you know, fits of despair are sudden, and you may rashly do yourself a mischief. Don't do any such thing, I beg you won't.

Cape. This insult, Madam—Do myself a mischief!—Madam, don't flatter yourself that it is in your power to make me unhappy. It is not vexation brings me hither, I assure you.

Miss Har. Then let vexation take you away. We were never design'd for one another.

Cape. My amazement brings me hither—amazement that any woman can behave—but I don't want to upbraid—I only come to ask—for I can hardly as yet believe

lieve it—I only come to ask if I am to credit this pretty epistle?

Miss Har. Every syllable—therefore take your answer, Sir, and truce with your importunity.

Cape. Very well, Ma'am, very well—Your humble servant, Madam. I promise you, Ma'am, I can repay this scorn with scorn—with tenfold scorn, Madam, such as this treatment deserves—that's all—I say no more—Your servant, Ma'am—But let me ask you, Is this a just return for all the attendance I have paid you these three years past?

Miss Har. Perfectly just, Sir—Three years!—How could you be a dangler so long?—I told you what it would come to—Can you think, that raising a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make sure of her at last?—you ought to have been a brisker lover; you ought indeed, Sir.—I am now contracted to another; and so there is an end of every thing between us.

Cape. Very well, Madam—And yet I can't bear to be despised by her. [*Aside*]—And can you, Miss Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this disdain? Have you no compassion?

Miss Har. No, positively none, Sir—none—none—

Cape. Your own Captain Cape—whom you—

Miss Har. Whom I despise.

Cape. Whom you have so often encouraged to adore you.

Miss Har. Pray, Sir, don't touch my hand—I am now the property of another.

Cape. Can't you still break off with him?

Miss Har. No, Sir, I can't—I won't—I love him; and, Sir, if you are a man of honour, you will speak to me no more. Desist, Sir: for if you don't, my brother shall tell you of it, Sir; and to-morrow Mr Clerimont shall tell you of it.

Cape. Mr Clerimont, Madam, shall fight me, for daring—

Miss Har. And must I fight you too, most noble valiant Captain?

Cape. Laughed at too!

Miss Har. What a passion you are in! I can't bear to

to see a man in such a passion. Oh, I have a happy riddance of you—the violence of your temper is dreadful—I won't stay a moment longer with you—you frighten me.—You have your answer—and so your servant, Sir. [Exit.

Cape. Ay, she is gone off like a fury; and the furies catch her, say I—I will never put up with this. I will find out this Mr Clerimont, and he shall be accountable to me. Mr Harlow too shall be accountable to me.

Enter Mr and Mrs Harlow.

Cape. Mr Harlow—I am used very ill here, Sir, by all of you; and, Sir, let me tell you—

Mr Har. Nay, don't be angry with me, Sir—I was not to marry you—

Cape. But, Sir, I can't help being angry—I must be angry—and, let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs Har. How can Mr Harlow help it, Sir, if my sister—

Mr Har. You are too warm; you are indeed, Sir—let us both talk this matter over a bottle.

Cape. No, Sir—no bottle—over a cannon, if you will.

Mrs Har. Mercy on me, Sir—I beg you won't talk in that terrible manner—you frighten me, Sir.

Mr Har. Be you quiet, my dear—Captain Cape, I beg you will just step into that room with me; and if, in the dispatching one bottle, I don't acquit myself of all sinister dealing, why then—Come, come, be a little moderate—you shall step with me—I'll take it as a favour—Come, come, you must—

Cape. I always found you a gentleman, Mr Harlow, and so with all my heart—I don't care if I do talk the matter over with you.

Mr Har. Sir, I am obliged to you—I'll show you the way. [Exeunt.

Mrs Har. It is just as I foresaw—My sister was sure of him, and now is she going to break off for a young man that will despise her in a little time—I wish she would have Captain Cape.

Enter

Enter Miss Harlow.

Miss Har. Is he gone, sister?

Mrs Har. No; and here is the deuce and all to do—he is for fighting every body.—Upon my word you are wrong—you don't behave genteelly in the affair.

Miss Har. Genteelly!—I like that notion prodigiously—an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs Har. Well, follow your own inclinations—I won't intermeddle any more, I promise you—I'll step into the parlour, and see what they are about. [*Exit.*]

Miss Har. As you please, Ma'am. I see plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my success. Heaven's!—here comes Mr. Clerimont.

Enter Mr Clerimont.

Miss Har. You are earlier than I expected, Sir.

Cler. I have flown, Madam, upon the wings of love—I have seen my uncle, and he will be here within this half hour—Every thing succeeds to my wishes with him—I hope there is no alteration here, Madam, since I saw you?

Miss Har. Nothing that signifies, Sir.

Cler. You alarm me—Mr Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope?

Miss Har. No, Sir, he continues in the same mind.

Cler. And your sister—I tremble with doubt and fear—She does not surely recede from the sentiments she flattered me with?

Miss Har. Why, there, indeed, I can't say much—She—

Cler. How!

Miss Har. She— I don't know what to make of her—

Cler. Oh, I am on the rack—In pity, do not torture me.

Miss Har. How tremblingly solicitous he is—Oh, I have made a sure conquest. [*Aside.*—Why, she, Sir—

Cler. Ay—(*disconcerted.*)

Miss Har. She does not seem entirely to approve—

Cler. You kill me with despair—

Miss Har. Oh, he is deeply smitten. (*Aside.*)—She thinks another match would suit better.

Cler. Another match!

Miss

Miss Har. Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his proposals; but I shall take care to see him dismissed.

Cler. Will you?

Miss Har. I promise you I will—tho' he runs much in my sister's head, and she has taken pains to bring my other relations over to her opinion.

Cler. Oh, cruel, cruel!—I could not have expected that from her—But has she fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miss Har. Why, truly, I think she has—but my will in this affair must be, and shall be, consulted.

Clea. And so it ought, Ma'am—your long acquaintance with the world, Madam—

Miss Har. Long acquaintance, Sir!—I have but a few years experience only—

Cler. That is, your good sense, Ma'am—Oh, confound my tongue! how that slipped from me. [*Aside.*]—Your good sense—your early good sense—and—and—inclination, should be consulted.

Miss Har. And they shall, Sir—Hark!—I hear her—I'll tell you what, I'll leave you this opportunity to speak to her once more, and try to win her over by persuasion—It will make things easy if you can—I am gone, Sir. [*Curtsies affectedly, and exit.*]

Cler. The happiness of my life will be owing to you, Madam—The woman is really better natured than I thought she was—She comes! the lovely tyrant comes!

Enter Mrs Harlow.

She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruin'd. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. You seem afflicted, Sir—I hope no misfortune—

Cler. The severest misfortune!—you have broke my heart—

Mrs Har. I break your heart, Sir?

Cler. Yes, cruel fair—you—you have undone me.

Mrs Har. You amaze me, Sir—pray, how can I—

Cler. And you can seem unconscious of the mischief you have made.

Mrs Har. Pray unriddle, Sir—

Cler. Madam, your sister has told me all—

Mrs Har. Ha, ha! what has she told you, Sir?

Cler.

Cler. It may be sport to you—but to me 'tis death—

Mrs Har. What is death?

Cler. The gentleman from India, Madam—I have heard it all—you can give him a preference—you can blast my hopes—my fond delighted hopes, which you yourself had cherished.

Mrs Har. The gentleman is a very good sort of man.

Cler. Oh, she loves him, I see. [*Aside.*]—Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you—

Mrs Har. How have I fixed your doom?—If I speak favourably of Captain Cape—he deserves it, Sir.

Cler. Oh, heavens! I cannot bear this— [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praise.—

Cler. Love, love, love! [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. And besides, his claim is in fact prior to your's.

Cler. And must love be governed, like the business of mechanics, by the laws of tyrant custom?—Can you think so, Madam?

Mrs Har. Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

Cler. Oh, cruel—No, Madam, I see you are not.

Mrs Har. And really now, Sir, reasonably speaking, my sister is for treating Captain Cape very ill—He has been dancing attendance here these three years.

Cler. Yet that you knew, when you were pleased to fan the rising flame that matchless beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs Har. Matchless beauty!—ha, ha!—I cannot but laugh at that— [*Aside.*]

Cler. Laugh, Madam, if you will, at the pangs you yourself occasion—yes, triumph if you will—I am resigned to my fate, since you will have it so.

Mrs Har. I have it so!—you seem to frighten yourself without cause—If I speak favourably of any body else, Sir—what then?—I am not to marry him, you know.

Cler. An't you!

Mr Har. I?—no, truly—thank heav'n!

Cler. She revives me! [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. That must be as my sister pleases.

Cler. Must it?

Mrs Har. Must it!—to be sure it must.

Cler.

Cler. And may I hope some interest in your heart?

Mrs Har. My heart, Sir!

Cler. While it is divided, while another has possession of but part of it—

Mrs Har. I don't understand him—Why, it has been given away long ago.

Cler. I pray you, do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears—if you will but bless me with the least kind return—

Mrs Har. Kind return!—What, would you have me fall in love with you?

Cler. It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs Har. Adore me!

Cler. Even to idolatry.

Mrs Har. What can he mean?—I thought my sister was the object of your adoration.

Cler. Your sister, Ma'am!—I shall ever respect her as my friend on this occasion; but love—no—no—she is no object for that—

Mrs Har. No!

Cler. She may have been handsome in her time—but that has been all over long ago—

Mrs Har. Well, this is charming—I wish she heard him now, with her new-fangled airs. [*Aside.*]—But let me understand you, Sir—Adore me?

Cler. You—you—and only you!—by this fair hand.

[*Kisses it.*]

Mrs Har. Hold, hold—this is going too far.—But pray, Sir, have you really conceived a passion for me?

Cler. You know I have—a passion of the tenderest nature.

Mrs Har. And was that your drift in coming hither?

Cler. What else could induce me?

Mr Har. And introduced yourself here, to have an opportunity of speaking to me?

Cler. My angel, don't torment me thus.

Mrs Har. Angel!—and pray, Sir, what do you suppose Mr Harlow will say to this?

Cler. Oh, Ma'am—he—he approves my passion.

Mrs Har. Does he really?—I must speak to him about that.

Cler. Do so, Ma'am; you will find I am a man of more honour than to deceive you.

Mr Har. Well, it will be whimsical if he does—and my sister too, this will be a charming discovery for her.

[*Aside.*]—Ha, ha!—Well, really Sir, this is mighty odd—I'll speak to Mr Harlow about this matter this very moment— [Going.]

Cler. Oh, you will find it all true—And may I then flatter myself—

Mrs Har. Oh to be sure—such an honourable project—I'll step to him this moment—and then, sister, I shall make such a piece of work for you— [Exit.]

Cler. Very well, Ma'am—see Mr Harlow immediately—he will confirm it to you—While there is life there is hope—Such matchless beauty!

Enter Miss Harlow.

Miss Har. I beg your pardon, Sir, for leaving you all this time—Well, what says my sister?

Cler. She has given me some glimmering hopes.

Miss Har. Well, don't be uneasy about her—it shall be as I please.

Cler. But with her own free consent it would be better—however, to you I am bound by every tie; and thus let me seal a vow—(*kisses her hand.*)

Miss Har. He certainly is a very passionate lover—Lord, he is ready to eat my hand up with kisses—I wish my sister saw this—[*Aside.*]—Hush, I hear Captain Cape's voice—the hideous Tramontane!—he is coming this way—I would not see him again for the world—I'll withdraw a moment, Sir—you'll excuse me—Mr Clerimont,—(*Kisses her hand, and curtsies very low*)—your servant, Sir—Oh, he is a charming man!

(*Curtsies, and exit.*)

Enter Captain Cape.

Cape. There she goes, the perfidious!—Sir, I understand your name is Clerimont—

Cler. At your service, Sir.

Cape. Then, Sir, draw this moment.

Cler. Draw, Sir! for what?

Cape. No evasion. Sir.

Cler. Explain the cause.

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U

Cape.

Cape. The cause is too plain—your making love to that lady who went out there this moment——

Cler. That lady! not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Cape. No shuffling, Sir—draw——

Cler. Sir, I can repel an injury like this—but your quarrel is groundless—and, Sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my bosom naked to your sword—That lady!—I resign all manner of pretension to her—

Cape. You resign her, Sir.

Cler. Entirely.

Cape. Then I am pacified—(*puts up his sword.*)

Cler. Upon my word, Sir, I never so much as thought of that lady.

Enter Mr Harlow.

Mr Har. So, Sir—fine doings you have been carrying on here——

Cler. Sir!

Mr Har. You have been attempting my wife, I find.

Cler. Upon my word, Mr Harlow——

Mr Har. You have behaved in a very base manner; and I insist upon satisfaction. Draw, Sir—

Cler. This is the strangest accident!—I assure you, Sir—only give me leave—

Mr Har. I will not give you leave—I insist—

Cape. Nay, nay, Mr Harlow—this is neither time nor place—and besides, hear the gentleman: I have been over-hasty, and he has satisfied me—only hear him—

Mr Har. Sir, I will believe my own wife—Come on, Sir—

Cler. I assure you, Mr Harlow, I came into this house upon honourable principles—induced, Sir, by my regard for Miss Harlow—

Cape. For Miss Harlow!—Zoons, draw—

Cler. Again!—this is downright madness—two upon me at once—you will murder me between you—

Mr Har. There is one too many upon him, sure enough—and so, Captain, put up——

Cape. Resign your pretensions to Miss Harlow—

Cler. Resign Miss Harlow!—not for the universe—in her cause I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all—

[*Draws his sword.*]

Mr Har. For Heaven's sake, Captain Cape—do moderate

derate your anger—This is neither time nor place—I have been too rash myself—I beg you will be pacified—(*He puts up.*)—Mr Clerimont, sheath your sword—

Cler. I obey, Sir—

Mr Har. Captain Cape, how can you?—you promised me you would let things take their course—If my sister will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?—

Cape. Very well, Sir—I have done—she is a worthless woman, that's all.

Cler. A worthless woman, Sir!

Cape. Ay, worthless—

Cler. Damnation!—Draw, Sir.

Mr Har. Nay, nay, Mr Clerimont, you are too warm—
'—and there's a gentleman coming—This is your uncle,
' I suppose—

' *Cler.* It is—

' *Enter Mr Heartwell.*

' *Mr Har.* I'll wave all disputes now, that I may
' conclude my sister's marriage. [*Aside.*

' *Cler.* Mr Heartwell, Sir—Mr Harlow, Sir—

' *Heart.* My nephew has informed me, Sir, of the
' honour you have done him, and I am come to give my
' consent.

' *Mr Har.* I thought it necessary, Sir, to have the
' advice of Clerimont's friends, as he is very young, and
' my sister not very handsome.

' *Cler.* She is an angel, Sir—

' *Heart.* Patience, Charles, patience—My nephew's
' estate will provide for his eldest born; and upon the
' younger branches of his marriage I mean to settle my
' fortune.

' *Mr Har.* Generously spoken, Sir; and so there is
' no occasion for delay—Who waits there?—tell the la-
' dies they are wanting—

' *Heart.* I have ever loved my nephew; and since he
' tells me he has made a good choice, I shall be glad to
' see him happy.

' *Cape.* But, Sir, let me tell you, that your nephew
' has used me very basely; and, Sir—

' *Mr Har.* Nay, nay, Captain—this is wrong now;
' every thing was settled between us in the other room

—recollect yourself—do, I beg you will—Oh, here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs Harlow and Miss.

Miss Har. Now, sister, you shall see I have completed my conquest—

Cler. Now, then, I am happy indeed—My lovely, charming bride!—Thus let me snatch you to my heart, and thus, and thus— [Embraces Mrs Harlow.

Mr Har. Zoons! before my face—

[Pushing him away.

Cler. Prithce, indulge my transport—my life, my angel!

Mr Har. I desire you will desist, Sir.

Cler. Nay, nay, prithce be quiet—My charming, charming wife!

Mr Har. That lady is not your wife—

Cler. How my wife!—not my wife!—ecstasy and bliss!

Mr Har. Come, come, Sir, this is too much—

Cler. Ha, ha! you are very pleasant, Sir.

Mr Har. Zoons, Sir, no trifling—that lady is my wife—

Cler. Sir!

Mr Har. I say, Sir, that lady is my wife.

* *Cape.* Ha, ha! I see through this—it is a comedy of errors, I believe—[Sings.]

* *Heart.* What does all this mean?

Cler. Your wife, Sir!

Mr Har. Yes, my wife—and there is my sister, if you please to take her—

Cler. Sir!—

Mr Har. Sir, this is the lady whom you have desired in marriage.

Cler. Who I, Sir?—I beg your pardon—That lady I took to be your wife—(pointing to Miss Harlow;—and that lady (pointing to Mrs Harlow) I took to be your sister—

Cape and Mrs Har. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Har. Lord, Lord! have I been made a fool of all this time?—furies! torture! murder!—

Cape. Ha, ha!—my lady fair is taken in, I think—A comedy of errors, egad!—ha, ha, ha!

Mrs

Mrs Har. Sister, the men don't see with my eyes—
ha, ha!

Cape. Ha, ha! the gentleman is no dangler, Ma'am.

Mrs Har. This is a complete conquest my sister has made——

Miss Har. I can't bear this——Sir, I desire I may not be made a jest of—Did not you solicit me?—impartune me?—

Cler. For your interest in that lady, Ma'am—whom I took for Miss Harlow.—I beg your pardon if I am mistaken—I hope there is no harm done.

Miss Har. Yes, Sir, but there is harm done—I am made sport of—exposed to derision.—Oh, I cannot bear this—I cannot bear it—

[Cries.

Mrs Har. Don't cry, sister—some faces preserve the bloom longer than others, you know—ha, ha!

Cape. Loll toll loll——

Heart. I don't understand all this—Is that lady your wife, Sir?

Mr Har. She is, Sir.

Heart. And pray, nephew—you took that lady for Mr Harlow's sister, I suppose?

Cler. I did, Sir—I beg pardon for the trouble I have given—I am in such confusion, I can hardly—

Heart. Well, well, the thing is cleared up, and there is no harm done—but you should have known what ground you went upon—ha, ha! I can't help laughing neither.

Mr Har. Why, faith, nor I—ha, ha!

Cler. Since matters have turned out so unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my mistake; and, Sir, I take my leave.

[Going.

Miss Har. And will you treat me in this manner, Sir? will you draw me into such a scrape, and not—

Cler. Ma'am, that gentleman would cut my throat—his claim is prior to mine—and, I dare say, he will be very glad to be reconciled, Madam.

Miss Har. You are a base man, then, and I reject you.—Captain Cape, I see my error, Sir, and I resign myself to you.

Cape. No, Madam, I beg to be excused—I have been a dangler too long—I ought to have been a brisker

lover—I shall endeavour to survive it, Ma'am—I won't do myself a mischief—and I have my answer—I am off, Madam—loll toll loll—

Mrs Har. Ha, ha! I told you this, my dear sister.

Cler. Madam, I dare say the gentleman will think better of it.—Mr Harlow, I am sorry for all this confusion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my mistake.—Mrs Harlow, I wish you all happiness, Ma'am—Angelic creature!—what a misfortune to lose her!

[*Bows, and exit.*]

Cape. And I will follow his example—Miss Harlow, I wish you all happiness—Angelic creature! what a misfortune to lose her!—Upon my soul, I think you a most admirable jilt; and so now you may go and bewail your virginity in the mountains—loll toll loll. [*Exit.*]

Miss Har. Oh, oh! I can't bear to be treated in this manner—I'll go and hide myself from the world for ever. Oh, oh!—the men are all savages, barbarians, monsters, and I hate the whole sex—Oh, oh! (*cries bitterly.*)

[*Exit.*]

Mrs Har. My dear sister, with her beauty and her conquests—ha, ha!

Mr Har. Ha, ha! very whimsical and ridiculous—

Heart. Sir, my nephew is young—I am sorry for 'this scene of errors; and I hope you will ascribe the 'whole to his inexperience.

Mr Har. I certainly shall, Sir—

Mrs Har. I cautioned my sister sufficiently about this matter; but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimsical instance of folly and affectation.

In vain the Faded Toast her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For Ridicule, sly-peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roses and the lilies dead:
And while, fond soul! she weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a subject of the comic strain.

THOMAS

THOMAS AND SALLY.

IN TWO ACTS.

By MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>The Squire,</i> Mr Mattocks.	Mr Dod.	Mr Tannet.
<i>Thomas,</i> Mr Dubellamy.	Mr Vernon.	Mr Gaudry.

W O M E N.

<i>Sally,</i>	Mrs Pinto.	Mrs Arne.	Mrs Kirby.
<i>Dorcas,</i>	Mrs Thompson.	Mrs Love.	Mrs Charteris.

SCENE, *The Country.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *A village at the foot of a hill, with a cottage, more advanced than the rest, on one side. SALLY discovered spinning at the door.*

SALLY.

MY time how happy once and gay !
Oh, blythe I was as blythe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah well-a-day !
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Though all their arts are lost on me ;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lee ;
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea ?

The

236 THOMAS AND SALLY; OR,

The flowers droop till light's return,
The pigeon mourns its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. What, will you never quit this idle trade?
Still, still in tears?—Ah, you're a foolish maid!
In time have prudence, your own int'rest see;
Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.

That May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and show;
Then why will you waste such a treasure,
In sighing and crying—heigh-ho!
Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquet as she does,
And never sit crying—heigh-ho!

Though when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, e'er all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigh-ho!
In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
I find to my sorrow 'tis so;
When old you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigh-ho!

Sal. Leave me.—

Dor.—Go to—I come to make you glad;
Odzooks, what's here? this folly sets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom?—'tis pretty sport—
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port!

Sal. Dorcas, for shame! how can you be so base,
Or after this look Thomas in the face?
His ship's expected.—

Dor.—Tell not me.—The Squire—
As Tom is your's, you are his heart's desire—
Then why so peevish, and so froward still?
He'll make your fortune—let him have his will.

Sal. Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he;

Ere

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. 237

Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs! I ask not wealth;
Grant me but innocence and health.

Ah, what is grandeur link'd to vice?

'Tis only virtue gives it price. [Exit.

Dor. Well, go your ways—I cannot choose but smile.

Wou'd I were young again—alas the while!

But what are wishes?—wishes will not do:

One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.

When I was a young one, what girl was like me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee:

I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er

A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say:

'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever Nay;

And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,

I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man!

Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can:

Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;

And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;

Egad, I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.

Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,

Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd—the more to my wo;

I'm not what I was forty summers ago:

This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart;

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;

I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance;

And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,

I teach that to others I once did myself. [Exit.

SCENE, *The Squire appears descending the hill with
huntsmen.*

Squire.

Hark, hark! the shrill horn calls the sportsman abroad;

To horse, my brave boys, and away;

The

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The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Squire, returning after the huntsmen are gone off, knocks at Sally's door, who comes out of the cottage.*

Sal. Ah, whither have my heedless steps betray'd!

Sq. Where wou'd you fly? of whom are you afraid?
Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh;
Nor any one—but Cupid, you, and I.

Sal. Unlucky!—

Sq. 'Sdeath! she sets me all on fire:
Bewitching girl! I languish with desire.
But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand,
So coy, so silly?—

Sal. —Pray, Sir, loose my hand.

Sq. When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally:
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam;
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries I court but to destroy:

Can love with ruin tally?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley :
O follow love, and quit your fear ;
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

Sal. Sir, you demean yourself ; and, to be free,
Some lady you should choose of fit degree :
I am too low, too vulgar—

Sq. —Rather say,
There's some more favour'd rival in the way :
Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts takes place ;
For him you keep your favours ; that's the case.

Sal. Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor sin :
An honest lad he is, of honest kin :
No higher than my equal I pretend.
You have your answer, Sir ; and there's an end.

Sq. Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd ;
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away :
I'll give you this purse too ; and, hark you, beside,
We'll kifs and we'll toy all the long summer's-day.

Sal. Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd ;
Oh, should hapless Sally consent to be naught !
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

Sq. Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue ;
But know, above scandal you then shall be put ;
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking a-foot.

Sal. If only through fear of the world I was shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown ;
It's pardon 'twere easy with money to buy ;
But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

Sq. Leave morals to grey-beards, those lips were design'd
For better employment—

Sal. —I will not endure—

Sq. Oh fie, child ! Love bids you be rich and be kind ;

Sal. But virtue commands me,—Be honest and poor.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The Sea-side.**Thomas, with Sailors, enters in a boat, from which they land.*

THOMAS.

AVAST, my boys, avast ; all hands ashore :
 Messmates, what cheer ? Old England, hey ! once more.
 I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice ;
 Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.
 I've an old sweetheart—but look, there's the town ;
 Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

How happy is the sailor's life,
 From coast to coast to roam ;
 In ev'ry port he finds a wife,
 In ev'ry land a home.

He loves to range,
 He's nowhere strange ;
 He ne'er will turn his back,
 To friend or foe ;
 No, masters, no :
 My life for honest Jack.

Chorus. He loves to range, &c.

If faucy foes dare make a noise,
 And to the sword appeal ;
 We out, and quickly learn 'em, boys,
 With whom they have to deal.
 We know no craft, but 'fore and aft,
 Lay on our strokes amain ;
 Then, if they're stout, for t'other bout,
 We drub 'em o'er again.

Chorus. We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
 Our hearts are never dull ;
 The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
 To-morrow shall be full :
 For if so be, we want, d'ye see,
 A pluck of this here stuff ;
 In Indi-a, and Ameri-ca,
 We're sure to find enough.

Chorus. For if so be, &c.

Then

Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
The British fleet befall;
But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails;
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore, till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.

Chorus. But prosp'rous gales, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Squire and Dorcas.

Sq. In vain I've ev'ry wily art essay'd,
Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade;
No prospect of success is left me now:
How shall I gain her?—

Dor.—Why, I'll tell you how.
This way she comes; the wench is full of pride;
Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside:
Often, when regular approaches fail,
Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.

All you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine;
But mark you the consequence, mun;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun:
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out;
But mum—she's as sure as a gun. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sally, with a milking pail.

Sal. How cruel those who, with ungenerous aim,
Strive to seduce and bring poor maids to shame!

That brutish squire! but wherefore should I fear?
 I ne'er can turn false-hearted to my dear.
 No; when he came his last farewell to take,
 He bid me wear this token for his sake;
 He shall not prove me fickle and unkind;
 Or say, that—out of sight was out of mind.

Auspicious spirits guard my love,
 In time of danger near him bide;
 With outspread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.
 And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh, may you then with me accord;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep;
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm smooth bosom of the deep.
 Till halcyon peace return'd, once more,
 From blasts secure and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

Enter Squire.

Sq. Well met, pretty maid;
 Nay, don't be afraid;
 I mean you no mischief, I vow:
 Psha! what is't you ail?
 Come, give me your pail,
 And I'll carry it up to your cow.

Sal. Pray let it alone,
 I've hands of my own;
 Nor need your's to help me—forbear!
 How can you persist?
 I won't, Sir, be kist,
 Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

Sq. In yon lonely grove
 I saw an alcove,
 All round the sweet violet springs;

And

And there was a thrush,
Hard by in a bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

Sal. But hark ! prithee, hark !
Look, yonder's a lark !
It warbles and pleases me so,
To hear the soft tale
O' th' sweet nightingale
I wou'd not be tempted to go.

Sq. Then here we'll sit down :
Come, come, never frown !
No longer my blifs I'll retard ;
Kind Venus shall spread
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. What's this I see ? May I believe my eyes ?
A pirate just about to board my prize !
'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer.
Sal, what's the matter ?—

Sal. —Thomas !—

Sq. —'Sdeath, who's here ?
Fellow be gone, or—

Tho. —Learn your phrase to mend :
Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.
Let go the wench ; I claim her for my share ;
And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

Sq. Saucy rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost :
Bully'd—scandaliz'd—confusion !
All my schemes and wishes cross.

Tho. Hark you, master, keep your distance ;
'Sblood, take notice what I say :
There's the channel, no resistance ;
Tack about, and bear away.

Sal. Wou'd you wrest our freedom from us ?—
Now my heart has lost its fear :
Oh, my best, my dearest Thomas !
Sure some angel brought you here.

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Sq. Since her paltry inclination,
Stoops to such a thing as you;
Thus I make a recantation;
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu! [Exit.

Sal. Oh, welcome, welcome! How shall I impart
The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?
Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,
And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

Tho. Excuse me, Sal; while mighty George has foes,
On land, and main, their malice I'll oppose.
But hang this talking, my desires are keen;
You see yon steeple; and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sal. Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

Tho. For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sal. For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Both. Ye British youths, be brave; you'll find
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

CHRO-

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

B^R M^R HENRY CAREY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Chrononhotontologos, King of Queerumania.
Bombardison, his General.
Aldiberontiphosopbernio.
Rigdum-Funnidos.
Captain of the Guards.
Cupid.
Signior Scacciatinello.
Doctor, Cook, Dumb Master of the Ceremonies.

W O M E N.

Fadladinida, Queen of Queerumania.
Tattlanthe, her maid.
Venus, Goddess of Beauty.
1st Lady.
2^d Lady.
Signiora Sacarina.

P R O L O G U E.

T O-night our comic muse the buskin wears,
And gives herself no small romantic airs;
Struts in heroics, and in pompous verse
Does the minutest incidents rehearse;
In ridicule's strict retrospect displays
The poetasters of these modern days.
When the big-bellowing bombast rends our ears,
Which, stript of sound, quite void of sense appears;
Or when the fiddle-faddle numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low:
Either extreme, when vain pretenders take,
The actor suffers for the author's sake;
The quite-tir'd audience lose whole hours, yet pay,
To go unpleas'd and unimprov'd away.
This being our scheme, we hope you will excuse
The wild excursion of the wanton muse:

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Without a frolic wears a mimic mask;
And sets herself so whimsical a task;
'Tis meant to please; but if it should offend,
'Tis very short, and soon will have an end.

SCENE, *An anti-chamber in the palace.*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Ald. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers.
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpet's gladsome clangor,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet it is not definitely sleep;
Rather a kind of drowse, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods, what mortal man's awake!
What says my friend to this?

Rig. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep: what a plague
would you have me to say?

Ald. O impious thought! O curst insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos,
To animals detestable and vile,
Had ought the least similitude!

Rig. My dear friend, you entirely misapprehend me:
I did not call the king dog by craft; I was only going
to tell you the soldiers had just received their pay, and
are all as drunk as so many swabbers.

Ald. Give orders instantly, that no more money
Be issued to the troops; mean time, my friend,
Let all the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the fustlers, and
blow the geneva casks to the devil.

Ald.

Ald. Thou counsell'st well, my Rigdum-Funnidos,
And reason seems to further thy advice.
But soft—the king, in pensive contemplation,
Seems to revolve on some important doubt:
His soul, too copious for this earthly fabric,
Starts forth spontaneous in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude. [*They retire.*

Enter King.

King. This god of sleep is watchful to torment me,
And rest is grown a stranger to mine eyes.
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested *Somnus*;
For if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs,
I'll tear thine eye-balls from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to outstare eternity!

[*Exit in a great buff.*

Re-enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosco-phornio.

Rig. The king's in a curfed passion: Pray, who is this
Mr *Somnus* he's so angry withal?

Ald. The son of Chaos and Erebus,
Incestuous pair! brother of *Mors* relentless;
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare:
Himself, with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. The gentleman may be come of a very good
family, for ought I know; but I wou'd not be in his
place for the world.

Ald. But lo, the king, his footsteps this way bending,
His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation.

Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter King and Attendants.

King. It is resolv'd—Now *Somnus*, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curst dominion:
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close:
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death.
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry,

And

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And solemn show, with sonorous solemnity,
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decorations,
Giants, giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, patomimes, and all the magic motion
Of scene deceptio-visive and sublime.

[*An Entertainment of Singing here, after the Italian manner, by Signior Socciatinello and Signiora Saccarina.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. To arms, to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!
Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid intrails of the earth,
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain them.
Armies on armies march in form stupendous,
Not like our earthly legions, rank by rank,
But tire o'er tire, high pil'd from earth to heav'n.
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

King. Peace, coward! were they wedg'd like golden
Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum, [ingots,
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall stare them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinion draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerumania:
This very now ourselves will there conjoin him.
Mean time bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph: let the singing fingers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n found itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A magnificent apartment.*

Enter Q. Fadladinida, Tatlanthe, and Attendants.

Queen. Day's curtain drawn, the morn begins to rise,
And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes;

The

The pretty little, fleecy, bleating flocks,
In baa's harmonious warble thro' the rocks;
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring osiers tattle to the clouds:
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat. Your Majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen. My mind is alter'd; bring some ratafia.

[*They are served with a dram.*]

I have a famous fiddler sent from France;
Bid him come in. What think you of a dance?

[*Enter King of the Fiddlers.*]

Fid. Thus to your Majesty says our suppliant muse:
Would you a solo or sonata choose,
Or bold concerto, or soft siciliano,
Alla Francese overo in gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow—Play us the Black Jock.

[*Queen and Ladies dance the Black Jock.*]

So much for dancing; now let's rest a while.
Bring in the tea-things; does the kettle boil?

Tat. The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

[*Tea brought in.*]

Queen. Come, ladies, will you please to choose your
Or green imperial, or Pekoe Bohea? [tea,

1st Lady. Never, no never, sure on earth was seen,
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2d Lady. She is an angel!—

1st Lady. —She's a goddess rather!

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess all together!

Queen. Away! you flatter me.—

1st Lady. —We don't indeed.—

Your merit does our praises far exceed.

Queen. You make me blush: pray help me to a fan.

1st Lady. That blush becomes you.—

Tat. Would I were a man!

Queen. I'll hear no more of this, as I'm a finner.

[*Enter Dumb Master of the Ceremonies, making signs of eating.*]

Dear me! that's true, I never thought of dinner;

But

But 'twill be over, ladies, very soon :

Meantime, my friend, play t'other little tune.

[*Music plays, they all dance off.*]

SCENE, *Another apartment.*

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiph.

Rig. Egad, we're in the wrong box ; who the devil would have thought, that this same Chrononhotonthologos should have beat that mortal fight of Tippodeans ? Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be seen. Egad, they footed it away as fast as their hands could carry them ; but they left their king behind them : we have him safe, that's one comfort.

Ald. Wou'd he were still at amplest liberty !
For, O my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to-unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue.
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean

Rig. The devil she is ! Well, I see mischief is going forward with a vengeance.

Ald. But lo, the conqueror comes all crown'd with
A solemn triumph graces his return : [conquest ;
Lets grasp the fore-lock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor in his flow of glory.

Enter King in triumph, met by Rigdum. and Aldib.

Ald. All hail to Chrononhotonthologos !
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects !
Myself, and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

King. Aldiborontiphoscophornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded ;
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
Which shall with int'rest be repaid ere long.
But where's our Queen, where's Fadladinida ?
She should be foremost in this gladfome train,
To grace our triumph ; but I see she slights me :
This haughty queen shall be no longer mine ;
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig. Now, my dear sweet Phoscophorny, for a swin-
ging

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ging lie to bring the queen off; and I'll run with it this minute to her, that we may be all in a story. [*Aside.*

(*They whisper importunately, and Rigdum. goes out.*)

Ald. Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accent so injuriously severe,
Of Fadladinida your faithful queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments, and kind congratulations;
But cannot, O she cannot, come herself!

King. Our rage is turn'd to fear; what ails the queen?

Ald. A sudden diarrhæa's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That all conclude her royal life in danger.

King. Bid the physicians of the earth assemble
In consideration solemn and sedate;
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old,
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All, all attend! and see they bring their med'cines,
Whole magazines of gallipotted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutic order:
The man that cures our queen shall have our empire.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. Heigh ho! my heart!

Tat. What ails my gracious queen?

Queen. O, would to Venus I had never seen—

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen. Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen. No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, madam?

Queen. Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something.

Queen. No.

Tat. Or nothing.

Queen. No.

O, my Tatlanthe! have you ever seen—

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my queen?

Queen. The king I mean—

Tat.

Tat. Just now return'd from war,
 He rides like Mars in his triumphal car :
 Conquest precedes with laurels in his hand ;
 Behind him Fame does on her tiptoes stand ;
 Her golden trump shrill through the air she sounds,
 Which rends the earth, and thence to heav'n rebounds :
 Trophies, and spoils innumerable, grace
 This triumph, which all triumph does deface.
 Haste then, great queen, your hero thus to meet,
 Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen. Art mad, Tatlanthe ? I mean no such thing ;
 Your talk's distasteful.—

Tat. Didn't you name the king ?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe ! but it was not thine ;
 The charming king I mean is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming fair,
 In Chrononhotonthologos should share ?
 The queen of beauty, and the god of war,
 In you and Chrononhotonthologos united are ;
 The queen of beauty, and the god of arms,
 In him and you united blend their charms.
 O, had you seen him, how he dealt out death,
 And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath ;
 While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise
 In pyramids of conquest to the skies !

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise ;
 You are too pertly lavish in his praise :
 Leave me for ever.—

Tat. (*kneeling.*) —O, what shall I say ?
 Do not, great queen, your anger thus display.
 O frown me dead ! let me not live to hear
 My gracious queen and mistress so severe.
 I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt ;
 O tell me what it is !—

Queen. —No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you ; here I'll grow,
 Till you some token of forgiveness show.
 O all ye pow'rs above ! come down, come down !
 And from her brow dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, rise ; thou hast prevail'd at last ;
 Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

Tat. (Aside.) Why, what a fool was I, not to perceive her passion for the topsy-turvy king? the gentleman who carries his head where his pocket should be. But I must tack about, I see.

Excuse me, gracious Madam, if my heart
Bears sympathy with your's in ev'ry part.
With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,
Approve your passion, and commend your choice.
The captive king—

Queen. That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free.
Oh, my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,
His air, his shape, his mein, with such a grace,
Quite upside down, in a new way he stands?
How prettily he foots it with his hands!
Well, I must have him, if I live or die;
To prison and his charming arms I fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A Prison.

The King of the Antipodeans discovered sleeping on a couch.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Is this a place, oh all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love?
See in what charming attitude he sleeps,
While nature's self at his confinement weeps!
Rise, lovely monarch! see your friend appear;
No Chrononhotonthologos is here.
Command your freedom by this sacred ring,
Then command me. What says my charming king?
(Puts a ring in his mouth, he makes an odd kind of noise.)
Ah, wretched queen, how hapless is thy lot,
To love a man that understands thee not!
O lovely Venus! goddesses all divine!
And gentle Cupid, that sweet son-of-thine!
Assist, assist me with your sacred art,
And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

Venus descends in her chariot with Cupid, and sings.

See Venus does attend thee,
My dilding, my dolding:
Love's goddesses will befriend thee,
Lily bright and shining.

With pity and compassion,
 My dilding, &c.
 She fees thy tender passion,
 Lily, &c. *Da capo.*

Air changes.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,
 Dance over the lady lee:
 Demand what e'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
 My gay lady.
 Take this magic wand in hand,
 Dance, &c.
 All the world's at thy command,
 My gay, &c. *Da capo.*

Cupid Sings.

Are you a widow, or are you a wife,
 Gillyflow'r, gentle rosemary?
 Or are you a maiden so fair and so bright,
 As the dew that flies over the mulberry tree?

Queen.

Wou'd I were a widow as I am a wife,
 Gillyflow'r, &c.
 For I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright
 As the dew, &c.

Cupid.

You shall be a widow before it be night,
 Gillyflow'r, &c.
 No longer a maiden so fair and so bright
 As the dew, &c.
 Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
 Gillyflow'r, &c.
 And twenty fine babies your body shall bear,
 As the dew, &c.

Queen.

O thanks, Mr Cupid, for this your good news,
 Gillyflow'r, &c.
 What woman alive wou'd such offers refuse,
 While the dew, &c.

[Venus and Cupid re-ascend.]

SCENE,

SCENE, *Bombardinion's tent.*

Enter King and Bombardinion.

Bom. This honour, royal Sir, so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth their praise;
For we who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here, fill the goblets with Phalernian wine;
And while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the gods that we propine their healths.

[Trumpet sounds.]

King. Hold, Bombardinion; I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bom. See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art or nature can produce:
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the world;
Bring ev'ry eatable that can be eat;
The king shall eat, though all mankind be starv'd.

Enter Cook.

Cook. And it please your honour, there's some cold
pork in the pantry; I'll hash it for his majesty in a mi-
nute.

[Exit in a hurry.]

King. Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the gods! thou dost insult us, general.

Bom. The gods can witness that I little thought
Your majesty to pork had such aversion!

King. Away, thou traitor! dost thou mock thy master?

[Strikes him.]

Bom. A blow! Shall Bombardinion take a blow?
Blush, blush, thou sun! start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills, vales, seas, mountains, all, commixing, crumble,
And into chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinion has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

[Draws.]

King. What means the traitor?

[Draws.]

Bom. Traitor in thy teeth:

Thus I defy thee.

[They fight; he kills the king.]

Ha! what have I done?

Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And in his calling, let him nothing call,

But coach, coach, coach! O for a coach, ye gods!

[Exit raving.]

Returns with a Doctor.

Bom. How fares your majesty?

Doct. My Lord, he's dead.

Bom. Ha, dead? impossible! it cannot be!

I'd not believe it, though he himself shou'd swear it.

Go join his body to his soul again,

Or by this hand thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My Lord, he's past the pow'r of physick:

His soul has left this world,

Bom. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back;

[Kills him.]

And if I find thou triflest with me there,

I'll chace thy shade through myriads of orbs,

And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha! call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinion comes!

He comes, in worlds unknown, to make new wars,

And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[Kills himself.]

Enter Queen and others.

Ald. O horrid! horrible! and horrid'st horror!

Our king, our general, our doctor dead!

All dead! stone dead! irrecoverably dead!

Oh!

[All groan a tragedy groan.]

Queen. My husband dead! ye gods, what is't you mean,

To make a widow of a virgin queen?

For to my great misfortune, he, poor king,

Has left me so; and that's a wretched thing!

Tat. Why then, dear Madam, make no further pother;

Were I your majesty, I'd try another.

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

[Simpering.]

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice.

Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;

If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay that I can, please your majesty: so, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to the business.

[Kisses the Queen.]

Queen. Oh, but the mourning takes up all my care;
I'm at a loss what colour'd weeds to wear.

Rig.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS. 257

Rig. O, Madam, never talk of mourning ;
One ounce of mirth is worth a ponnd of sorrow :
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to morrow.
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.

[*Aside to Aldib.*

Ald. I scorn thy bounty ; I'll be king or nothing :
Draw, miscreant, draw. [*Rig. runs behind the Queen.*

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both ; and that, I hope, will please ye.

[*Takes each by the hand.*

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care ;
Where shall I find thee such another pair ?
Pity that one has serv'd so long, so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,
Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Tat. Thanks to your majesty ; give me the money,
Let me alone to find myself a honey.

Tatlanthe sings.

Marriage may become a curse,
Husbands may but teaze me ;
So for better or for worse
No husband shall e'er seize me.
Changing, ranging, at my pleasure,
Men in plenty for my treasure ;
I myself will keep the purse,
And pay them as they please me ;

Queen sings.

Troth, my girl, thou'rt in the right ;
And thy scheme I'll borrow ;
'Tis a thought that's new and bright ;
Wedlock brings but sorrow.

To Aldib. and Rigdum.

Gentlemen, I'm not for marriage ;
But according to your carriage,
As you both behave to-night,
You shall be paid to-morrow.

EPILOGUE.

Custom commands that something I should say
 In favour of the poet and the play.
 Critics, on you our author does depend ;
 Be you his champion, and his cause defend.
 Yet know his drift, if wrong-heads should misplace it,
 I'm bid to say, *Qui capit, ille facit.*
 Whate'er you please to censure or correct,
 We shall attend with pleasure and respect.
 But to our failings some indulgence give,
 And with one gen'rous *plaudis* bid it live.

NECK

NECK OR NOTHING.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr Stockwell, citizen,
Sir Harry Harlowe, a country gentleman,
Mr Belford, in love with Miss Nancy,
Martin, Belford's servant,
Slip, servant to Harlowe,

Drury-Lane.

Mr Hartry.
Mr Parsons.
Mr Packer.
Mr Palmer.
Mr Yates.

WOMEN.

Mrs Stockwell,
Miss Nancy Stockwell, -
Jenny, her maid,

Mrs Bradshaw.
Miss Plym.
Miss Pope.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter MARTIN.

I Am sick as a dog of being a valet!—running after other people's business and neglecting my own— This low-life is the devil!—I've had a taste of the gentleman, and shall never lose it. 'Tis thy own fault, my little Martin—Thou would'st always play small games; when, had you but had the face to put yourself forward a little, some well-jointur'd widow had taken you into her post chariot, and made your fortune at once. A fellow of my wit and spirit should have broke twice, and set up again by this time.

Enter Slip.

Slip. Hey! is not that that rascal Martin yonder?

Mar.

Mar. Can that be my modest friend Slip? [*Aside.*

Slip. The same, i'faith!

Mar. 'Tis he, as I live!

Slip. My friend, happily met—

Mar. My dear, I embrace you!—Not seeing you among the beau-monde, I was afraid there had been some fresh misunderstanding between you and the law.

Slip. Faith, my dear, I have had a narrow escape since I saw you. I had like to have been preferr'd in some of our settlements abroad—but I found there was no doing the business by deputy—so—

Mar. Did not accept of the place, ha!—Why, what little mischief hadst thou been at?

Slip. Why, I don't know—meeting one night with a certain Portuguese Jew merchant, in one of the back-streets here by the Exchange—(I was a little in liquor, I believe—piping hot from a turtle-feast), it came into my giddy head to stop him, out of mere curiosity to ask what news from Germany—nothing more;—and the fellow, not understanding good English, would needs have it that I ask'd him for something else.—He baw'd out—up came the watch, down was I laid in the kennel—and then carried before a magistrate—He clapp'd on me a stone doublet, that I could not get off my back for two months.

Mar. Two months, say you?

Slip. And there I might have rotted, if I had not had great friends: a certain lady of quality's woman's cousin, that was kept by Mr Quirk of I'havies-inn, you must know, was in love with me, and she—

Mar. Brought you in, Not guilty, I warrant. Oh, great friends is a great matter.

Slip. This affair really gave me some serious reflections—

Mar. No doubt, it spoil'd you for a newsmonger: no more intelligence from foreign countries, ha!

Slip. Well, but, Martin, what's thy history since I saw thee?

Mar. Um!—a novel only, Sir: Why, I am ashamed to say it, I am but an honorary rascal as well as yourself.—I did try my luck indeed at Epsom and Newmarket—but the knowing ones were taken in, and I was

was oblig'd to return to service again.—But a master without money, implies a servant without wages: I am not in love with my condition, I promise you.

Slip. I am with mine, I assure you: I am retir'd from the great world—that's my taste now—and live in the country with one Mr Harlowe—piping-hot from his travels.—'Tis a charming young fellow! Drinking, hunting, and wenching, my boy!—a man of universal knowledge. Then I am his privy-counsellor, and we always play the devil together. That amuses one, you know, and keeps one out of mischief.

Mar. Yes, pretty lambs! But what makes you at London now? whither are you bound?

Slip. To yonder great house.

Mar. What, Mr Stockwell's?

Slip. The same. You must know his daughter is engaged to my master.

Mar. Miss Stockwell to your master?

Slip. 'Tis not above six weeks ago, that my master's father, Sir Harry Harlowe, was here upon a visit to his old friend, and then the matter was settled between 'em—quite a-la-mode, I assure you.

Mar. How do you mean?

Slip. The old folk struck the bargain without the consent of the young ones, or even their seeing one another.

Mar. Tip top, I assure you:—And ev'ry thing's agreed?

Slip. Sign'd and seal'd by the two fathers; the lady and her fortune both ready to be deliver'd.—Twenty thousand, you rogue—ready rhino down—and only wait for young master to write a receipt.

Mar. Whew!—Then my young master may e'en make a leg to his fortune, and set up his staff somewhere else.

Slip. Thy master!

Mar. Ay, he's dying for the—twenty thousand—that's all—But since your master—

Slip. Oh, there you're safe enough; my master will never marry Miss Stockwell: there happens to be a small rub in the way.

Mar. What rub?

Slip.

Slip. Only married already.

Mar. How!

Slip. Why, his father would marry him here in town, it seems; and he—chose to be married in the country—that's all. The truth is, our young gentleman manag'd matters with the young lady so ill—or so well—that upon his father's return there was hot consulting among the relations; and the lady being of a good family, and having a smart fighting fellow of a brother in the army—why, my master, who hates quarrelling, spoke to the old gentleman, and the affair's hush'd up by a marriage, that's all.

Mar. Um! an entire new face of affairs.

Slip. My master's wedding-cloaths and mine are all order'd for the country; and I am to follow them, as soon as I have seen the family here, and redeem'd my old master's promise that lies in pawn.

Mar. Old master's promise!—let me think—

Slip. 'Twas what brought me to town, or I had not shook my honest friend by the fist.—Martin, good-morrow—What, in the dumps?—we shall meet again, man.

Mar. Let me alone—I have a thought—Hark you, my dear, is thy master known to old Stockwell?

Slip. Never saw him in his life.

Mar. That's brave, my boy! [*Hits him a slap on the back.*]—Art thou still a cock of the game, Slip? and shall we—No: I doubt—I doubt that damn'd Jew-merchant sticks in thy stomach, and you are turn'd dunghill, you dog.

Slip. Try me. A good sailor won't die a dry death at land for one hurricane. Speak out—you would pass your master upon the family for mine, and marry him to the lady; is not that the trick?

Mar. That!—I have a trick worth two on't: I know Miss Nancy is a girl of taste, and I have a prettier fellow in my eye for her.

Slip. Ay, who's he?

Mar. Myself, you puppy.

Slip. That's brave, my boy! [*Slaps him on the back.*]

Mar. I'm in love with her to—

Slip.

Slip. To the value of twenty thousand pounds—I approve your flame.

Mar. I will take the name and shape of your master.

Slip. Very well.

Mar. Marry Miss Stockwell—

Slip. Agreed.

Mar. Touch the twenty thousand—

Slip. Umh! Well, well.

Mart. And disappear, before matters come to an éclaircissement.

Slip. Um!—That article wants a little explanation, my honest friend.

Mar. How so?

Slip. You talk of disappearing with the lady's fortune, and never mention Slip in the treaty.

Mar. Oh, we shall disappear together, to be sure. — I have more honour than to go without you.

Slip. Well, on that condition, I am content to play your back hand.—But hold, hold!—how will you pass yourself for my master, in a family where you are so well known?

Mar. Hold your fool's tongue—this is my first visit to 'em. I return'd but yesterday to my master.—You must know, I ask'd his leave to be absent a week, and I made free with a month: 'twas a party of pleasure, so I made bold. During my absence he saw this lady, lik'd her person—ador'd her fortune—and now, by my help, hopes to be in possession of both in a few days.

Slip. And you'll do the lady the honour to help her to a better match?

Mar. She'll think so, I believe.

Slip. Well said, conceit!—But what sort of people are your father and mother-in-law?

Mar. I am told he is a mere citizen—who, thinking himself very wise, is often outwitted; and his lady has as much vanity in her way—will never be old, though turn'd of sixty, and as irresolute and capricious as a girl of fifteen.

Slip. And Miss, I suppose, is like all other misses, wants to be her own mistress and her husband's; and in the mean time is governed by her chambermaid, who will be too hard for us both if we don't look about us.

Mar.

Mar. A fig for dangers! I am prepar'd for 'em.

Slip. But harkee!—what shall we do with the old gentleman's letter that I'm to deliver! This will knock us all up.

Mar. Write another.

Slip. That's easier said than done;—but I'll do my best, as you can't write.

Mar. Do you see after my wedding-cloaths, that they do not set out for the country.—We have no time to lose.

Slip. My master's will fit you to a hair.

Mar. But stay, stay, I must see my master first.—If he should appear and surprise us, we're in a fine pickle. I must make him keep house for a few days—I'll think of a lie as I go.—Egad, I have it already—I'll tell him, and meet you afterwards at the tavern there, take a glass, cast this coarse skin, whip on the gentleman, and shame the first men of fashion in the kingdom. [Exit *Mar.*

Slip. If impudence will do our business, 'tis done, and the twenty thousand are our own. [Exit *Slip.*

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr Stockwell's house.*

Enter Miss Nancy and Jenny.

Nan. You know, Jenny, that Belford has got into my heart; and if I consent to marry this man, 'twill be the death of me.—Advise me then, and don't be so teasing.

Jen. Lud, what advice can I give you? I have but two in the world: one is, to forget your lover—and 't'other, to disobey your father. You have too much love to take the one, and I too much conscience to give t'other:—so we are just where we are, Madam.

Nan. Don't torment me, Jenny.

Jen. Why, I fancy, we might find a way to reconcile your love and my conscience.

Nan. How, how? my dear girl!

Jen. Suppose we were to open the affair to your mamma?

Nan. Nay, now your jesting is cruel.

Jen. I never was more in earnest, Madam.—She loves flattery dearly, and she loves her daughter dearly:

I'll warrant, with a sigh and a tear, and a handkerchief, she makes her husband break his word with young Harlowe in a quarter of an hour after his arrival.

Nan. Not unlikely; but if—

Jen. What, at your ifs?—No doubts, I beg, where I am concern'd.

Nan. But you know my poor mother is so unsettled a creature.

Jen. Why, that's true enough, the last speaker is her oracle; so let us lose no time to bring her over to—Hark!—here she comes—Do you retire till I have prepar'd her for you. [Exit Miss Nancy.]

Enter Mrs Stockwell.

Jen. Well, of all the women in London, sure there never was such a temper as my lady's.

Mrs Stock. What can have set this girl against me?

[Aside.]

Jen. Such good-humour and good-sense together seldom meet—then such a perpetual smile upon her features. Well, her's is a sort of face that can never grow old: what would I give for such a lasting face as she has?

Mrs Stock. Hussy, hussy! you're a flatterer.

[Taps her on the shoulder.]

Jen. Ah!—Madam, is it you? I vow you made me start. Miss Nancy and I had just been talking of you; and we agreed you were one of the best of women, the most reasonable friend, the tenderest mother, and the—the—the—

Mrs Har. Nay, that's too much—I have my failings, and my virtues too, Jenny—In one thing indeed I am very unlike other women; I always hearken to reason.

Jen. That's what I said, Madam.

Mrs Stock. I am neither headstrong nor fantastical—neither—

Jen. No, sweet lady, the smallest twine may lead you. Miss, says I, hear reason like your mamma; will so good a mother, do you think, force her daughter to marry against her inclinations?

Mrs Stock. I force my child's inclinations!—No; I

make the case my own. But tell me, (there's a good girl), has my daughter an aversion to young Harlowe?

Jen. I don't say that, Madam—that is, aversion—to be sure—but I believe she hates him like the devil.

Mrs Stock. Poor thing, poor thing!—and perhaps her little heart is beating for another?

Jen. Oh, that's a certain rule!—when a young woman hates her husband, 'tis taken for granted she loves another man. For example, you yourself, as you have often told me, hated the sight of Mr Stockwell when first he was propos'd for your husband—Why? only because you were in love, poor lady, with Captain—you know who—that was kill'd at the siege—you know where.

Mrs Stock. Why will you name him, Jenny?

[Wipes her eyes.]

Jen. Tender lady!

Mrs Stock. Why, indeed, had that fine young creature surviv'd his wounds, I should never have married Mr Stockwell—that I will say.

Jen. Then you know how to pity your daughter.—Her heart suffers now what your's did—before that siege, Madam.

Mrs Stock. Say you so?—poor girl!—And who is it has found the way to her heart?

Jen. No other than the young gentleman that has been so constant at cards with you lately.

Mrs Stock. Who, Belford?

Jen. The same; and a fine spirited young fellow it is.

Enter Miss Nancy.

Miss Nan. Pardon my folly, my misfortunes, dear Madam, if I cannot conform in all my sentiments with your's and my father's.—

Mrs Stock. It will happen, child, sometimes, that a daughter's heart may not be dispos'd to comply exactly with the views and schemes of a parent—but then a parent should act with tenderness.—My dear, I pity your distress: Belford has my approbation, I assure you.

Nan. You are too good, Madam.

Jen. Your approbation is not enough, Madam; will you

you answer for Master's too? He's a stubborn bit of stuff, you know; he will not always hearken to reason.

Mrs Stock. But he shall, Jenny; stubborn as he is, I'll soften him. I'll take Belford under my protection—Here comes my husband—I have taken my resolutions, and you shall see how I'll bring him about presently.

Enter Mr Stockwell.

My dear, you're come in the very nick of time—I have just chang'd my mind.

Mr Stock. You are always changing it, I think.

Mrs Stock. I always hearken to reason, Mr Stockwell.

Mr Stock. Well, and which way does the wind set now?

Mrs Stock. Why, I have taken a resolution not to marry my daughter to young Harlowe.

Mr Stock. Hey! that's chopping about indeed.

Mrs Stock. Nay, but my dear, hear me, and let us reason a little: here's a better offer for Nancy—Belford has ask'd her of me.

Mr Stock. Belford a better?

Mrs Stock. Nay, but don't be obstinate, child! he is not indeed so rich as the other; but what are riches to content, Mr Stockwell?

Mr Stock. And what is content without riches, Mrs Stockwell?

Mrs Stock. But he's a gentleman, my dear; and out of regard to his family, we may very well excuse his fortune.

Jen. Well said, Madam! this will do. [*Aside.*]

Mr Stock. Ha, ha, ha! that's because you were a gentlewoman—but I, being a downright cit, think just the reverse; and out of regard to his fortune, if he had one, might excuse his family.—I have no great objection to the man; but is not our word and honour engag'd to another?

Mrs Stock. Eh, that's true indeed; but—

Mr Stock. Has my old friend, Sir Harry Harlowe, done any thing to—

Mrs Stock. I don't accuse him, my dear.

Mr Stock. Or has his son refused to comply?

Mrs Stock. Not in the least, that I know of.

Jen. Never flinch, Madam.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Stock. Never fear, Jenny.

[*Aside.*

Nan. But I have never seen him, papa.

Mrs Stock. No, Mr Stockwell, she has never seen him.

Mr Stock. So much the better, Mrs Stockwell, he'll be a greater novelty, and please her the better and the longer for it.

Mrs Stock. There is some reason in that, Jenny.

Jen. Is there, Madam? then I have not a bit about me.

Nan. But to marry without inclination, Sir; think of that.

Mrs Stock. Ay, think of that, Mr Stockwell?

Mr Stock. I never thought of it for myself, nor you neither, my dear; and why should our daughter think herself wiser than her parents?

Mrs Stock. Ay, why indeed?—there's no answering that, Jenny.

Jen. I see there is not.—What a woman! [*Aside.*

Mr Stock. It would be such an affront as never could be forgiven. Consider, dame, the instruments are sign'd, preparations made, and the bridegroom expected every minute: 'tis too far gone to be recall'd with any honour.

Mrs Stock. Good lack-a-day, very true, very true.

Jen. Well said, weather-cock, about and about we go: this woman betrays the whole sex——She won't contradict her own husband.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Stock. You are witness, Jenny, I did all I could for poor Belford.

Jen. To be sure; you took him under your protection—a noble patroness, truly!

Mr Stock. Hey! whom have we got here?—I'll be hang'd if this is not my son-in-law's servant—Now, girl, we shall hear.

Enter Slip in a hurry.

Slip. Ladies and gentlemen, I am come—let me recover my breath—I come—Oh, I come with mine and my master's compliments to your honour, and my lady,

our

our best love and services to pretty Miss, and—Madam, I'm your obedient Black-a-moor. [To Jenny.

Mr Stock. Um! the fellow has humour, I promise you—Well, sirrah, where's your master?

Slip. My master, and your son, is on his way to throw himself at the feet of this angelic creature—His impatience, Madam, can equal nothing but your beauty.

Mr Stock. Well, but where is he, where is he?

Slip. He's but just arriv'd from the country; he treads upon my heels; and I had only the start of him, to tell you, that he will but whip on clean linen, and wait on you in the snapping of a finger.

Mr Stock. O fie upon him! what need all this ceremony between us; why did not he come hither directly? He knows he may make my house his own.

Slip. Oh, Sir, he designs it; but the first time—pardon me, Sir—He knows the world better than to treat you so cavalierly as that—No, no; he's not that man, I can assure you; though I'm his valet, yet I'd give the devil his due.

Mrs Stock. Is he so extremely well-bred? Daughter, you'll be infinitely happy.

Mr Stock. Does not my old friend Harlowe, his father, come with him?

Slip. Sir, I grieve to tell it you; such was his design; but an unforeseen accident has prevented him, which, I assure you, gives him great pain.

Mr Stock. Ay! what's the matter?

Slip. The gout, Sir, the gout.

Mrs Stock. Poor gentleman!

Slip. He was seiz'd in his right foot the evening before we set out, but—I have a letter from him.

[Gives a letter.

Mr Stock. (puts on his spectacles, and reads.) "To Doctor, Doctor Clackit, physician, near St Sepulchre's church."

Slip. Lud, lud! that's not it—[Takes out letters.]—Let me see.

Mr Stock. St Sepulchre's church!—I find the doctor chooses to live among his patients.

Slip. Eh, eh! that's so good!—you're a very wag, Sir!—he, he, he!—let me see—Oh, here's one like it.

"—To Mr Stockwell?" the same. I am afraid you'll hardly be able to make it out—shall I read it to you? Oh, this unlucky gout!

Mr Stock. I see it has affected his hands too—Why, 'tis scarce legible; and ill spelt too.

Slip. The gout, Sir—may it never affect you, Sir—nor Madam Stockwell, Miss Nancy, that young woman there, nor any of the good company.

Mr Stock. (reads.) "My much honour'd friend—few words are best in my condition; this damn'd gout has laid hold upon me, and won't let me attend my son, for to be present at his matrimony."—For to be present at his matrimony!—I think his hand, and style too, much alter'd.

Slip. The gout, Sir.

Mr Stock. (reading.) "I look upon this conjuncture of our families—" Conjuncture!—a very odd phrase!

Slip. The gout, dear Sir, the gout! He's quite another man in it.

Mr Stock. "I look upon this conjuncture of our families as the comfort of my age—The sooner it is done, the more comfort I shall have.—I don't doubt but you'll like my son, whom I have sent with a most trusty and faithful servant, who deserves your friendship and favour."

Slip. O la, Sir!—I am quite ashamed.

Mr Stock. "I am, my dear brother, your's, &c. "till death, Henry Harlowe."

I am very sorry we can't have the old gentleman's company.—But who is this gay young fellow coming towards us?—Can this be my son-in-law?

Slip. What the devil shou'd ail him? Look at him, Miss; observe him, Madam—Is not he a pretty fellow?

Mr Stock. What is he doing?

Slip. Only paying his chairmen—Generous as a prince!

[To Jenny.

Mrs Stock. Not ill made indeed!—You'll only be too happy, child.

Nan. I wish I could think so, Madam.

Slip. Dress us but as well, and we'll cut out our marriage,

sters, ten to one. All my fancy, I assure you, ladies.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Martine as Young Harlowe.

Mar. Slip!

Slip. Your honour!

Mar. Mr Stockwell, I presume, my illustrious father—

Slip. The same, Sir, *in proprio personum.*

Mr Stock. My dear son, welcome!—let me embrace you.

Mar. You do me too much honour; my superabundant joy is too inexpressible to express the—This I flatter myself [*to Mrs Stockwell*] is the brilliant beauty destin'd to the arms of happy Mart—Harlowe—Gad, I'd like to have forgot my own name. [*Aside.*]

Nan. An impertinent absurd coxcomb! [*Aside.*]

Mr Stock. Nay, nay, son-in-law, not so fast—that's my wife. Here's my daughter Nancy.

Mar. A fine creature! [*salutes her.*—] Madam, I have seen the world; and from all the world, here wou'd I choose a wife and a mistress—A family of beauties—let me die!

Mrs Stock. Excessively gallant! He has wit, I assure you, daughter.

Jen. And taste too, Madam.

Nan. And impudence, I'm sure.

Mar. (*singing to Mrs Stockwell*). "With a shape and a face, and an air, and a grace!" ha, ha!—Just, just as our old gentleman told me. There you'll see Madam Stockwell, says he, the agreeable still—take care of your heart, boy; she's a dangerous beauty, tho' her daughter may be by.

Mrs Stock. O fie, fie, fie!

Mar. I but repeat my father's words, Madam, confirm'd by my own observation. Ah, boy, says he, I wish with all my heart, that my dear friend Dr Stockwell was dead, I'd marry her to-morrow.

Mr Stock. I'm much oblig'd to him, faith.

Mrs Stock. And so am I, I am sure, Sir.

Mart. I but repeat my father's words, Sir.

Mrs Stock. My esteem for your father, Sir, is mu-
tual;

tual, and I am heartily sorry we cou'd not have the pleasure of his company.

Mart. Oh, Madam, he was damn'd mad that he could not be at the wedding. He had flatter'd himself these two months with the hopes of dancing a minuet with Mrs Stockwell.

Slip. Two months—Whew!—and 'tis but six weeks, he has known her; he'll knock us all up if I don't interfere.—[*Aside.*]—Sir, Sir Harry begs you'll hasten the ceremonials; that he may have the pleasure of his daughter's company as soon as possible.

Mr Stock. Well, well, every thing is sign'd and seal'd; nothing remains, that I know of, but to finish the affair at once, and pay you my daughter's portion.

Mar. "Pay you my daughter's portion,"—that's all, Sir: come along, Sir, I wait on you to your closet.—*Slip*, go with my civilities to the Marquis of—(aloud.)—Go this moment, you dog, and secure us horses, and let 'em be bridled and saddled, and ready at a minute's warning, (softly.)—And don't forget my compliments to the Marchioness. [Aloud.

Slip. I fly Sir—Ladies, your most obedient.

[Exit *Slip*.

Mar. Come along, Sir, to your closet:

Mr Stock. Stay, son, stay!—to return to the old gentleman.

Mar. Oh, Sir, we'll return to him when the portion's paid.

Mr Stock. No, no; first satisfy my curiosity about this unlucky law-suit of his.

Mar. O lud!—*Slip* not here now! [Aside.

Mr Stock. You seem disturb'd, son-in-law; has any thing—

Mar. Eh, pox o' this question. (*Aside.*)—I have such a memory!—(puts his hand to his forehead.)—As much forgot to send *Slip* to the Duke of— as if I had no manner of acquaintance with him. I'll call him back—*Slip*!

Mr Stock. He'll be back again presently—but—Sir—

Mar. He shou'd have told me of this damn'd law-suit.

[*Aside.*
Mr

Mr Stock. Has it been brought to a hearing?

Mar. O yes, Sir, and the affair is quite over.

Mr Stock. Ay, already!

Mar. The wrong box, I'm afraid. [*Aside.*]

Mr Stock. And I hope you have got your cause?

Mar. With costs of suit, I assure you, Sir.

Mr Stock. I am extremely glad of it.

Mrs Stock. Thank heaven 'tis so well over.

Mar. Oh, the family had the law-suit so much at heart, the lawyers should have had every farthing we were worth in the world, before we'd have been cast.

Mr Stock. Um! that would have been carrying it a little too far;—but, as it was, it cost him a pretty penny, ha?

Mar. That it did, Sir; but justice—Oh, justice, Sir, is so fine a thing, we cannot pay too dear for it.

Mr Stock. Very true; but exclusive of the expence, this has been a troublesome affair to my friend.

Mar. You can have no idea of it, Sir—especially with such a tricking son of a whore as he had to do with.

Mr Stock. Son of a whore! he told me his antagonist was a lady.

Mar. I thought I was in the wrong box. [*Aside.*] A lady call you her? Yes, yes, a fine lady! but she had got an old pettifogging rascal for her attorney, and he—it was he that was such a plague to our old gentleman—But damn this cause, let us call another—I'm for nothing now but flames, darts, daggers, Cupids and Venuses, and Madam Stockwell, and Miss Nancy—

[*Bowing to them.*]

Mrs Stock. The pink of complaisance!

Nan. The fellow's a fool, and I'll die before I'll have him. [*Aside.*]

Mr Stock. Well said, son-in-law; a spirited fellow, faith! Come, we'll in and see things ready.

Mar. Shan't I wait upon you to your closet first, Sir?

Mr Stock. As soon as the ceremony's over, son—Come, I'll shew you the way.

Mar. Eh! if I could but have touch'd before-hand!

Ed

I'd have wai'd the ceremony. [*Aside.*]—Madam—
[*to Mrs Stockwell*]—may I hope for the honour—

[*Offering to lead her out.*

Mrs Stock. Oh, sweet Sir—Daughter, you'll have
a pretty fellow for your husband. [*Aside to Nancy.*

[*Exeunt.*

Nan. There's a lover for you, Jenny!

Jen. Not for me, Madam, I assure you. What,
snap at the old kite, when such a tender chick is before
him!

Nan. Not a civil word to his mistress, but quite gal-
lant to her mother.

Jen. As much as to say, A fig for you—I'm in love
with your fortune.

Nan. A fig for him; a conceited puppy! I'm in
love with Belford; but how to get at him, Jenny?

Jen. Ah, poor bird! you're limed by the wing, and
struggling will but make it worse.

Nan. Not struggle! Ruin is better than this cox-
comb. Pristhee advise me.

Jen. Don't tempt me.—I pity you so, that I cou'd
give you a sprightly piece of advice; and you are in so
desperate a way, that I know you'd follow it.

Nan. Follow it!—I'll follow any advice, Jenny.

Jen. O yes, to follow your own inclinations; that's
a good young lady.—Well, I am at present much
given to mischief.—So, if you'll go into your cham-
ber, lock the door, and let us lay our little heads toge-
ther for half an hour: if we don't counterplot your wise
papa, and his intended son-in-law—we deserve never to
be married; or, if we are, to be govern'd by our hus-
bands. [*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Hall in Stockwell's house.*

Enter Belford:

Bel. I am surpriz'd that Martin has not return'd to
tell me his success with Jenny—He advis'd
me not to stir from home; and said, I might be assur'd
every thing goes well, and I should hear from him—

but

but still the impatience of my heart cannot bear this delay—I must be near the field of battle, let what will be the consequence—I hope I shall get a sight of Martin, and not unluckily light on the old gentleman: 'Sdeath, he's here!—O no, 'tis Jenny; my heart was in my mouth.

Enter Jenny.

Dear Jenny, where's your mistress!

Jen. Winding herself up, for your sake and by my advice, to a proper pitch of disobedience, that's all.—But—

Bel. But what? You hesitate, Jenny, and seem concern'd.

Jen. Concern'd! why, we're undone, that's all.—Your rival is come to town.

Bel. How!

Jen. And is this morning to marry Madam.

Bel. Not while I'm alive, I can tell him that.—But prithee, who is this happy rival of mine?

Jen. 'Tis one Mr Harlowe.

Bel. Harlowe!

Jen. A gentleman of Dorsetshire.

Bel. I know all of that country, and can recollect no Harlowe, but the son of Sir Harry Harlowe; and he—

Jen. Ay, and he is your rival.

Bel. If I had no more to fear from your mistress than from my rival, as you call him—

Jen. Oh, you are very clever now, an't you? What wou'd you be at now?

Bel. The truth only—the real certain truth.

Jen. Ay, what's that?

Bel. Why, that this Harlowe is the son of Sir Harry Harlowe of Dorsetshire, and my friend, my particular friend.

Jen. Yes, and so particular, that he will take your mistress from you.

Bel. He shall take my life first.

Jen. You said that before; have you nothing else to say?

Bel. I say, that this Harlowe, my friend, was married last week in the country, that's all.

Jen.

Jen. And that's enough, if it is true; but I have a small addition to your news.

Bel. What's that?

Jen. That the aforesaid John Harlowe, Esq; your particular friend, and son to Sir Harry Harlowe of Dorsetshire, is now within, waiting for my young lady's hand, that's all.

Bel. Jenny, no jesting; you distrust me!

Jen. 'Tis but too true; he's this minute gone in with my master and mistress to settle preliminaries.

Bel. Impossible! he's my intimate acquaintance, and writ to me, not a week ago, as I tell you. I have his letter at my lodgings.

Jen. And what says he there?

Bel. That he's privately married to a lady of condition.

Jen. How can this be reconcil'd? Go fetch that letter; we have no time to lose.

Bel. But what is Martin doing?

Jen. Martin! who's he?

Bel. Martin, my servant, whom I sent to assist you.

Jen. Why, sure love has turn'd your brain, Sir!—I have seen no Martin, not I.

Bel. The rascal then is run away from me again.—I have spoil'd him by my indulgence.—He left me for a month, and returned but yesterday; then I sent him hither to assist you, and now the scoundrel has left me again.

Jen. 'Tis the luxury of the times, Sir—though we are poor, we have good tastes, and can be out of the way now and then as well as our betters.

Bel. How this villain has used me! But we must lose no time; I'll fetch the letter, and be back in an instant.

Jen. Let me see; can't I strike some mischief out of this intelligence? I warrant me—I can delay the marriage at least—Here's my master, I'll try my skill upon him—If I don't bring him about, I'll set his brains in such a ferment, they shan't settle in haste again.

Enter Stockwell.

Stock. I think I saw a glimpse of young Belford; but now—what business has he here?

Jen. Business enough, Sir; the best friend you have, that's all—He has been telling me a piece of news that will surprise you.

Stock. Let's hear this piece of news.

Jen. O' my word, a bold man, this Mr Harlowe, to take two wives at once, when most folk we see have enough of one.

Stock. Two wives! bless us, what do you mean?

Jen. Why, the poor man's married already, Sir, that's all.

Stock. Married!

Jen. Married, I say, to a young lady in the country, and very near marrying another in town; a new fashion, I suppose.

Stock. Pooh, pooh, the thing's impossible, I tell you.

Jen. That may be, but so it is. He has writ to Belford, who is his friend.

Stock. All romance and invention!

Jen. All truth, I say; Belford is gone to fetch the letter, and he'll convince you.

Stock. I will never be convinced that—

Jen. Why not, Sir?—the young fellows of this age are capable of any thing.

Stock. Very true, Jenny; they are abominable.

Jen. And, for aught we know, this Mr Harlowe here may be one of those gentlemen that make no scruple of a plurality of wives, provided they bring a plurality of portions.—But by your leave, good Sir, as this young lady (she in the country, I mean) has the first and best title, we must look a little about us for the sake of our young lady in town.

Stock. Very true—'tis worth attending to.

Jen. Attending to! if I were you, Sir, before I deliver'd up my daughter, I should insist upon the affair's being clear'd up to my satisfaction.

Stock. You're in the right, Jenny. Here's his man; I'll sound him about his master's marriage, and then—Leave us together—Go—I'll make him speak; I warrant you.

Jen. If this marriage is but confirm'd, I shall leap out of my skin. [Exit

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Enter Slip.

Stock. Mr Slip, come hither—My old friend Sir Harry has recommended you to me, and I like your physiognomy—You have an honest face; it pleases me much.

Slip. Your humble servant, Sir—that's your goodness—but if I was no honestier than my face, gad-a-mercy poor me!

Stock. Well, well—hark you me!—This master of your's is a lad of spirit—a favourite of the ladies, I warrant him, ha?

Slip. That he is, I can tell you, Sir; a pretty fellow, no woman can resist him.—I'll warrant, this marriage in your family will set you the hearts of thirty families at ease all round the country.

Stock. Odd!—a terrible man, I profess—I don't wonder now that one wife can't serve him.

Slip. Wife, Sir! what wife, Sir?

Stock. You see I know all, my friend; so you may as well confess.

Slip. Confess what, Sir?

Stock. I know all the conspiracy; and will take care that you, rascal, shall have your desert as an accomplice.

Slip. Accomplice!—rascal!—and a conspiracy!—Let me die if I comprehend a word you say.

Stock. But I'll make you, villain—

Slip. O very well, Sir—ha, ha, ha!—I protest you half frightened me—Very well, indeed—ha, ha, ha!

Stock. Do you laugh at me, Sirrah?

Slip. If I had not remembered to have heard my old master say what a dry joker you were—I protest I should have been taken in—Very good, indeed,—ha, ha, ha!

Stock. None of your buffoonery, Sirrah; but confess the whole affair this minute, or be sent to Newgate the next.

Slip. Newgate! sure, Sir, that would be carrying the joke too far.

Stock. You won't confess, then—Who waits there? Send for a constable this moment.

Slip.

Slip. Nay, good Sir, no noise, I beseech you. 'Tho' I am innocent as the child unborn, yet that severe tone of voice is apt to disconcert one. What was it your honour was pleased to hint about my master's being married? Who could possibly invent such a fib as that?

Stock. No fib, firrah! he wrote it himself to a friend of his at London—to Belford.

Slip. Oh, oh!—your humble servant, Mr Belford!—a fine fetch, i'faith! Nay, I can't blame the man neither, ha, ha! Pray, Sir, is not this same Mr Belford in love with your daughter?

Stock. Suppose he is, puppy, and what then?

Slip. Why then, Jenny is his friend, and at the bottom of all his fetches; I'll lay a wager that she is author of this whopper.

Stock. Um!

Slip. Our arrival put 'em to their trumps—and then—slap, my poor master must be married; and Belford must shew a forg'd letter forsooth, under his own hand, to prove it—and, and, and, you understand me, Sir—

Stock. Why, this has a face.

Slip. A face! ay, like a full moon: and while you're upon a false scent after this story, Jenny will gain time to work upon your daughter—I heard her say myself that she could lead you by the nose.

Stock. O, she could, could she? Well, well, we'll see that.

Slip. By the bye, Sir, where did you meet with this Mrs Jenny?

Stock. How should I know?—I believe my wife hired her half-a-year ago out of the country.—She had a good character, and is very notable; but pert, very pert.

Slip. Yes, yes, she is notable—Out of the country! and a good character! well said, Mrs Jenny.

[*Half aside.*]

Stock. What's the matter, Slip?—You have something in your head, I'm sure.

Slip. No, nothing at all—but the luck of some people!—out of the country!

Stock. You must tell me—I shan't think you mean me well, if you conceal any thing from me.

Slip. Why, among ourselves, Sir—I knew Mrs
A a 2 Jenny

Jenny the last year very well—born and bred in Covent-Garden—some time ago bar-maid to a jelly-house, and two children (very fine ones indeed) by little Tom the waiter. I knew, when I saw her here, that we should have some sport.

Stock. Ay, ay!—I know enough—Well said, Mrs Jenny, indeed! But mind the cunning of this fellow, this Belford—he says he's the most intimate friend your master has.

Slip. Ay, Sir!—ha, ha, ha! and I dare say my master would not know him if he met him—However, that's well observ'd, Sir—Um! nothing escapes you,

Stock. Why, I am seldom out, seldom—

Slip. Never

Stock. I don't say never—But here is your master, I must have a laugh with him about this marriage; ha, ha, ha!

Slip. 'Twill be rare sport for him, he, he, he!

Enter Martin.

Stock. So, son-in-law! do you hear what the world says of you!—I have had intelligence here, (ay, and certain intelligence too), that you are married, it seems—privately married to a young lady of Dorsetshire. What say you, Sir?—Is not this fine? ha, ha, ha!

Slip. Very merry, faith! [*laughing, and making signs to Martin*]

Mar. Ha, ha, ha!—'tis such a joke!—What, you have heard so?—This Mr World is a facetious gentleman.

Stock. Another man now would have given plump into this foolish story; but I—No, no, your humble servant for that.

Slip. No, plague! Mr Stockwell has a long head! He—

[*Pointing still.*]

Mar. I would fain know who could be the author of such a ridiculous story

Slip. Mr Stockwell tells me 'tis one Belford, I think he calls him: is not that his name, Sir?

Mar. Belford! Belford! I never heard of his name in my life.

Slip. As I said, Sir; you see master knows nothing of

of the fellow,—Stay, stay, is it not the youngster that—you know whom I mean—that, that—

Mar. Rot me if I do.

Slip. He that—you must know him—that is your rival here, as the report goes.

Mart. O, ay! now I recollect—By the same token, they said he had but little, and owed much; that this match was to wipe off old scores; and that his creditors had stopped proceedings till he's married.

Stock. Ay, ay! there let 'em stop. Ha, ha, ha! They'll be tir'd of stopping, I believe, if they are to stop till he has married my daughter, ha, ha, ha!

Slip. He's no fool, let me tell you, this Mr Belford,

Stock. No; nor Mr Stockwell neither:—and to convince them of that, I will go this instant to my banker's, and—

Mar. Sir—I'll wait on you.

Stock. Stay, son-in-law, I have a proposal to make—I own, I agreed with my old friend to give you L. 10,000 down.

Mar. Ay, down, was the word, Sir—it was so—down.

Stock. Now, could you conveniently take some houses that I have in the Borough, instead of half that sum—They are worth a great deal more than that, I assure you.

Mar. O dear Sir—your word is not to be disputed: I'll take any thing—but, between friends, ready money is the truth.—Down, you know, Sir; that was the word, down.

Slip. Specious, your honour knows, is of easier conveyance.

Stock. Yes, Sure, that's true; but—

Mar. Ay, ay, one can't put houses in one's portmanteau, you know—he, he, he!—Besides, there is a pretty estate to be sold in Dorsetshire, near my father's, and I have my eye upon that.

Slip. As pretty a condition'd thing as any in the country; and then so contagious, that a hedge on'y parts 'em.

Mar. I may have it for L. 9000, and I'm to'd 'tis worth ten at least.

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Slip. The least penny, Sir ;—the timber's worth half the money.

Stock. Well, well—Look you, son, I have a round L. 10,000 now in my banker's hands, which I thought to have made immediate advantage of. — You shall have a moiety of it.

Mar. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.—Are you a-going to your banker's now, Sir?

Stock. I will but step and let my wife know of it—fetch the cash directly, and you shall marry my daughter in an hour.

Mar. Sir, suppose we invite Mr Belford to the wedding?—Ha, ha, ha!

Slip. Ha, ha, ha! what a droll devil my master is!

Stock. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit Stockwell.

Mar. Wind and tide, my boy!—My master has certainly had an interview with Miss Nancy Stockwell.

Slip. And as certainly knows Harlowe too.

Mar. They correspond, you see.

Slip. But, thanks to my wit, I have so set the old man against Belford, that I am in hopes we shall pack up madam's fortune in the portmanteau before he's set to rights again; and— [Martin going, stops.

Mar. Zounds, my master!

Slip. Where?

Mar. Don't you see him reading a letter?

Slip. This is my unlucky star. What will become of us?

Enter Belford

Bel. This letter gets me admittance to Miss Stockwell at least; and if I can but save her from ruin, I shall be happy; but I hope this may have better consequences. Ha! what's this?—'Tis he! 'tis Martin, as I live.

Mar. Ay, 'tis I:—and well for you it is.—What do you here?

Bel. Nay, what are you doing here, and what have you done here?—What cloaths are these?—what's your scheme? and why have I not known it?

Mar. Not so fast and so loud, good master of mine—walls have ears. These are your rival's cloaths, who is to follow them in a few days: but his servant there is an old friend of mine, and so, as they fit me so well—

he's

he's—I pass upon the family for the young fellow himself.

Bel. Well, and where's the joke of that?

Mar. A very good joke, I think.—I'll undertake to put these two old fools (your papa and mamma that shall be) so out of conceit with their son-in-law, that—why, already I have heard the old folks agreeing, that you were much the properer match for their daughter; so that I expect every moment they'll send for you to deliver them from me: and nothing can prevent our success but your being—

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! a very good stratagem: but there is no need of it now;—for this rival, as you call him, is my particular friend, and married to another woman:—so I tell you we have nothing to fear.

Mar. But I tell you, you will knock us all to pieces—The finest plot that ever was laid, and you'll spoil it in the hatching.

Bel. But what occasion is there? He can't marry 'em both.

Mar. Speak lower! You think yourself mighty wise now; but here's Harlowe's servant, whom I have tickled in the palm, will tell you another story.

Bel. Why, here's a letter under his own hand.—Read it.

Mar. [*reading*] Um—um—"Some days! privately married"—Ship!

[*Apart to Slip.*]

Slip. This is easily clear'd up, Sir. There was such a thing proposed by my young master; but you must understand, Sir—that Mr Harlowe, not approving of the terms, has tipped the young woman's father a good round sum, and so the affair is made up.

Bel. Can it be possible that he is not married?

Slip. I'll take my oath of it before any magistrate in England.

Mar. Pooh—married! what! his old boots!

Bel. Well,—I'll decamp then: but why is not Jenny in your plot?

Mar. She! no, no; she is not to be trusted.—I soon found out that.—Tooth and nail against us.

Bel. Good heav'ns! how have I been deceiv'd!

Mar. You have indeed, master: but we have no time for

for reflections. If Jenny should see you, we are undone.

Bel. Well, well, I go.—I'll make both your fortunes if you succeed.

Mar. Succeed! nothing can prevent us but your being seen.

Bel. I'll away then.

Mar. And come not near this house to day. If you do, I must decamp.

Bel. Well; but, my dear lads, take care; I depend on you.

Slip. That's all you have to do—put your fortune into our hands—

Mar. And I'll warrant we give a good account of it.

Bel. Think how my happiness—

Mar. Prithee, no more.—

Bel. Depends on you.

Mar. Begone, I say, or I'll throw up the cards.

Slip. At last he's gone! [Exit Belford.]

Mar. And we have time to take a little breath: for this was a hot alarm, faith!

Slip. I was only afraid the old gentleman or Jenny would have surprised us together.

Mar. That would have been a clincher: but now I must after the old gentleman for the money. [Exit.]

Slip. And I'll be upon the watch for fear of mischief. [Exit.]

SCENE, *An Apartment in Stockwell's House.*

Enter Stockwell and Jenny.

Jen. Still I say, Sir—

Stock. And still I say, Madam—

Jen. That Mr Belford's a very honest gentleman, and you ought to search it.

Stock. I tell you, I have search'd, and probed it to the quick—and that he shall feel. I know well enough you are in his interest, and have your interest in so doing; and I'm sorry you could find no prettier plot than this to defer the wedding.

Jen. Lud, Sir, do you believe?—

Stock. No—but I'm sure on't—that's better.

Jen. Lud!—you'd make one mad.

Stock.

Stock. And you'd make me a fool if you could; no, no; I'm an ass, a poor simpleton, that may be led by the nose—But you may tell my daughter, that she shall marry Harlowe this night—And you may tell your friend Belford, to let his creditors know, that they need not stop proceedings—And you, madam, may return to your jelly-shop, and give my compliments to little Tom, and all the little family, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Jen. What does he mean by his jelly house—little Tom—and all the little family?—I here's something at the bottom of this I cannot yet fathom:—but I will fathom it.—I never was out of a secret yet that I had a mind to find out, and that's all that have come across me,—and my pride won't let me be long out of this.—I will go directly to Mr Belford's, where we'll lay our heads together, and beget such a piece of mischief, that shall be hard for the devil himself, if he has the impudence to try confusions with me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Street before Stockwell's House.*

Stockwell, Martin, and Slip.

Stock. Come, son-in-law, we'll go to my banker's, and see how our cash stands, and settle matters as well as we can.

Mar. I'll attend you, Sir, with pleasure—cash or notes—all the same to me.

Stock. I wish you'd take the houses, son-in-law; it would be more convenient for me, and a greater advantage to you.

Mar. Advantage, Sir!—I scorn to take any advantage of you—I hate mean views—I desire nothing better than my bargain.—The money, and your daughter's charms, are sufficient for your poor Mart—humble servant.

Stock. Well, well, come along; we don't quite understand one another. [*Exit.*]

Mar. But we do—(*To Slip.*) The day's our own; get ev'ry thing ready to make our retreat good.

Slip. Ay, ay, get you the money, and I'll be ready with the equipage. [*Exit Martin.*]

"Thus far our arms have with success been crown'd."

I have only one doubt remaining, and that's about this same portion. I don't relish this dividing a booty.—How shall I cheat Martin?—I should deserve to be canoniz'd, could I but cheat that rogue of rogues.—I must e'en throw the young lady in his way, and persuade him, for our better security, to pass the night with her: so leave him with the shell, while I slip off with the kernel. A tempting bait!—But no—stand off, Satan.—'Tis against our fundamental laws. We adventurers have ten times the honour of your fair traders. (*Going, and steps.*)—Why, what!—Sure it can't be.—Zounds, if it should!—It is the very man!—Our little, old, wither'd, fiery gentleman, by all that's terrible! From what a fine dream will this gouty spitfire awake us!—He's certainly going to Mr Stockwell's, and his gunpowder will blow up all at once! If Martin and Mr Stockwell don't return too soon from the banker's, I may send him away: 'tis our last stake, and I must play it like a gamester.

Enter Sir Harry Harlowe.

Har. I don't know how my old friend Stockwell may receive me after this disappointment.

Slip. Stay till you see Mr Stockwell, my old friend. (*Aside.*)—Bless me, what do I see!—Sir Harry, is it you?—Indeed your honour?—Your very humble servant.

Har. I don't know you, friend, keep your distance.

[*Claps his hands on his pockets.*]

Slip. Don't you know me, Sir?

Har. It cannot be Slip, sure! Is this the fool's coat my son ordered you for his wedding?

Slip. Yes, Sir; and a genteel thing it is upon me. What, you had a mind to surprise your friends?—Who thought of you at London, Sir?

Har. I set out soon after you, lame as I was.—I be-thought me, it looked better to settle matters of such consequence with Mr Stockwell *viva voce*, than to trust it to a servant.

Slip. You were always a nice observer of decorums:—You are going now to Mr Stockwell's?

Har. Directly.—(*Going to knock.*)

Slip.

Slip. Hold your desperate hand! and thank fortune that brought me hither for your rescue.

Har. Why, what's the matter? Rescue me, quoth-a? Have you seen 'em, Slip?

Slip. Seen 'em! ay, and felt 'em too. I am just escap'd.—The old lady is in a damn'd passion with you, I can tell you.

Har. With me!

Slip. Ay, that she is. How! says she, does the old fool think to fob us off with a sham, and a sham, of a dirty trollop?—Must my daughter's reputation—and then she bridled and stalk'd up to me thus, Sir.

Har. How!—but there's no answering a silly woman: how can this affect her daughter's character?

Slip. That's what I said.—Madam, says I—but you can't expect a woman in a fury to hear reason—'tis almost as much as they can do when they are cool. No, no; as for her argument, it was sad stuff! Will the world, says she, believe such a—no, no; they'll think the old hunk has found some flaw in our circumstances, and so won't stand to his bargain.

Har. Poh! nothing disguises a woman like passion.—Though it may become a man sometimes—

Slip. Lud, Sir, you would not know her again—her eyes stare in her head, and she can't see a creature.—On a sudden (for I push'd the argument pretty home) she caught hold of my throat thus, Sir, and knock'd me down with the butt end of her fan.

Har. Did she?—But what did her husband say to this? Let us hear that.

Slip. Oh, Sir, I found him pretty reasonable.—He only show'd me the door, and kick'd me down stairs.

Har. If he's for that work, we can kick too.

Slip. Dear Sir, consider your gout.

Har. No, Sir; when my blood is up, I never feel the gout.—But could they possibly take it amiss, that I consented to my son's marriage?—I doubt you did not explain circumstances.

Slip. I told 'em plain enough, I thought, that my young master, having begun the ceremony at the wrong end, the family were going ding-dong to law; and that
you

you had behav'd like a man of honour, and—very wisely compounded matters.

Har. And did not this convince 'em?

Slip. I say convince!—They are in a pretty temper to be convinc'd.—If you'd take a fool's counsel, you should return to your inn, and never think of convincing them.

Har. They are for kicking, are they? I could have kick'd pretty well myself once.—We shall see what they would be at—

[*Going, is stopp'd by Slip.*]

Slip. Indeed, Sir, you shall not.—What! have your face scratch'd by an old woman, or be run through the body with a rusty sword? Indeed you shall not.

Har. (*endeavouring to draw his sword*)—We have swords that run through bodies as well as they; ay, and pistols too.—If he will quarrel, I'm his man—Steel or lead, 'tis all one to me.—A passionate old fool!—I'll cool him; kick me down stairs!

Slip. Lord, Sir, you are so hot!—You forget it was me he kick'd down stairs—not you.

Har. 'Tis the same thing, Sir.—Whoever kicks you, kicks me by proxy—nay, worse;—you have only the kicks, but I have the affront.

Slip. If the kicks are the best, I shall be content with the worst another time.—Undone, undone!—This way, this way, Sir.—Let us go this way—there will certainly be bloodshed.

Har. What is the matter, you fool? What art afraid of?

Slip. Don't you see Mr Stockwell coming this way? Bless me, how he stares! He's mad with passion.—Don't meet him, Sir Harry.—You are out of wind, and have not push'd a great while, and he'll certainly be too much for you.

Har. I won't avoid him.—My blood's up as well as his.—If the fool will be for fighting—let him take what follows.—Hold my cane, Slip—

[*Cocks his bat.*]

Slip. Ay, 'tis all over.—If Martin has but got the money, we may retire while the champions are at it.—

Enter Stockwell and Martin.

(*Stockwell with a bag, and notes in his hand.*)

Stock. We will count our money and bills over again, sign

sign the writings; and then, son, for signing and dancing, and—

Mar. Don't give yourself that trouble, Mr Stockwell;—among friends, you know—pray, let me ease you of that weight. *[Offers to take the money.]*

Slip. No, no, son; you shan't have a farthing more or less than your bargain.—We citizens are exact, and must have our way, in form.

Slip. Zounds, he has not got the money!—We must have a scramble for it at last then.

Har. Now he eyes me!—I'll be as fierce as he—Now for it—hem, hem! *[Brustles up.]*

(During this, Martin and Slip make signs, and approach each other by degrees.)

Stock. Eh, sure, if my eyes don't deceive me, there is somebody very like my old friend and your father Sir Harlowe.

Slip. Damnably like indeed, Sir.

Har. He looks like the devil at me; but I'll be even with him.

Stock. What, my dear friend, is it you?

Har. None of your hypocritical palavers with me.—Keep your distance, you dissembling old fool you, or I'll teach you better manners than to kick my servant down stairs.

Stock. What do you mean, Sir Harry?—He's mad, sure!

(They stand and stare at each other, and Sir Harry shakes his sword.)

Mar. Nothing can save us now, Slip!

Slip. Trip up his heels, and fly with the money to the post-chaise; while I tread upon my old master's toes, that he mayn't follow us.

Mar. We have nothing else for it—Have at 'em.

Stock. Nay, but Sir Harry!

(As they approach the old gentleman, Belford comes in behind with constables, and seizes them.)

Bel. Have I caught you, rascals!—in the very nick too! Secure 'em, constables.

Stock. What in the name of wonder are you about?

Bel. I have a double pleasure in this;—for I have not

only discovered two villains, but at the very time, Sir, their villainy was taking effect to make you miserable.

Har. Two villains! Mr Stockwell, do you hear this? Explain yourself, Sir; or blood and brimstone—

Stock. Explain, Mr Belford.—Sir Harry Harlowe, what is all this?—I am all stupefaction.

Bel. Is this Sir Harry?—I am your humble servant, Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but am a particular acquaintance of your son's; who has been misrepresented here, by that pretty gentleman, once a rascal of mine.

Har. I'm in a wood, and don't know how to get out of it.

Stock. Is not this your son, Sir Harry?

Har. No, you passionate old fool; but this is my servant, and my son's pimp, whom I understand you have been kicking down stairs.

Stock. Here's a fine heap of roguery!

Bel. It was my good fortune, by the intelligence and instigation of Mrs Jenny, to discover the whole, before these wretches had accomplished their designs.

Stock. What a hair-breadth 'scape have I had! as the poet says; the very brink of destruction: for I should have given him the cash in five minutes.—I'm in a cold sweat at the thoughts of it. Dear Mr Belford!

[Shakes him by the hand.

Enter Mrs Stockwell, Miss, and Jenny.

Mrs Stock. O Mr Stockwell, here are fine doings going forward.—Did not I tell you, that I was for Mr Belford from the beginning?

Stock. Don't trouble us now, wife; you have been for and against him twenty times in four and twenty hours.

Jen. (to Martin and Slip.) Your humble servant, gentlemen. What, dumb and asham'd too!—The next scheme you go about, take care that there is not such a girl as I within twenty miles of you.

Mar. I wish we were twenty miles from you with all my soul.

Slip. As you don't like our company, Madam, we'll retire. [Going away.

Bel. Hold 'em fast, constables:—They must give some

some account of themselves at the Old Bailey, and then perhaps they may retire to our plantations.

Har. But what have they done? or what will you do? or what am I to do?—I'm all in the dark—pitch-dark.—

Stock. Is your son married, Sir Harry?

Har. Yes, a fortnight ago:—and this fellow you kick'd down stairs was sent with my excuses.

Stock. I kick'd down stairs!—You villain you.

Bel. Don't disturb yourself with what is past, but rejoice at your deliverance.—If you and Sir Harry will permit me to attend you within, I will acquaint you with the whole business.

Har. I see the whole business now, Sir. We have been their fools.

Stock. And they are our knaves; and shall suffer as such.—Thanks to Mr Belford here—my good angel, that has sav'd my L. 10,000.

Har. He has sav'd your family, Mr Stockwell.

Bel. Could you but think, Sir, my good services to your family might intitle me to be one of it—

Nan. You'd make your daughter happy, by giving her to your best friend.

Mrs Stock. My dear, for once hear me and reason, and make 'em both happy.

Stock. You shall be happy, Belford.—Take my daughter's hand—you have her heart.—You have deserved her fortune, and shall have that too.—Come, let us go in and examine these culprits.

Har. Right, Mr Stockwell. 'Tis a good thing to punish villainy; but 'tis a better to make virtue happy;—and so let us about it.

THE LOTTERY.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr Stocks,	Drury-Lane,	Mr Harper.
Jack Stocks,		Mr Cibber, jun.
First Buyer,		Mr Berry.
Second Buyer, a Hackney-coachman		Mr Mullart.
Lovegrove,		Mr Stoppslaer.
Whist,		Mr R. Wetherill.

WOMEN.

Chloe,	Miss Rafter.
Mrs Stocks, Sister-in-law to Stocks,	Mrs Wetherill.
Jenny,	Miss Williams.
Lady,	Mrs Oates.
Servants, &c.	

SCENE, LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr CIBBER.

AS Tragedy prescribes to passion rules,
So Comedy delights to punish fools;
And while at nobler game she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
Some follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just glass, which shows you as you are:
But Farce still claims a magnifying right,
To raise the object larger to the sight,
And show her insect-fools in stronger light. }
Implicit faith is to her poets due,
And all her laughing legends still are true.
Thus when some conjurer does wives translate,
What dull, affected critic damns the cheat?

Or

Or should we see credulity profound
 Give to ten thousand fools, *ten thousand pound;*
 Should we behold pour wretches *horse* away
 The labour of a twelvemonth in a day;
 Nay, should our Poet, with his *muse* agog,
 Show you an *alley-broker* for a rogue,
 Tho' 'tis a most impossible suggestion,
 Faith! think it all but *farce*, and grant the question.

Mr Stocks alone.

A. I. R. Set by Mr SEEDO.

A LOTTERY is a taxation
 Upon all the fools in creation;
 And heav'n be prais'd,
 It is easily rais'd,
 Credulity's always in fashion ::
 For folly's a fund
 Will never lose ground,
 While fools are so rife in the nation:

[Knocking without.]

Enter First Buyer.

r Buyer. Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets?

Stocks. Yes, Sir—I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

i Buyer. I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man pitches on.

Stocks. Any of my numbers.

r Buyer. Because I would be glad to have it, Sir, the number of my own years or my wife's; or if I cou'd not have either of those, I wou'd be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

Stocks. Ay; or suppose now it was the number of your grandmother's.

i Buyer. No, no! She has no luck in lotteries: she had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate person, truly. Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10,000 l. got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one

THE LOTTERY.

month reduce to their former poverty. [*Knocking with out.*] Come in.

Enter Second Buyer.

2 *Buyer.* Does not your Worship let horses, Sir?

Stocks. Ay, friend.

2 *Buyer.* I have got a little money by driving a hackney-coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 *Buyer.* I don't know, Sir, that—but I am willing to be in fortune's way, as the saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one—'tis not above—no matter, how many to one, but that you are this night worth 10,000 l.

A I R. *Free-Mason's tune.*

Here are the best horses

That ever ran courses;

Here is the best pad for your wife, Sir:

Who rides once a-day,

If luck's in his way,

May ride in a coach all his life, Sir.

The sportsman esteems

The horse more than gems,

That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, Sir;

But here is the hack,

If you fit but his back,

Will leap you into an estate, Sir.

2 *Buyer.* How long a man may labour to get that at work which he can get in a minute at play!

A I R. *Black Jock.*

The soldier, in a hard campaign,

Gets less than the gamester by throwing a main;

Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that:

The stoutest sailor, ev'ry one knows,

Gets less than the courtier, with cringing bows,

And, Sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that:

And town-bred ladies, too, they say,

Get less by virtue than by play;

And

And dowdy Joan
 Had ne'er been known,
 Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
 But for the black ace, and all, all that.
 And belike you, Sir, I would willingly ride upon the
 number of my coach.

Stocks. Mr Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach.—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it or no.—As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some person of quality by the impudence of the footman.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Your servant, Mr Stocks.

Sto. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr Stocks.—I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

Sto. By which, if your Ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get L. 30,000 or L. 40,000.

Lady. Please to look at those jewels, Sir—they cost my lord upwards of L. 6000.—I intend to lay out what you will lend upon them.

Sto. If your Ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter Porter.

Well, friend, what's your business.

Por. Here is a letter for you, an't please you.

Sto. [*Reading.*]

" Brother Stocks,

" Here is a young lady come to lodge at my house
 " from the country, has desired me to find out some one
 " who may instruct her how to dispose of L. 10,000 to
 " the best advantage.—I believe you will find her
 " worth your acquaintance; she seems a mere novice,
 " and I suppose has just receiv'd her fortune: which is
 " all that's needful from

" Your affectionate brother,

" TIM. STOCKS."

Very well.—It requires no other answer than that I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! more people of quality—

[*Opens the door.*]

Enter

Enter Jack Stocks.

Ha!

J. Sto. Your servant, brother.

Sto. Your servant, brother.—Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. Sto. I have been a man of great business lately.

Sto. I hope your business has turn'd to a good account.—I hope you have clear'd handsomely.

J. Sto. Ay, it has turn'd to a very good account.—have clear'd my pockets, faith!

Sto. I am sorry for that—but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear brother.—Here is a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this hurry of business is over, I shou'd be very glad to—drink a dish with you at any coffeehouse you will appoint.

J. Sto. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you wou'd lend me a brace of hundreds.

Sto. Brother!

J. Sto. A brace of hundreds; L. 200, in your own language.

Sto. Dear Jack, you know I wou'd as soon lend you L. 200 as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that—

J. Sto. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: L. 200 I must have, and will.

Sto. Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. Sto. 'Sdeath! you fat rascal; what title had you to come into the world before me?

Sto. You need not mention that, brother: you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry; as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance—and I have rais'd myself by the multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself by the hazard-table.

J. Sto. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a gentleman, and you have rais'd yourself like a pickpocket.—Sirrah, you are a scandal to the family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

Sto. Ay, and the first that has been worth a groat in it. And tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second.

cond. There, read that letter. [J. Stocks reads it to himself.] Well, Sir, what say you to L. 10,000 and a wife?

J. Sto. Say! that I only want to know how to get them.

Sto. Nothing so easy.—As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a laced coat and a lord.—Now I will make over both those to you in an instant.—My Lord Lace has pawn'd his last suit of birth-night cloaths to me; and as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em—the cloaths and the title are both at your service.—So, if your Lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just dispatch my lady, and be with you.

J. Sto. If I can but nick this time, Amc's-ace, I defy thee. [Exit.

Enter Lovemore.

What a chace has this girl led me? However, I have track'd her all the way, till within a few miles of this town.—If I start her again, let her look to't.—I am mistaken, or she began to find her passion growing too violent before she attempted this flight—and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

A I R. *Chloe is false, but still she is charming.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent

With unequal strength oppose;

Reason a while may stem the strong current,

Love still at last her soul o'erflows.

Pleasures inviting,

Passions exciting,

Her lover charms her,

Of pride disarms her;

Down, down, she goes.

Enter Whisk.

So, Whisk, have you heard any news?

Whisk. News, Sir! Ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprise you.

Love. What! no rival, I hope.

Whisk. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose.—Why, your mistress is got into a fine lodging in Pall-Mall—I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid

maid in the street, who wou'd scarce speak to me. I follow'd her to the door; where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what, as I once remember at the equipping a parliament-man's country lady to pay her first visit.

Love. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach.—While she has been flying from my arms, she has fallen into the Colonel's.

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

How hapless is the Virgin's fate,
Whom all mankind's pursuing;
For while she flies this treach'rous bait,
From that she meets her ruin.
So the poor hare, when out of breath,
From hound to man is prest;
Then she encounters certain death,
And 'scapes the gentler beast.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chloe and Jenny.

Chloe. Oh Jenny! mention not the country; I faint at the sound of it—There is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney-coach, than in all the music that romances tell us of singing-birds and falling waters.

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

Farewel, ye hills and valleys;
Farewel, ye verdant shades;
I'll make more pleasant fallies
To plays and masquerades.
With joy, for town, I barter
Those banks where flowers grow;
What are roses to a garter?
What are lilies to a beau?

Jen. Ay, Madam—wou'd the L. 10,000 prize were once come up.

Chloe. Oh, Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks.—Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jen.

Jen. Oh, Madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best houses in town, and furnish it.—Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen.—Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear.—All sorts of fine cloaths I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately: And then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in house-keeping, cards, plays, masquerades, and other diversions.

Jen. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten already.

Chloe. Well, I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

A I R. *In Perseus and Andromeda.*

Oh what pleasures will abound

When I've got ten thousand pound!

Oh how courted I shall be!

Oh what lords will kneel to me!

Who'll dispute my

Wit and beauty,

When my golden charms are found?

O what flattery,

In the lottery,

When I've got ten thousand pound!

An't I strangely alter'd in one week, Jenny? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London already? Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face? Han't I a good deal of pale quality in me?

Jen. Oh, Madam! you come on gloriously.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's one Mr Spadille at the door.

Chloe. Mr Spadille! Who is that?

Jen. It is your ladyship's quadrille-master, Madam.

Chloe. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn any thing more this morning.—I'll take two lessons to-morrow tho'—for they tell me one is not qualify'd for any company till one can play at quadrille.

Serv.

Ser. Mr Stocks the broker, too, Madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh, that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me—desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire?

Jen. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for, if I mistake not, had you stay'd many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too—for I began to be in love with him; and when once a woman's in love, Jenny—

Jen. Lud have mercy upon her!

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

Chloe. When love is lodg'd within the heart,
 Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
 The tongue, in thunder, takes her part,
 She darts in lightning from the eyes.
 From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
 In vain we keep out charming sin;
 For love will find some weaker place
 To let the dear invader in.

Enter Stocks.

Stocks. I had the honour of receiving your commands, Madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble servant.—Your name is Mr Stocks, I suppose.

Sto. So I am call'd in the alley, Madam; a name, though I say it, which would be as well receiv'd at the bottom of a piece of paper as any lie's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you would be instructed how to dispose of L. 10,000.

Chloe. I would so, Sir.

Sto. Why, Madam, you know at present, public interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get—had, I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is—to put it into the Charitable Corporation.

Chloe. The Charitable Corporation! pray, what is that?

Sto. That is, Madam, a method invented by some very

very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is our my Lord Lacc desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lacc! O Gemini, who's that?

Sto. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom. Why, he's as rich as a supercargo.

Enter Jack Stocks as Lord Lacc.

J. Sto. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not us'd this evening. Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant. Ha! egad, Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons; I expected to have met another lady.

Sto. I suppose your Lordship means the Countess of

J. Sto. Ay, the Countess of Seven Dials.

Sto. She left these lodgings this day eleven night, my Lord, which was the day this lady came into town.

J. Sto. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error; and unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your good-nature, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into this harbour of quiet.

Sto. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see.

Chloe. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he's ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. Sto. Ha! and are you then resolv'd not to pardon me? Oh, it is now too late; you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

A. L. R. Sto. by Mr SEEDO.

Chloe. Alas! my Lord, you're too severe, I would not have thought you'd be so hard upon so slight a thing.

And since I dare not speak for fear,

Oh give me leave to sing.

A rural maid you find in me,

That fate I've oft deplor'd;

Yet think not I can angry be,

With such a noble lord.

J. Sto. Oh ravishing! exquisite! ecstasy! joy! transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank this goodness that undoes me?

Chloe. Undoes you, my Lord!

J. Sto. Oh, Madam, there is a hidden poison in those eyes, for which nature has no antidote.

Jen. My Lord has the same designs as the squire, I fear: he makes love too violent for it to be honourable.

[*Aside.*]

Chloe. Alas, my Lord, I am young and ignorant—though you shall find I have sense enough to make a good market.

[*Aside.*]

J. Sto. Oh, Madam, you wrong your own charms.—Mr Stocks, do you send this lady the diamond ring you have of mine to set.—Shall I beg you would honour it with wearing? It is a trifle, not worth above L. 3000.—You shall have it again the day after we are married, upon honour.

[*Aside to Stocks.*]

Sto. It shall be sent to your Lordship's order in three days time—which will be after you are married, if you are married at all.

[*Aside to him.*]

Chloe. Indeed, my Lord, I know not what to say.

J. Sto. Nor I neither, rat me!—[*Aside.*] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I can give my consent at first sight?

J. Sto. Oh, it is the town way of wooing: people of fashion never see one another above twice before marriage.

Sto. Which may be the reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. Sto. I would not presume to ask such a thing, if I were not pressed by necessity. For if I am not married in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

A I R. Set by Mr SEEDO.

I've often heard

Two things averr'd

By my dear grandmamma,

To

To be as sure
 As light is pure;
 As knavery is law,
 The man who'll prove
 Once false to love,
 Will still make truth his scoff;
 And woman that
 Has—you know what,
 Will never leave it off.

Sto. I see, Madam, this is a very improper time for business; so I'll wait on your Ladyship in the afternoon. [Exit.

J. Sto. Let me beg leave, Madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town.—Have nothing to do with that fellow; he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hang'd.

Chloe. I thought, my Lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. Sto. Yes, Madam, yes—the fellow has some L. 40,000 or L. 50,000 of mine in his hands; which, if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it; leave the disposal of that to me—I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter Lovemore.

Love. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Love. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powder-puff—Have you surrender'd to him in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting?

J. Sto. Harkye, Sir—whoever you are, I would not have you think, because I am a bean, and a lord, that I won't fight.

Love. A lord! Oh, there it is! the charms are in the title.—What else can you see in this walking perfume-shop that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thund'ring in my ears? 'Sdeath, I am distracted! that ever a woman should be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey,

THE LOTTERY.

A I R. *Sen Confuso.*

Some confounded planet reigning
Must have mov'd you to these airs;
Or could your inclination
Stoop so low,
From my passion,
To a beau?
Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!

Can you under-rate me so?
But since I, to each pretender,
My pretensions must surrender;
Farewel all your frowns and scorns:

Rot me, Madam, I
With my rival joy;
Much joy! much joy of his horns.
Zounds and furies, can I bear it?

Can I tamely stand the shock?

Sure—ten thousand devils

Cannot prove

Half such evils

As to love.

Blood and thunder!

Wounds and wonder!

Who'd be under

Woman's love?

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

Chloe. Dear Sir, be not in such a passion;

There's never a maid in the nation,

Who would not forego

A dull squire for a beau;

Love is not your proper vocation.

Low. Dear Madam, be not in such a fury;

For from St James's to Drury,

No widow you'll find,

No wife, of your mind.

Chloe. Ah, hideous! I cannot endure you.

Ah, see him—how neat!

Ah, smell him—how sweet!

Ah, hear but his honey-words flow

What maid in her senses

But

But must fall into trances,
At the sight of so lovely a beau!

J. Sto. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much oblig'd to you, Madam.—Ha, ha!—Squire Noodle, faith you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, ha, ha!

Chloe. Not worth your Lordship's notice.

Love. I would advise you, my Lord, as you love the safety of that pretty person of your's, not to let me find it at my return; for if I come within the smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your brauship—*[Exit.]*

J. Sto. Impudent scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frighten'd out of my wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. Sto. Oh, Madam, leave me to deal with him; I'll let a little light through his body.

Chloe. Ah, but, my Lord, what will be the consequence of that?

J. Sto. Nothing at all, Madam—I have kill'd half-a-dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice taken of it.

Chloe. For my sake, my Lord, have a care of yourself.

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

Ah, think, my Lord! how I should grieve

To see your Lordship bang'd;

But greater still my fears, believe,

Lest I should see you hang'd.

Ah, who could see,

On Tyburn tree,

You swinging in the air!

A halter round

Your white neck bound,

Instead of solitaire.

J. Sto. To prevent all danger, then, let us be marry'd this instant.

Chloe. O fy, my Lord; the world will say I am a strange forward creature.

J. Sto. The world, Madam, might be faucy enough to talk of you, if you were married to a private gentleman—but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surpris'd at any thing you do.

Chloe. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

A. I. R. White Fock.

O how charming my life will be,

When marriage has made me a fine lady!

In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,

In Flander's lace, and 'brodery clothes,

O how I'll flame it among the beaux!

In bed all the day, at cards all the night.

O how I'll revel the hours away!

Sing it, and dance it, coquette it, and play;

With feasting, toasting,

Jesting, rousing,

Rantum seantum, flanting jaunting,

Laughing at all the world can say.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jen. This is something like—there is some mettle in these London lords.—Our poor country squires will always put us to the blush of consenting.—These sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman, who has done what she should not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter Lovemore.

Love. Ha, flown! Mrs Jenny, where's your mistress?

Jen. My mistress, Sir! with my master.

Love. Damnation! Where? Shew me this instant, and—

Jen. And what? It is surprising to me how a man of Mr Lovemore's sense should pursue a woman who uses him so ill—when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

Love. Harkye, Mrs Mina, tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

Jen. Oh, murder, murder! help! murder!

Enter Mrs Stocks.

Mrs Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter? Who is this committing murder in my house? Who are you, Sir? What rascal, what thief are you, Sir? Hey!

Love.

Love. This must be the bawd, by the politeness of her language. [*Aside.*]—Dear Madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother: and though I am no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any lac'd fop in Christendom.

Mrs Sto. Sir, I keep no shop—nor want any of your custom.—What has he done to you, child?

[*To Jenny.*

Jen. He has done nothing to me indeed, Madam; only squeeze'd me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was.

Mrs Sto. And what have you to do with her mistress?

Love. Why, faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress without your good offices.—Lookye, mother, let me have the first of her, and here is L.500 at your service.

Mrs Sto. What does the faucebox mean?

Love. Ha, ha, ha!

A I R Set by Mr SEEDO.

When the candidate offers his purse,

What voter requires what he meant?

When a great man attempts to debase,

What little man asks his intent?

Are you not then agham'd,

When my mistress I've nam'd,

And my purse I've pull'd out,

Any longer to doubt

My meaning, good mother?

Mrs Sto. Mother!—Oh that ever I should live to see this day!—I that have escap'd the name of a whore in my youth, to be call'd a bawd in my old age!—Sirrah, sirrah, the mother that bore you was not an honest woman.

Enter Jack Stocks and Chloe.

J. Sto. What's the matter, Mrs Stocks?

Mrs Sto. Oh, Madam, had you heard how I've been abus'd upon your account—Here's a filthy fellow has offer'd me money to—

Chloe. What, dear Madam?

Mrs

Mrs. Sto. To procure him your ladyship, dear Madam—

J. Sto. Sir, I desire you would omit any farther solicitations to this lady; and on that condition, I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

Love. How! Is this true, Chloe?

Chloe. Ev'n as you've heard, Sir.

J. Sto. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word for a wife!

Love. Henceforth I will never take a woman's word for any thing.

J. Sto. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, Sir.

Love. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. Sto. Very civil, faith!—Come, my dear, let us leave this sullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself.

Chloe. Oh, my dear Lord, let's go to the hall to see the lottery drawn.

J. Sto. If your ladyship pleases.—So, dear Squire, adieu. [Exit *J. Stocks* and *Chloe*.

Love. I'll follow her still; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant.

[Exit.

Jen. And I'll follow you still; for such usage from one mistress will give you the better relish for another.

[Exit.

SCENE, Guild-hall.

Commissioners, Clerks, Spectators, Mob, &c.

Mob. What, are they not drawing yet?

Sto. No; but they'll begin presently.

A I R. South-Sea Ballad.

Sto. The lottery just is beginning:

'Twill soon be too late to get an estate;

For Fortune, like dames fond of sinning,

Does the tardy adventurer hate.

Then if you've a mind to have her,

To-day with vigour pursue her;

Or else to-morrow,

You'll find to your sorrow,

She

She has granted another the favour,
Which to-day she intended for you.

1 *Mob.* Never tell me, Thomas, it is all a cheat; what do those people do behind the curtain? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 *Mob.* Harkye, neighbour, If ancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases; for if you mind, sometimes there are twenty blanks drawn together, and then two or three prizes.

1 *Mob.* Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat; for you know, the man where I hired my horses, told me, there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 *Mob.* Pox take their horses! I am sure they have run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 *Mob.* And yet it can't be all a cheat neither; for you know Mrs Sugarlops of our town got L.20.

2 *Mob.* Ay, you fool; but does not her brother live with a parliament-man?

1 *Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the lottery, has he?

2 *Mob.* Ah, laud help thee!—Who can tell what he has to do with it!

1 *Mob.* But here's Mrs Sugarlops herself.

Enter Mrs Sugarlops.

Sug. How do you, Neighbour Harrow?

2 *Mob.* Ah, Mrs Sugarlops, you are a lucky woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your words good.

2 *Mob.* Why, have not you got twenty pound in the lottery?

Sug. Ah, lud! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it—Oh, 'tis all a cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day; and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the country to-morrow.

1 *Mob.* I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither.—He and I go halves in a ticket to-day.—See, here is the number.

Sug. As I live, the very ticket I have hired myself!.

2 *Mob.*

2 Mob. Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket; for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you, we are both cheated.

Irish. Upon my shoul it is very brave luck indeed; the deel take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 Mob. Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to day.

2 Mob. I give you joy of the five thousand pound, Sir.

Irish. Ah, honey! fait I have not got it as yet—but upon my shoul I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 Mob. I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

Sto. Never fear, friend.

Sug. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here.

Sto. Psha, Madam, 'tis impossible; 'tis a mistake.

Sug. Here is the number, Sir; it is the same on both papers.

Sto. Ha! why, Mr Trick has made a little blunder here indeed! However, Madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think my horses won't carry double, Madam?—This number is a sure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago.

[*Aside.*

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Oh, Sir! your worship has let me a very lucky horse; it is come up twenty pound already: so if your worship would let me have the money—

Sto. Let me see; tickets are this day nineteen pound, and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, Sir! how!

Sto. Upon my word, friend, I state the account right.

Coach. Oh, the devil! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more?

Sto. Alas, Sir! I cannot help ill fortune.—You have had

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had ill luck; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

Coach. Ten thousand!—Ten thousand devils take you all. Oons! if I can but once get a stock-jobber into my coach, if I don't break his neck.

A I R. *Buff-Coat.*

In all trades we've had
Some good and some bad;
But a stock-jobber has no fellow:
To hell who wou'd fally,
Let him go to Change-Alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.
The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eggs his complexion made yellow:
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own to his shame,
That a stock-jobber has no fellow.

Enter J. Stocks and Chloe. Commissioners advance to open the wheels.

J. Sto. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles just after matrimony!—but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

Chloe. Oh, my Lord, I must see all the curiosities; the tower, and the lions, and bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. Sto. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see every thing—But the devil take me if I accompany your ladyship. I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before to-morrow morning. *[Aside.]*

Chloe, I will not mention the ten thousand pound before 'tis come up: It will be the prettiest surprise!

[Aside.]
J. Sto. So, the lottery is going to begin drawing.

A I R. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

2 *Procl.* Number one hundred thirty-two!

2 *Procl.* That number is a blank.

1 *Pro.* Number one hundred ninety-nine!

2 *Pro.* And that's another blank.

1 *Procl.*

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand seventy-one!

2 *Procl.* That number blank is found.

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!

2 *Procl.* Oh, that is twenty pound!

1 *Mob.* Oh ho! are you come? I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

A I R. *Dutch Skipper.* Second part.

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!

2 *Procl.* Is twenty pound, is twenty pound:

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!

2 *Procl.* Oh, that is twenty pound!

You see 'tis all fair;

See nothing is there. [*Pointing to the boys, who*
The hammer goes down; hold up their hands.

Hey, Presto! be gone,

And up comes the twenty pound.

Chorus. You see 'tis all fair, &c.

1 *Procl.* Forty-five thousand three hundred and ten.

2 *Procl.* Blank.

1 *Procl.* Sixty-one thousand ninety-seven.

4 *Mob.* Stand clear, stand clear! that's my ticket.

2 *Procl.* Blank.

4 *Mob.* O lud! O lud! [*Exit crying.*

1 *Procl.* Number four thousand nine hundred sixty.

2 *Procl.* Blank. [*Chloe faints.*

J. S. Help, help!

Sug. Here; here are some hartshorn and sal-volatile drops.

1 *Mob.* Poor Lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 *Mob.* May be her horse has thrown her, neighbour
[*The Lottery continues drawing in dumb show.*]

Enter Lovemore and Jenny.

J. Sto. What's the matter, my angel?

Chloe. Oh!—that last blank was my ticket.

J. Sto. Ha, ha! and could that give you any pain?

Chloe. Does it not you?

J. Sto. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you bear the disappointment without upbraiding me?

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J. Sto. Upbraiding you? ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe. Why, did not you marry me for my fortune?

J. Sto. No, no, my dear—I marry'd you for your person; I was in love with that only, my angel.

Chloe. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness.

J. Sto. Loss of your fortune! ha!—How! what! what!

Chloe. O, my dear! I had no fortune but what I promis'd myself from the lottery.

J. Sto. Ha!

Chloe. So the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. Sto. The devil take them, indeed—and am I married to a lottery-ticket, to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death, hell, and furies! bloody blunders, blanks!

Chloe. Is this your love for me, my Lord?

J. Sto. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot.

Jen. This it is to marry a lord—He can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter Stocks.

Sto. Madam, the subscriptions are ready,—and if my Lord—

J. Sto. Brother, this is a trick of your's to ruin me.

Sto. Heyday! what's the matter now?

J. Sto. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Love. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

Sto. A blank?

J. Sto. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, Madam, you are bit as well as I am, for I am no more a lord than you are a fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed!

A I R. Virgins, Beware.

Love. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,
Whom, tho' your cruelty seem'd to disdain,
Now your doubts and fears may discover,
One kind look's a reward for his pain.

Thus to fold thee,
How blest is life!
Loye shall hold thee
Dearer than wife.

What joys in chains of dull marriage can be?
Love's only happy, when liking is free.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands.—As you have miss'd a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pound this instant.

J. Sto. Had pox; I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

Love. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. Sto. Shall I? Then, Sir, to show you I'll be before-hand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting!

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. Sto. Part with you? If I was married to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

Love. Come, my dear Chloe, had you been married, as you imagin'd, you should have lost nothing by the change.

Chloe. A lord! faugh! I begin to despise the name now as heartily as I lik'd it before.

[*Commissioners, &c. close the wheels, and come forward.*]

A I R. *Set by Mr SEEDO.*

Since you whom I lov'd,
So cruel have prov'd;
And you whom I slighted, so true;
From my delicate fine powder'd spouse,
I retract all my thrown-away vows,
And give with pleasure to you.

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want;
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies
Is better supply'd by gallant.

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Sto. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; for if I intended you any harm, may tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day be drawn blanks to-morrow!

J. Sto. Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you cou'd have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Love. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you—you are not the only person has been deceiv'd in a lottery.

A I R.

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born, we're put in; when dead, we're drawn out:
And tho' tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing tantararara, fools all, fools all.

Stocks.

The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank before one draws a place;
For a ticket in law who wou'd give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.
Sing tantararara, keep out, keep out.

Lovemore.

'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found;
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is a prize, if with women you deal!
Take care how you marry—for, oh, in that wheel,
Sing tantararara, blanks all, blanks all.

Stocks.

That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can succeed:
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you,
Sing tantararara, clap all, clap all.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Miss RAFTOR.

LADY! I'm almost ashamed to shew my face!
 Was ever woman like my Lady Lacey?
 Maids have been often wives, and widows soon;
 But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.
 Who'd trust to Fortune, if she play such pranks?
 Ten thousand—and a lord! and both prove blanks?
 A piteous case! and what is still more madding,
 To lose so fine a lord before I had him.
 Had all been well till honey-moon was over,
 It had been then no wonder to discover,
 I a new mistress, he a rival lover. }
 To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,
 Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes,
 Of plays, and operas, and masquerades,
 Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,
 And all blown up at once—Oh, horrid sentence!
 Forc'd to take up at last—with—laugh! an old acquaintance.
 But held—when my misfortunes I recal,
 Egad, 'tis well I've any man at all.
 Yet, since discarded once at such short warning,
 This too may turn me off to-morrow morning.
 If that should happen, I were finely flurr'd;
 What should I then do? What! why, get a third.
 Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
 To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

THE

THE MUSICAL LADY.

IN TWO ACTS.

By GEORGE COLEMAN, *Esq.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Old Mask,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1772.</i>
<i>Mask,</i>	Mr Yates.	Mr Wilson.
<i>Freeman,</i>	Mr King.	Mr Guion.
<i>Rosin,</i>	Mr Packer.	Mr Weston.
<i>Servant,</i>	Mr Fox.	Mr Taylor.
	Mr Watkins.	

W O M E N.

<i>Sophy,</i>	Miss Pope.	Mrs Weston.
<i>Lady Scrape,</i>	Mrs Bennet.	Mrs Williams.
<i>Laundress,</i>	Mrs Bradshaw.	Mrs Booth.

P R O L O G U E.

UPON

P R O L O G U E S.

Written by Mr GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr KING.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other play as well as this. *BAYES.*

A N old trite proverb let me quote;
 "As is your cloth, so cut your coat."
 To suit our Author and his Faree,
 Short let me be! for wit is scarce.
 Not wou'd I shew it, had I any;
 The reasons why are strong and many.

D d 3.

Should

Shou'd I have wit, the piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign,
 Whose bush is better than the wine,
 May cheat you once.—Will that device
 Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:

Poets, be dull in dedications!

Dulness in these to wit prefer—

But there indeed you seldom err.

In prologues, prefaces, be flat!

A silver button spoils your hat.

A threadbare coat might jokes escape,

Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye,

Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny, once a wit

Upon a curious fancy hit:

Hung out a board, on which he boasted;

Dinner for threepence, boil'd and roasted!

The hungry read, and in they trip

With eager eye, and smacking lip:

"Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray!"

—Enter potatoes—dress each way.

All star'd and rose, the house forsook,

And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.

My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly,

There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus Reason:

—Wit in a prologue's out of season.

Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,

Like Cocklane folks for Panny's scratching.

And here my simile's so fit!

For prologues are but ghosts of wit;

Which mean to show their art and skill,

And scratch you to their author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,

'Tis better to have none at all.

Prologues and ghosts—a paltry trade!

So let 'em both at once be laid!

Say but the word,—give your commands,

We'll tie our Prologue-monger's hands.

Confine these rumpus! bind 'em tight, *(Holding up his hands)*

Nor girls can scratch, nor seals can write.

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A C T I.

SCENE, MASK'S Chambers.

Enter MASK in a shabby dishabille, as coming from an inner Room.

(Clock strikes Eleven.)

MASK, *(as counting the hour.)*

EIGHT,—nine,—ten,—eleven.—Past eleven by the Temple clock, and no news of Freeman yet!—And that old beldam of a laundress—I expected to have heard her great rusty key turning in the lock two hours ago.—To go to Sophy's in this trim is impossible;—and if I break my appointment, I am out of her good graces for ever. *[Knocking within.]*—Hift!—Hark! somebody at the door.—*[Knocking within.]* A sneaking fingle tap!—That can never be Freeman.—A dun, ten to one!—shall I answer?—*[Knocking.]* Again! How should they find me out here?—But perhaps it may be a message from Freeman.—I'll try.—*[Going to the door, and assuming a feigned voice.]*—Who's there?

Laundress (within.) Me, your honour!

Mask. Me! you old hag—*(Letting her in.)*—Where the deuce have you been all morning? Where's your key?—Why did not you let yourself in?—Have you called at Nando's?

Laun. Yes, your honour.

Mask. Any letters?

Laun. Yes, Sir—here's one, they say, has lain in the bar these three days. *[Giving a letter.]*

Mask. Any message? or has any body been there to inquire for me?

Laun. O yes, your honour. A world of folks, to inquire for you.—There has been your taylor, and linen-draper, and shoemaker, and the stocking-man in Broad-court, and the milliner at the temple-gate, have all been at the coffeehouse to ask after you.

Mask. What have we here? More plagues?

[Reading the letter.]

"SIR,

"SIR,

Clifford's Inn.

"Mr William Rummer, master of the Mitre, has desired me to acquaint you, that if the inclosed bill, amounting to sixty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence halfpenny, is not paid within this week, he must endeavour to recover it by course of law; wherefore I hope you will take care to satisfy his demands, in order to prevent further trouble from

"Your humble servant,

"ANTONY CAPIAS."

Well said, master Capias.—Sixty-three pounds five shillings and sixpence halfpenny! a pretty sum!—and if the odd halfpenny would purchase the three kingdoms, I am not worth it—A couple of scoundrels, with their bills and their letters!—So—so—

[Tearing the bill and the letter.]

Are you sure there was no other message?—ne'er another letter left for me at the coffeehouse?

Laun. Very sure, your honour.

Mask. Then my note was not carried to Mr Freeman's, I am positive.

Laun. Indeed it was, Sir—I am fartin it was—for my husband told me, as how he had delivered it into the gentleman's French gentleman's own hand himself.

Mask. Very strange I should hear nothing of him! Sure he would not neglect me.—Was ever poor fellow in such a distressed situation?—A woman of fortune ready to run into my arms,—and without money, cloaths, or clean linen, to pay her a visit!

Laun. Ah, heav'n bless your honour! if you had but some of those broider'd cloaths, and rings, and watches, and swords, and fine linen, that I have carried to the Three Blue Balls in Fetter-Lane, for your honour, you might be dress'd out as fine as a lord—that you might; and we had but a trifle, as a body may say, upon them neither.

Mask. Confound the Blue Balls!—I would pawn myself now to raise five guineas.—Every thing is at stake.

Laun. Lack-a-day now, how unluckily matters fall out! I have known the time I could have contrived to have lent you ever so many cloaths and curious li-

"*RECUE*"

'mens of some of my other masters—And, to be sure, there's his honour squire what-d'ye-call him, the West India gentleman, has a power of fine cloaths, all over gold and silver; but then all his things have been carried to young madam's lodgings in Hart-street, and he has not been near chambers these three weeks.—I have no other gentleman in town but 'squire Mac-george, and he has no handsome cloaths—except the coat with silver button-holes, and he wears that every day himself.—As for my other master, Mr Barefield, —poor gentleman, I don't reckon him—for he has but one shirt in the world of his own—and that's marked W. M.'

Mask. 'Sdeath, what-luck!—To forfeit my hopes when I am within an ace of success!—To be the very next ticket to the ten thousand pounds!—To screw her musical heart just into right tune, and then to have the strings snap under one's fingers for want of a little rosin!—What can I do?—*[Loud knocking without.]* Ha! here he is, I dare say—Go to the door;—but if it is any body but Mr Freeman, I am not at home—not in town—You know nothing of me, d'ye hear?

[Retiring.]

Laun. I warrant your honour. *[Opens the door.]*

Enter Freeman.

Mask. *(coming forward.)*—O my dear Freeman! is it you?—I have been on thorns for fear you should not come. *[Landress retires into the inner chamber.]*

Free. Come, I have been in search of you this hour—and thought I should have been obliged to go back again without seeing you—I have been into every nook and corner of the Temple—ran through twenty windings and turnings—and courts, and lanes, and blind-alleys—and then up as many stairs as if I had been going to the top of the monument.

Mask. Why, I have changed the scene a little since I saw you last, to be sure.—Elegant chambers, Freeman—I have them ready furnished, you see—

Free. Won't the old gentleman be extremely surprised at the vast progress you've made in the law?

Mask. My father! prodigiously surprised—And I expect him in town every day.—But no matter—for in all

all my distress, Freeman, I am happy, and even successful—My affair with Sophy goes on swimmingly.

Free. Psha, is that all?—A musical lady! I would as soon take the Savoyard girl for a wife, with no other portion than her cymbal.

Mask. Ay, but my mistress's lyre is strung with gold, you know. Thirty thousand in her own disposal! Besides, I dare say this passion for music is but one of the irregular appetites of virginity: You hardly ever knew a lady so devoted to her harpsichord, but she suffered it to go out of tune after matrimony.

Free. This is all mighty pretty in theory.—But even supposing that you can so easily reconcile yourself to all her airs and crotchets, I see very little prospect of her being so enamoured of you.

Mask. To the very brink of desperation and matrimony.

Free. What! marry you? She never will, depend on it.

Mask. O, you're mistaken—You have too high an opinion of her understanding, and too mean a one of mine. Sophy is like one of her own instruments: It requires some skill to manage her, I confess. But I am a connoisseur in the art, and know every one of her stops.

Free. Her stops!—ha, ha!—That would be a mighty pretty conceit, if you was to carry on your courtship in music.

Mask. And why not? Love, perhaps, may as well be sung as said, and is hardly more ridiculous one way than the other; not to mention, that it is the only way of succeeding with Sophy. It is true indeed, that, notwithstanding her rage after the gamut, she knows little more of music than I do; yet I am so well convinced of the violence of her attachment to every thing that is musical and Italian, that I should hardly be surprised at her marriage with one of the Sopranos at the opera.

Free. Ay,—but, as I take it, Mask, you have no opera talents. You can neither sing, play, nor talk Italian.

Mask. No—but I can admire a fine singer, and be
in

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* in raptures at an air or a chorus; and as for Italian, I have just gleaned enough of the language to sprinkle my conversation with it as readily as many a fashionable coxcomb who has made the tour of Italy.

* *Free.* So your principal recommendations are necessity and the *bon front*—Hey, George!—Well, success attend you.

Mask. I tell you, I am sure of her. I have made some pretty intelligible overtures to her already, which have been received not unfavourably. I have played off the complete virtuoso upon her, and she supposes me to be very lately returned from Rome. I have been thrown into raptures and musical ecstasies—and cried out, *Bravo! divino!* and *ancora!* louder than herself. But that which, I plainly perceive, weighs most with her, is a ridiculous proposal I have made to carry her over to Italy directly after our marriage. In short, I have touched the principal string, the master-key of her soul. Nay, she has even declared, that I am a *bell' cavaliero*, and a person of infinite *gusto*—What do you think of that, Freeman?

* *Free.* Why, I think the only thing you have to do, is to follow her up with spirit.

Mask. And so I have—nay, I have even gone so far, as to frighten her with the apprehensions of losing me.

* *Free.* A dreadful sentence!—But how?

Mask. By a pretended match with a lady in the country, which, I have told her, my father is determined to force me into; and that I expect him in town every day to conclude the business with his counsel.

* *Free.* Make haste then, and conclude your own business with her before he really arrives. Why don't you visit her?

Mask. Visit her! So I have again and again. I am honoured with her particular commands for this very morning; and did not doubt of making this my last visit.—But some small impediments, I was afraid, would have prevented my waiting on her.—For this week past, my affairs have been, as you may perceive, in some little confusion.—I, you see, am rather in a dishabille.

* *Free.* Ha, ha, ha! This is altogether as droll an affair—
'amour,

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'amour, and as whimsical a piece of courtship, as ever I heard of.

'*Mask.* So much the better. The oddity of it charms me. I hate your Strephons, and Chloes, your sentimental lovers, sighing and languishing for two years together.'

Free. Well—but your commands for me.—Tell me in two words,—What is it you want?

Mask. In two words then—Every thing.

Free. I'm glad on't.

Mask. How so?

Free. Because every thing in my power is entirely at your service.

Mask. My best Freeman!

Free. Come then—away with me this instant, or you'll be too late.—You shall dress for your part at my house; and see now that you play it with spirit.

Mask. Never doubt it—Ten thousand thanks, my dear Freeman. Some other circumstances of this affair, as well as my conjugal plan, I'll acquaint you with as we go along. I'll be with her in less than half an hour, and make love to some tune, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Enter* Laundress *from the inner-room, with a paper and a bottle.*

'*Laun.* Ah, the times are sadly changed with my poor master here!—I have known the day, I could have carried things enow from chambers to keep my whole family. But now, if I was to take so much as an end of candle, poor gentleman! he must go to bed in the dark. The only things I can find, are these leavings of a quartern of Behea, and the bottom of a bottle of rum,—Hard times for poor folks!—And yet, give him his due—he's a noble gentleman, that I must say for him. When he has it, away it goes, and every body's the better for it. Ah, bless him, he is the noblest master I ever had in my life! But these confounded gaming-people cheat him of every thing.

[*Exit with the paper and bottle.*]

SCENE, A Room in Sophy's House.

Enter Sophy and Lady Scrape.

So. O piano, my dear Lady Scrape, piano!—The opera

opera is my darling amusement, 'tis true. I am infinitely concern'd at their discord.—But I can never think of endeavouring to bring Signor Staccato and the dear Caprice to an accommodation on such mean conditions.

L. Scr. Mean conditions!—Surely, surely, Miss Sophy, a salary of a thousand pounds—with an agreement to provide her a house ready furnished—to keep her a coach—and a French cook—and a Romish chaplain into the bargain, are no such despicable offers for one season's performance.—And as to Signor Staccato, the terms proposed are—

Sop. Nothing to what they have had abroad. Are not they the praise and admiration of all Europe?—Were not they loaded with presents by all the nobles at Venice?—universally caressed at Naples—entertained in the most sumptuous manner by the prince of Wittenberg—taken under the immediate protection of the Empress at Vienna, admired at Paris, adored at Brussels—and treated with the utmost respect in every country but our own?—O the Goths and Vandals!

L. Scr. Pardon me, Miss Sophy! these performers, I believe, have been nowhere better received, or met with more encouragement. Signor Ela, the director, my Lord and Lady Minum, myself, Madam, and many other subscribers to the opera, think the conditions offered, at least equal to their merit.

Sop. Oh, their merit is above all recompence. They are a perfect treasure of taste and vertu! O the dear Caprice!—Such cadences!—such softenutos!—and her graces, shakes, flurs, and trilloes—ravishing beyond expression!—And then Signor Staccato's execution! What enchanting tones!—what a noble forte!—what a tender piano! and such amazing harpegiaturas!—The very soul of harmony seems to breathe from the instrument.

L. Scr. Their merit ought indeed to be very extraordinary, to come in the least degree of comparison with their insolence.

Sop. Insolence! your Ladyship knows they are incapable of it.

L. Scr. I wish I did, Madam. Has not the Caprice

more than once affronted the whole town? Has not she disappointed them in the grossest manner—and refused to sing even on the opera nights?

Sop. Accident and indisposition. *Voi amanti, &c.*

[*Humming a tune with affected indifference.*

L. Scr. And has not Signor Staccato laid by the compositions of the best masters, for the sake of his own concertos?

Sop. Ravishing concertos!

L. Scr. And has not he at last thrown the whole orchestra into disorder and confusion?

Sop. Resentment, and great provocation!—La, la, la, la, &c. [*Humming.*

L. Scr. Nay, is it not notorious to the whole world, Madam, that their insolence is owing merely to the great encouragement they have received, and that they depend entirely—

Sop. Moderato! moderato! Madam. Your Ladyship's absolutely in alt.

L. Scr. In alt! Madam?

Sop. Yes, in alt—Give me leave to tell your Ladyship, that you have raised your voice a full octave higher since you came into the room. But to no purpose—The director of the opera, and the opera itself, shall suffer for it.—Signor Staccato and the Caprice shall perform nowhere but in my house, and those of a few other persons of gusto—Nay, we'll have a concert every opera-night—every opera-night, Madam—

L. Scr. Mighty well, Madam!

Sop. Which will demolish his entertainment, and ruin his subscription.

L. Scr. O, you may find yourself deceived, Madam—Signor Ela, and those of the nobility, who interest themselves in this affair, are not without resources—A foreign minister's lady has sent over for hands and voices superior to your friends, Madam.—Besides, Madam, let me tell you, that Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold; yes, Madam, Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold—and we don't doubt of providing a most exquisite opera, without the assistance of either Signor Staccato or the Caprice. [Exit.

Sop. Oh the tramontane creature!—But I'll not suffer

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fer her to disconcert the harmony of my temper—
Here, Signor Rosini—

Enter Rosini.

Give me the viol-di-gambo—a lesson on the base will
compose my mind—[*Tunes the instrument, and turns over
several pieces of music.*]—Well, I declare now, this little
Venetian ballad-tune, which Mr Mask has brought over
with him, is set with an infinite deal of taste—and there
is a most sprightly extravaganza in the words he has
adapted to it.—Signor Rosini, please to take the in-
strument—I'll go over this air—and do you accompany
me on the viol-di-gambo.

S O N G.

Love's a sweet and soft musician:
Who derives his skill from thee,
Plays on every disposition,
Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep despair now thrums Adagio,
Lively hope now sounds Corragio.
—O the ravishing transition!
Tweedle dum and tweedle dee.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the man is below with the monica.

Sop. The what?

Ser. I forgot the name, Ma'am—but it is a set of
musical glasses, that you bespoke last week.

Sop. O, the armonica. I am ravished to hear it.—
Bid the Monica come up.—Poor fellow!—And, d'ye
hear—tell them to get every thing ready for a con-
cert in the hall this morning—And, d'ye hear, I
am at home to nobody but Mr Mask—And bid
them lay the guittar and the viol d'amour on the harp-
sichord—I shall make use of them both.—[*Exit Ser-
vant.*]—Signor Rosini,—will you be so good as to look
over the scores—and see that the instruments are in tune
—and every thing in order—I expect a great virtuoso
this morning—a complete judge of composition—and a
perfect master of the contra-punto—So, pray be care-
ful. [Exit Rosini.]—I am astonished Mr Mask is not
come yet—Well, I swear he's a charming creature—he

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hits my unison to a miracle——If he did but sing, he would be a most complete virtuoso.—[Sings.]—I protest I am quite in a voice to-day.—[Sings.]—Lord, I wish he was here——I shall absolutely ravish him.

[Exit singing.]

A C T II.

SCENE, Sophy's House.

Enter Sophy and Mask.

Sophy. **N**AY, now, I am sure you flatter me——Is my style so truly Italian? Have I quite got rid of the horrid English cadence?

Mask. Let me die, Madam, if your whole conversation and behaviour do not make me fancy myself in Italy——Signora Lorenza at Florence was the very type of you.

Sop. Well, I swear now, you are almost the only creature one meets with in this barbarous country that has the least taste——Our travelling gentry either return from the tour of Europe as mere English boors as they went——John I rot still——or come home at best mere French petit-maitres——But as to Italy, not one of them but Signor Masquali——*Masquali!*——how very soft and prettily that sounds now!——You must give me leave to call you *Masquali*——instead of plain *Mask*——with a vile English *K* in it——O fie——it might as well have been an *X*——a person that has any ear can't endure it.

Mask. *Masquali!*——The most beautiful refinement in the world! But now I think of it, your name, Madam, may admit of some improvement too. Sophy is, to be sure, the prettiest of English names;——yet it is too near Molly. and Betsy, and Bridget, and Alice, to distinguish you. What d'ye think I would wish to call you?

Sop. I long to know——What?

Mask. I would call you then——I am sure you'll like it——*The Sophini.*

Sop. *The Sophini!*——I am pleased with it prodigiously——the sweetest concetto!——*The Sophini!* But pray, Signor——for I will call you Signor——was not you charmed at the concerto last week?——*The Caprice* was
amazing,

amazing, and great beyond expression in the song of Fonti Amiche.

[Singing.

Mask. The style of that air was excellent. The chromatico—I remember.—But pray, now, tell me truly, [taking her tenderly by the hand]—were there not some strokes of your composition in it?—I know all the virtuosi consult you on these occasions—I thought I could discern your manner.—Come, confess; I am sure it was so.

Sop. Nay, now—psia—your know that I never—and yet—[smiling and languishing]—you have an infinite deal of taste—you have indeed—I was always reckoned remarkable for the chromatico.

[Conceitedly.

Mask. That air was ravishing. But you must oblige me with it yourself.

Sop. What—after the Caprice?—not for the world—

Mask. I shall die if you refuse me.

[Tenderly.

Sop. Lard!—how can you be so troublesome?—[languishing.]—Stay!—la-la-la-la—[as tuning.] Lord, how hoarse I am!—I have a most terrible cold.—Come, begin—[to the music.]—but pray be careful of the accompagnamenti. Adagio, ma non troppo.

[Sings an Italian air.

Fonti amiche,

Aure leggiere,

Mormorando,

Suffurrando,

Voi mi dite,

Che io godro.

[During the song, Mask exclaims,

Divino! squisito! bravissimo! &c.

Sop. And you really think it is set prettily.

[Conceitedly.

Mask. Delightfully!—con amore, Madam, and sung—O heavens!

Sop. O, you're too good to me—And yet, ha, ha!—and yet, I hope it is a little better than the horrid English ballad-singing.

Mask. English ballad singing!—O the ridiculous idea!—To hear a huge fellow, with a rough horrible voice, roaring out, “O the roast beef of old England!”

Or a pale-fac'd chit of a girl, when some country neighbour asks her in company, Pray, Ma'am, could you favour us with "Go rose!"—No, Sir, not that, but another if you please; and then begins screaming, "If 'love's a sweet passion,'" squalling to the ancient British melody of the bagpipe, the Welch harp, and the dulcimer.

Sop. Horrible! ha, ha, ha!—horrible!—What a picture of English taste!—Oh—the people here are all downright Goths.

Mask. Absolute savages—An English catch, a Scotch jig, and an Irish howl, are all their ideas of harmony.—Their voices are a scale of discord—Music—oh—music flourishes nowhere but in Italy.

Sop. O ravishing Italy!—I'd give the world to be there—'Tis a heaven upon earth—the land of gusto, virtù, and felicità.

Mask. Oh, what would I give to have the happiness of transporting so inestimable a treasure as the Sophini to that region of taste!—Suffer me to renew the suit I have so often urged to you—Let me, nay, you must let me, attend you thither.

Sop. Nay—prithee now— [Languishing]

Mask. Such taste! such voice! such execution! Heavens, Madam! you would be the admiration of all the conoscianti—Nay, though a lady, I make no doubt but you would receive honours from the academy della Crusca.

Sop. Lord!—I protest now—you put me quite into confusion—For heaven's sake—

Mask. O see me at your feet!—Take pity on me!—upon yourself!—Consider my risk of losing you, by that horrid country-match I told you of!—Fly, O let us fly from this Gothic country, and take refuge in Italy—and permit your Masquali to attend you as your faithful Cicisbei.—

Sop. Let me beg, Sir—

Mask. Take him for your humble Cicerone, to show you the beauties of the place.—

Sop. Pray now—

Mask. Your Nomenclatore, to introduce you to the virtues.—

Sop.

Sop. How can you be so——

Mask. Take him—I won't shock your ear with the English sound of husband—but what is more soft and tender—take him for your sposo—your caro sposo.

Sop. Lord, this is so strange!——But stay, let me order Rosini to get the band in order——You have not had the music I promised you this morning.

Mask. Oh, I am too impatient to delay my supreme happiness on any consideration. We can have the music afterwards.

Sop. Afterwards, Signor? [Somewhat angrily.]

Mask. Yes, my dear Sophini, afterwards. And then, you know, it may serve for a wedding-concert——We may have it by way of a concerto nuttiale——What d'ye think of that?

Sop. A concerto nuttiale! Oh heavens, I am transported with the thought!——To have the singular pleasure of celebrating my marriage with a pasticcio, made up of the choicest pieces of my own composition!——What could inspire you with so divine an imagination?——The very idea absolutely overcomes me.

Mask. And you consent to make me happy——Come then, my soul is on the wing——Let us away this instant!

Sop. What can I do?——Well——after all——there is something so tender—so affettuoso in your manner! O you wicked creature!——I wish I could refuse you.

Mask. O the music of that sound!——O cara, cara!

[Kissing her hand.]

Sop. But on condition that we go directly to Italy.

Mask. Immediately. The ceremony may be performed to-day—this hour—and we may leave England to-morrow. Oh, with what pleasure do I change my state, and leave this barbarous country, to attend the Sophini to Italy!

Farewel, Old England! liberty! et tutto!

Hail, foreign climes! and marriage, ben venuto!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Temple walks.

Enter Old Mask.

Mask. So—so—so! tricked, cheated, imposed on, fooled and bamboozled by an ungracious rogue of a son!—a young knave! with his letters about special arguments at Westminster, and trials at Guildhall—and his stories of circuits and sessions—and his jargon from Plowden and Coke.—Odd's-my-life!—I am in such a passion, I could knock down every man I meet with for very anger.—

Enter Freeman.

Free. Bless me! is not that old Mr Mask?—Your servant, Sir; you're welcome to town.

O. Mask. O your servant, Sir; your most humble servant!—So your friend George is ruined, I find—George, Sir—your old crony and school-fellow—George is undone.

Free. Heaven forbid!

O. Mask. What! you know nothing of the matter, hey!—you're not acquainted with the pranks he has play'd—not you—to be sure!—Here have been rare doings! fine studies at the Temple!—A new abridgement of the law!

Free. So all's out, I find.—Please to explain, Sir. Have you seen your son?—have you been at his chambers?

O. Mask. Chambers! chambers, d'ye call them!—Kennels, dog-holes.—I purchased him a handsome set of chambers in King's-Bench Walks,—as handsome as any in the Temple—ay, and furnished them as handsomely.—But the young man is removed, I find:—and where?—why, into a blind-alley—a dark corner of the Inns of Court, up four pair of stairs—into a couple of vile shelving garrets, where I could scarce stand upright, or find a chair to sit down—with a worse smell than the county-gaol,—and a beautiful prospect into White Friars.—And then his study! A hundred and fifty pounds worth of law-books—I gave him—all neatly bound in white calf-skin,—gone!—The deuce a law-book has he in the world—but Littleton's Tenures in duodecimo, and the Game-laws sewed in blue paper.—
which,

which, with an odd volume of *Tristram Shandy*, some loose pamphlets and newspapers, and six or seven shelves of empty bottles, make up the whole of his library.—An extravagant profligate!

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—I see, Sir, you have taken an exact inventory of his effects.—But this is nothing.—Almost every young fellow falls into distresses one time or other.—An over-provident father makes a prodigal son.—You kept him too bare of money—you did indeed, Sir.

O. M. Money!—did not I give him a profession? did not I put him to the law?—Odd's-my-life! the riches—that by pains and application he might have got by his profession—

Free. His profession! ha, ha, ha! that's incomparable—His profession!—Ah, my dear Sir, the profession and he will never be a whit the better for each other. The law is a noble study, it is true—followed by several learned and worthy men.

Q. M. A sure road to wealth and preferment.

Free. Very true, Sir—but your son could as soon bring himself to take a purse upon the road, as follow the road to riches which you have chalked out for him!

O. M. Never tell me—I know, that, with his talents, he might have done what he pleased.—George has lively parts—An abandoned profligate!—to ruin himself!—And was always a smart lad—a keen—shrewd young rogue!—A fool to throw himself away!—And might have got into practice and high reputation, and made a fortune by his profession.

Free. Never! take my word for it. It is not his turn—not in the least his talent—Diametrically opposite to his genius and disposition.—Lively parts! a fine notion!—as if, because he can distinguish black from white, he should be able to confound black and white with each other.

O. Mask. He has ruined himself by his idleness and extravagance. Ah, what a prospect has he lost! Had he stuck to his studies, and made a figure at the bar, we might have got him a seat in parliament—and then of course a silk gown and then, by degrees, the solicitor-generalship—and then the attorney-generalship,—and then

then a judge—or a chief-justice—and then—odd's-my-life—he might have been as great a man as my Lord Coke himself.

Free. Oh rare! there's the true logic of every father in the kingdom! There is not a country farmer who sends his son a servitor to the university, but what promises himself the honour of lawn-sleeves in his family.

O. Mask. Well—well, it does not signify talking.—I'll never acknowledge him as long as I live.—Neglect his studies! his goods seized! over head and ears in debt!—a wretch, a vagabond, a prodigal!—

Free. Oh, moderate your anger!—If he is in distress, you'll relieve him; if he has any debts, you'll pay them—and then all's well again.

O. Mask. Me! I'll not advance a penny—let him go to gaol—let him starve—I'll never see his face again.

Free. You will, I am sure.

O. Mask. Never—I'll disinheret him—I won't leave him a groat—I'll cut him off with a shilling.—He's ruined for ever.

Free. He'll make his fortune.

O. Mask. He's undone!

Free. He's made for ever!

O. Mask. He'll be hang'd.

Free. He's married.

O. Mask. Who! what! when! where! how!—

Free. He's married.

O. Mask. Married! to whom?

Free. To a lady of fortune—rich, young, and handsome—A girl worth thirty thousand in hard money, Mr Mask.

O. Mask. What! George?

Free. Yes, George!

O. Mask. George married!—when?

Free. Within this half hour.

O. Mask. To thirty thousand?

Free. And better.

O. Mask. Indeed!—Well said, George, i'faith.—He's a fine boy—I knew he would do—He was always an arch rogue—But how d'ye know?

Free. I am sure on't—he dispatched one of my own servants.

servants to me with the intelligence—My chariot carried them to church.

O. Mask. Excellent!—He's a rare fellow—I'll leave him ev'ry farthing I have in the world—I'll settle—But who is this lady?—Where does she live?

Free. If you please, Sir—I'll conduct you to the house—perhaps we may arrive there before their return—and he shall present you with your fair daughter-in-law as a peace-offering.

O. Mask. Come along then.—It shall go hard but I'll dance at the young rogue's wedding.—I'll settle five hundred a-year on the first boy.—Did not I tell you he was a smart lad, and wou'd thrive in the world?—Odd's-my-life—strip him stark-naked, and throw him into the sea, he would rise up again with a sword and bag-wig.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Hall at Sophy's.—Musicians—music-stands—and every thing prepared for a concert.

* *Ros.* Come, are the scores all right? are you all ready in your parts?

* *Sing.* I'm afraid we're not quite perfect in this strange Trio which Mr Mask has left with us.

* *Ros.* Strange Trio, d'ye call it!—Let me see—

[*Reads the paper.*]

* And also, nor, neither,

* For, because, or either;

* But, that, although, therefore,

* If, yet, unless, wherefore.

* Very pretty words, and extremely musical!—Suppose

* you run them over—you'll have time enough.

* *Singer.* With all my heart.

* The T R I O.

* Words by Dr Busby.

* Music by Mr Battishull.

* And, also, nor, neither,

* For, because, or, either,

* But, that, although, therefore,

* If, yet, unless, wherefore.

Towards

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Towards the end of the Song, enter Old Mask and Freeman.

O. Mask. Odd's-my-life! a very handsome house—
What a magnificent side-board of plate in the parlour
we came through!

Free. O, Sir, you'll find every thing agreeable to
your wishes and the account I have given you.

O. Mask. But is she is so musical, d'ye say?

Free. Hift! they're here—Let us retire a while.

Enter Mask and Sophy.

Sop. Di due belle alme amanti, &c. [Singing.]

Free. (advancing.) How now, Mask? May we give
you joy? You're married, I hope.

Mask. Ay, ay—fast enough, Freeman.

Sop. O yes—married in a filthy church without an or-
gan in it—But, Signor Masquali, d'ye know that
gentleman? [Seeing Old Mask, who advances.]

Mask. My father!—I'll carry it through boldly,
however—[*Aside.*] You see, my dear, I told you he
would be in town.—[*To Sophy.*] This is a pleasure I
had not flatter'd myself in the expectation of—Give
me leave, Sir, to present you with this lady—whom I
have just now had the happiness to make my wife; and
your daughter.

O. Mask. Madam, I give you joy—and my son joy—
and myself joy—I have heard of all your pranks, George;
and if you had not overcome me with this agreeable sur-
prise—odd's-my-life, I should have taken you soundly to
task, I can tell you. [Apart to Mask.]

Sop. Well, I protest, I am glad to see so much good
company.—I have a concerto ready—you will be ra-
vished with it—all the airs are of my own composition.

O. Mask. A concert!—With submission, Ma'am, a
good country-dance would make us a thousand times
merrier.—Odd's-my-life! give me but a lively part-
ner, and I'll cross over, and figure in, and right hand
and left, till six in the morning.—Toll de roll, de roll.

[Singing a dance-tune.]
Sop. O monstrous! Signor Masquali, d'ye hear? Is
it possible this can be a father of your's, and have so
little gusto?

O. Mask. His father! Yes, Madam, and you'll find
him

him his father's own son, I believe—A chip of the old block, I promise you.

Sop. Oh, he's the very abstract of vertu—

O Mask. Yes, yes—George has virtue enough, for that matter.

Sop. Vertu—gusto—musical taste, Sir!

O Mask. What, George?

Sop. A complete conoiscence—

O Mask. My son?

Sop. A most excellent judge of style and composition.—

O Mask. He!

Sop. And a person of the nicest ear in the world.

O Mask. O dear, O dear, O dear! What, has the young rogue made you believe that he understands music?

Sop. Oh, Sir, I am not easily deceived in those particulars. [Conceitedly.]

O Mask. A sly dog!—He was always an arch rogue—ha, ha, ha!—Why, this is all a bam, Madam!

Sop. A bam, Sir!—What d'ye mean?

O Mask. The young rogue has play'd on us both, Ma'am.—Taste! he knows no more of vertu, as you call it, than I find he does of the law.—A sly dog!—Music?—He!—Why, he has no notion of a tune beyond Derry-down, or the hundredth psalm.—As to singing, he has no more musical notes in his voice than a cuckow—And the ear is, I believe, the last part of the human frame by which he would choose to be distinguished.

Sop. Nay, now, Sir, you carry your raillery too far. I am too well acquainted with his accomplishments. Don't I know that he mixt with all the virtuosi in Italy?—Does not he abominate filthy English, and idolize dear Italian?—And is not he just returned from being the object of public admiration at Rome?

O. M. Rome! George been at Rome!—What, has he persuaded you into that too? ha, ha, ha, ha—An arch dog!—[Laughing heartily.]—Why, Ma'am, he never was out of England in his life. He knows

'no more of Rome than the Pope does of my seat in
'Wiltshire.

Sop. How!

O Mask. And as to Italian, he's not acquainted with
twenty words of the language.

'*Sop.* Impossible!

'*O. Mask.* I tell you, Ma'am, again and again, 'tis
'all a bam upon you—George is an arch rogue, and
'has been too hard for us both—ha, ha, ha, ha!

'[*Mask winks, and makes signs to him.*
'Ah, what signifies your winking and nodding to me?
'Isn't it all true, firrah?

Sop. And do you confess this charge, Sir?

[*To Mask.*

Mask. Guilty, upon my honour! Before marriage,
as I saw it pleased you, I was content to seem an Ita-
lian; but now, my love, you shall find me a true Bri-
ton, I promise you.

O. Mask. Look ye there!—did not I tell you so?—
ha, ha, ha!

Sop. Nay, now, Sir, I see you are in jest—for I'm
convinc'd that Signor Masquali—

Mask. Masquali!—Mask—Mask is my name, my
dear!—and your name too—thanks to the parson.

Sop. Mask!—I shall never bear to be called Mask—
Mrs Mask!—Such an unmusical appellation!—I shall
never endure it.

Mask. Yes, yes, you will endure it very well, and a
great deal more too, I warrant you.

Sop. Why, surely, Signor—

Mask. Signor!—I am no Signor.—Mr Mask—or, if
you please, George Mask—an English gentleman—
worth twenty marquises from France, or counts from
Italy.

O. Mask. Odd's my life! he'll fret her guts to fiddle-
strings.

Sop. And you are really no virtuoso? not a person of
gusto?

Mask. In nothing, Madam, but in my passion for
you.

Sop. Astonishing!—I shall still have one consolati-
tion,

tion, however—and that a great one—I shall have the pleasure of forming your taste myself—and as a good lesson—I'll have the concerto performed immediately. Where are all my people? Here, Rosini! Caprice! Scrapelli! Squeakalli!

[Calling the singers.]

O. Mask. Odd's my-life, the whole kennel!—Silver and Trueman! Sweetlips and Dido!

Sop. Ah, Tramontani! what horrible discord! nothing but the performance of my concerto—

Mask. Come, come, my dear Sophy, we'll have no concerto—nothing Italian—We'll celebrate our nuptials after the old English fashion—

Sop. What!

Mask. I'll give away five guineas to the bell-ringers.

Sop. Horrible!

Mask. All the servants shall go roaring drunk to-bed.

Sop. Monstrous!

Mask. And to-morrow morning, my love, you shall be roused with the drums, and the true British serenade of marrow-bones and cleavers.

Sop. Barbarous and horrible! Is this the Affettuoso Masquali? Is this the tender Sposo?

Mask. English, my dear Sophy; speak English, for Heaven's sake! I can converse in no other language.

Sop. How am I deceived and imposed on! And don't you intend to carry me to Italy?

Mask. To Italy! ridiculous! No, no, my love; we'll stay here, in the comfortable enjoyment of beef, liberty, and Old England.

Sop. Disappointed in every thing! deluded, cajoled! coaxed! wheedled into a marriage with a horrid English—

Mask. Have a care, Sophy; no hard words to your lord and husband.

Sop. Husband! I shall faint at the sound.

Free. Have patience, Madam, and reconcile yourself to your situation. To be laugh'd out of one's follies, is the best and most agreeable method of being cured of them.

O. Mask. Odd's-my-life, daughter!—I have a right to call you daughter now—down on your knees, and thank heaven that you have had such an escape. Why,

it was a thousand to one but what you had married a fiddler—You have met with one of the archest young rogues in the world. I'll answer for it, that his fortune shall be little inferior to your own—and I warrant, that he will make the best of husbands.

Sop. Best of husbands indeed! and deny me the enjoyment of music and vertu?

Mask. That, my dearest Sophy, shall be almost the only thing I will deny you. And you will thank me hereafter for opposing a foible, which eclipsed your good sense, and served only to make you ridiculous.—Nay, more; to convince you that I can endure the sound of an instrument, do but defer your concert till the evening, you shall invite what company you please, and my father may be indulged with his country-dance afterwards into the bargain.

O. Mask. Afterwards!—We'll have a dance now—
 ' Away with your music-stands and big-bellied bass-
 ' viols, and let the fiddles strike up here, and call in
 ' your fingers to go down the dance with us.

Mask. With all my heart—But I have more wonders for you.

Sop. What d'ye mean?

Mask. I'll show you'—Rofini!

[*To Rofin, who advances.*]

Rof. Signor!

Mask. Signor!—don't Signor me, puppy. Sophy, do you know this gentleman?

Sop. Nobody better;—it is Signor Rofini.

Mask. See now, how easy it is to impose on you. He is as great a cheat as myself. This is no Signor Rofini, but honest Jack Rofin, from Comus's court;—one of the choice spirits—the chief leader in all my concertos, and by my direction he crept into your pay as Signor Rofini.

Sop. Indeed! I must fairly own, that this last circumstance mortifies me, and makes me more ashamed of my musical attachment than all the rest.—To be duped by Mr Rofin, is too palpable a weakness not to be repented! But now, Sir, if I consent to lower my note, (to make use of a musical phrase once more), may I not hope that you will lower your note too?

Mask.

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Mask. In every particular that does not hurt your fortune, or injure your character, you shall find me the tenderest and most compliant of husbands. And now, Sophy, do but cheerfully resign this one foible, we shall be the happiest couple in Great Britain.—And though there has been some little discord between us at first, we shall agree for the future as well as bass and treble. And give me leave to congratulate you, that instead of Signor MASQUARI, you have got honest GEORGE MASK.

M I D A S:

A

B U R L E T T A.

IN TWO ACTS.

By KANE OHARA, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Jupiter,</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>Juno,</i>	Mr Legg.	Mr Taylor.
<i>Apollo,</i>	Mrs Stevens.	Mrs Mountfort.
<i>Pan,</i>	Mr Mattocks.	Mr Marshall.
	Mr Dunstall.	Mr Hallion.

M O R T A L S.

<i>Midas,</i>	Mr Shuter.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Damatas,</i>	Mr Barnshaw.	Mr Tanwet.
<i>Sileno,</i>	Mr Baker,	Mr Charteris.
<i>Myfis,</i>	Mrs Thompson.	Mrs Charteris.
<i>Daphne,</i>	Mrs Baker.	Mrs Jackson.
<i>Nysa,</i>	Mrs Mattocks.	Miss Kirby.

SCENE, *First on Mount Olympus, afterwards on the Pastures of Lydia.*

A C T I.

The curtain rising, discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

Chorus of all the Gods.

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,

With

With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe ;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks ;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks ;
Earth's globe is but his taw.

Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule ;
His word,
Tho' absurd,
Must be law.

Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate ;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.

Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

Jup. (rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,

And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law, (*to Jupiter:*) My proctor, with
a summons,
Shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven your varlet.

Juno. What! for detecting you and your vile harlot!

A I R.

Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love ;

For

For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.

I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness inclose them;
Your favourite jades,
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder;
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

A I R.

Be by your friends advis'd,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk.

Jup. You faucy scoundrel—there, Sir—Come Dis-
order,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him,
he falls.—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the
Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus—

Jove in his chair, &c.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs away frightened, leaving his cloak, hat, and guittar, behind him. Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunn'd: at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks. After which, enters to him Sileno.*

Apol. Zooks, what a crush! a pretty decent tumble! Kind usage, Mr Jove—sweet Sir, your humble. Well, down I am;—no bones broke—though fore pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd.

[Puts on the cloak, &c.]

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow. Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person, Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Sileno. Whom have we here? a sightly clown!—and sturdy:

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy. Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters; I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, Sir;

Pol is my name—a shepherd once my dad, Sir, I th' upper parts here—though not born to serving, I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i' the lottery—So have I too; Why—I'm the master you could best apply too.

Since you mean to hire for service,

Come with me, you jolly dog;

You can help to bring home harvest,

Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,

You shall daintily be fed;

Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,

Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.

Fa la la.

Come

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home;
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your strum-strum.
 Fa la la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer;
 Farther on I may fare worse;
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts and empty purse.
 Fa la la.

Sil. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer.

Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer.

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse.

Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.

Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,

Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse,

Pol. Hungry guts and empty purse.
 Fa la la.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*]

SCENE, *Sileno's Farm-house.*

Enter Daphne and Nyfa, Myfis following behind.

Daph. But, Nyfa, how goes on Squire Midas' courtship?

Nyf. Your sweet Dametas, pimp to his great worship,

Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—

—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nyf. Right. So we are rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!

Myf. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus ye mind your spinning?

A I R.

Girls are known
 To mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle.

Who

Who would rear
 Two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle :
 For here they skip,
 And there they trip,
 And this and that way fiddle.
 Giddy maids,
 Poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding ;
 They flirt pell-mell,
 Their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding :
 To ev'ry fop
 They're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

Enter Sileno introducing Pol.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you
 grumble

At too hard toil ;—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble
 On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
 To'm lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Myf. Fine rubbish to bring home ; a strolling thrum-
 mer !

What art thou good for ? speak, thou ragged mummer ?
[*T. Pol.*

Nys. Mother, for shame—

Myf. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue,
 For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Myf. What, you, you jack-a-dandy ?

A I R

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue :

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?

Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is

A stranger why will you despise ? (strong.

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me :

If you cast me

OF

Off, you blast me
Never more to rise.

Myf. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nyf. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing! [Aside.]

Sil. Ooms, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [Exit *Pol.*]

Sil. Fye, why so crossgrain'd to a young beginner?

Nyf. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. Not pert nor lumpish.

[To *Myf.*]

Myf. Wou'd he were hang'd!

Nyf. and *Daph.* La, mother, why so frumpish?

A I R.

Nyf. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
To the gentle, handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you tease and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nyf. Ah, ah!

Daph. Mamma!

Nyf. } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Daph. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

Nyf. } To the gentle, handsome swain;

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nyf. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarm'd on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you tease and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nyf. } Mamma!

Myf. } Psha! psha!

Daph. } Papa!

Sil. } Ah! ah!

Daph. } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nyf. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?

Daph. To the gentle handsome swain,
Sil. He's a gentle handsome swain,
Nys. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Myf. 'Tis my pleasure to give pain,
Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Sil. He's a gentle, handsome swain,
Nys. To the gentle, handsome swain,
Myf. To your odious, fav'rite swain. [Exit.

Enter Midas and Damætas.

Mid. Nyfa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

Dam. Ah, please your worship—he is wond'rous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odds bobs—I'll force her—

Dam. The halter—

Mid. As for Madam, I'll divorce her.—

Some favoured lout in cog our blifs opposes.

Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks,—of his sly tampering,

To sling poor Pan; but I'll soon send him scampering.

'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!

Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tipling, Sir, at the ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient
To rout this Pol. [Exit.

Dam. I fly; (going, returns) Sir, your obedient.

[Exit.

Mid. What boots my being 'squire,
 Justice of peace and quorum;
 Church-warden—knight o' th' shire,
 And custos rotulorum;
 If saucy little Nyfa's heart rebellious,
 My 'squireship flights, and hankers after fellows?

A I R.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,

Her nose up at him toss?

No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:

I'll sell her Poll a slave, get mundungus in exchange;

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So

So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.

No: I'll kidnap, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE, Pan is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

A I R.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool if he thinks,
That he's as happy as I:

Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life;
I have my las,es,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.

Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter Damætas,

Dam, There sits the old soaker—his pate troubling little

How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.—
Hoe, master Pan—Gad, you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, Sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter:
Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R.

All around the maypole how they trot,
Hot
Pot

And good ale have got:

Routing,
Shouting,

At your flouting,

Fleering,

Fleering,
 Jeering,
 And what not.
 There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
 Lad,
 Glad
 To see us sad ;
 Cap'ring,
 Vap'ring ;
 While Pol scraping,
 Coaxes
 The lasses
 As he did the dad.

Enter Myfis.

Myf. O Pan ! the devil to pay—both my fluts frantic,
 Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
 But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
 I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[Going.]

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce :
 Avast—disguise your fury.
 Pol we shall trounce ;
 Midas is judge and jury.

A I R.

Myf. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
 To see my purposes thus counteracted !
 This way or that way, or which way soever,
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.
 Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame ;
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame ;
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A wood and lawn near Sileno's farm, flocks grazing at a distance—a tender slow symphony. Daphne crosses melancholic and silent ; Nyls watching her. Then Daphne returns running.*

Nyf. O ho, is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
 Shall make her stir her stumps.

To all her secret haunts,
 Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:
 And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.

[Retires.]

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pit! what
 thumping,
 E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin!

A I R.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stept in leather shoe;
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do;
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue:
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

Enter Pol.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said,
 He's at your shoulder—
 This wench was running in my head,
 And, pop—behold her.

A I R.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He'd not long need sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're such an oglio,
 Of perfection in folio,

Mo

No damsel can resist you :
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

A I R.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o'late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowzy, his gestures so aukward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowzy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

Nys. (*from within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste, come

Pol. Death, what a time to call! (hither.
 Oh, rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye, Daph.

Daph. B'ye, Pol.

Enter Nysa.

Nys. Marry come up, forsooth!

Is't me, you forward vixen,
 You choose to play your tricks on?
 And could your liquorish tooth
 Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again,
 Indeed, my dirty cousin!
 Have you a right to ev'ry swain?

Nys. Ay, though a dozen.

A I R.

Daph. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
 Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?

Nys. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
 In love with the giantess of Guildhall?

Daph. Pigmy elf.

Nys. Colossus itself.

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
 A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Nys. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nys. Lead apes,

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance,

Nys. And, Miss, your high airs,

Daph. Is past all endurance,

Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of these freedoms, Miss Nyfa, I beg.

Nys. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. } Poor spite!

Nys. } Pride hurt!

Daph. } Liver white!

Nys. } Rare sport!

Daph. } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite.

Nys. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

Enter Nyfa, followed by Midas.

Mid. **T**URN, tygres, turn; nay, fly not —
I have thee at a why not.

How comes, little Nyfy,

That heart to me so icy

Should be to Pol like tinder,

Burnt up t' a very cinder?

Nys. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,

Firm as a rock,

I scorn your shock;

But why this attack?

A miss can you lack,

Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

A I R.

A I R.

O what pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!

Let earth cover her,

We'll dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy should I be,

Would little Nyfa pig with me!

How I'd mumble her,

Touze and tumble her,

Would little Nyfa pig with me!

Nyf. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows —

Nyf. I would not take your bond, Sir, —

Mid. Half my estate —

Nyf. No, nor the whole — my fond Sir.

A I R.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;

Cease your bribes and wheedling:

Till I'm made a bride i' the church,

I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches

And soft speeches?

Baits and fetches

To bewitch us:

When you've won us,

And undone us,

Cloy'd you shun us,

Frowning on us,

For our heedless piddling. [Exit.

Enter Pan; and Pol, listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:

When he's in limbo,

Not thus our hoity toity miss

Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Pan. So, squire, well met — I flew to know your
business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
his knees.

Pan.

Pan. That were a feat indeed ;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon.
I'll make him skip——

Pan. —As St George did the dragon.

A I R.

If into your hen-yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals sily, your poultry to ravage ;
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him ;
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish ;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Lawn before Midas's House.*

Enter Nyfa.

Nyf. Good lack ! what is come o'er me ?
Daphne has stepp'd before me !
Envy and love devour me.
Pol doats upon her phiz hard ;
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous.
Ah, Nyfa, what resource !——a cloyster.
Death alive——yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun.
Prodigious !

A I R.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine ;
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine :
But my sister,
Ah, he kifs'd her,
And me he pass'd by ;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye.

[*Exit.*
SCENE,

SCENE, Midas's Parlour.

Midas, Myfis, and Pan, in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast—

Pan. Here goes our noble umpire;

Myf. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has crook'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the devil himself—

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah, Squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Myf. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter; here its price is

At your command, do but this job for Myfis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,

Keep, Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle;

My award's

Your sure card;

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end th' tankard;

I have no head for bus'ness till I've drunk hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle;

When I'm most rocky, I best fit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,

Then part to our affairs—

Pan. A match.

Myf. A match.

Mid.

Mid. Master Pol

And his toll-de-roll-loll,

I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir.

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, Sir :

Myf. And I'll have a thump,

Though he is so plump,

And make such a woundy racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Myf. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff ;

Omn. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats,

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em,

Or skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom :

Arraign'd he shall be,

Of treason to me !

Pan. And I with my davy will back it ;

I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Myf. I'll tear.

Omn. O rare !

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Enter Sileno and Damætas, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee ; the squire's bafe pandar !
To the plantations sooner would I fend her.

Dam. Sir, your goodwife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor ;

What knew she of thee but thy coffers ?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jacka-
By dint of congees and of scrapes—— [napes,

Sil. These are thy slanders, and that canker'd hag's.

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money-bags.

A I R.

If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a faint,
And change to an owl a macaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice will despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub;

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub.

Dam. Whom the prince of impostures I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub,

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub,

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipt syllabub. [Exit.

Enter Myfis, attended by Daphne and Nyfa.

Myf. Soh—you attend the trial—we shall drive
Your vagabond— [hence

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nyf. Daph,—for your sake my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O gemini! say'st thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nyf. Let's kneel, and beg his stay; papa will back us.

Daph. Mamma will storm.

Nyf. What then? she can but whack us.

A I R.

A I R.

Daph. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To disserve
From my favour
So sweet a swain!
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.

Nys. Father, hopes you gave her;
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.

Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;

Nys. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warming,

Nys. Wrath disarming.

Daph. With his soft lay:

Nys. He's so charming,

Ay, let him stay,

Beth. He's so charming, &c.

Myf. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.

Myf. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness!

Myf. I with gladness

Cou'd see him swing,

For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

Dam. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?

Must I to him yield of *Daph.* the enjoyments?

Myf. Ne'er, while a tongue I brandish,

Fop outlandish

Daph. shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income,

Herds and clinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em.

Dam.

Dam. Midas must judge.

Myf. And Pol must fly.

Sil. Zounds, Pol shan't budge :

Myf. You lie ;

Dam. You lie :

Myf.

Dam. } You lie, you lie.

Sil.

Nyf. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains ;

Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.

Nyf. Pol is young and merry ;

Daph. Light and airy,

Sil. As a fairy.

Nyf. Pan is old and musty ;

Daph. Stiff and fusty ;

Sil. Sour and crusty.

Daph. Can you banish Pol ?

Nyf. No, no, no, no.

Let Pan fall.

Daph. Ay, let him go.

Nyf.

Daph. } Ay, let him go.

Sil.

Midas comes forth enrag'd, attended by a crowd of nymphs and swains.

Mid. Peace, ho ! is hell broke loose ? what means this jawing ?

Under my very nose this clapper-clawing ?

A I R.

What the devil's here to do,

Ye loggerheads and gypsies ?

Sirrah you, and hussley you,

And each of you tipsey is :

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

C H O R U S.

O tremendous justice Midas !

Who shall oppose wise justice Midas ?

A I R.

Mid. I'm given to understand, that you're all in a pother here,

Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you another year :

Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide, as

The delicate ears of justice Midas ?

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble !—

Enter Pol and Pan generally.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.

Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

A I R.

Now I'm seated,

I'll be treated

Like the Sophi on his throne ;

In my presence,

Scoundrel peasants,

Shall not call their souls their own.

My behest is,

He who best is,

Shall be fix'd musician chief ;

Ne'er the loser,

Shall show nose here,

But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition ?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. —I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.

Pol. —Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pap, take the lead.

Pan. —Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A I R.

A pox of your pother about this or that ;

Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat ;

I'm sharp by my bumpers ; you're flat, master Pol ;

So here goes a set to a toll-de-roll-loll.

When

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in-fing-fong, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fufs for, but—tol-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chace:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship; 'tis rather too long;
I only meant life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age:
How, hang-dog, don't you blush to show your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

One of the candidates bespatter,

With so much partial passion.

[Midas falls asleep.]

A I R.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting

Ye danc'd on down away;

When my soft vows repeating,

At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when Sunder'd,

As Midas' frowns presage,

Each hour will seem an hundred,

Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence——this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear——else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain;

Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. Oh tremendous, &c.

H h 2

Mid.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthrone him——

No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him——

[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.*]

C H O R U S.

See, triumphant sits the bard,

Crown'd with bays, his due reward :

Exil'd Pol shall wander far ;

Exil'd, twang his faint guittar ;

While, with echoing shouts of praise,

We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.——What keeps you here, you ragamuffin ?

Go trudge——or do you wait for a good cuffing ?

Pol. Now, all attend. The wrath of Jove, for rapine, Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.

[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo.*
Tremble, thou wretch ! thou'st stretch'd thy utmost
tether ;

Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R.

Dunce, I did but sham,

For Apollo I am,

God of music, and king of Parnass :

Thy feurey decree,

For Pan against me,

I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,

On our marrow-bones we fall.

Myf. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.——Alas, alas !

A I R.

Apol. Thou a Billingsgate quean,

[*To Myf.*

Thou a pandar obscene,

[*To Dam.*

With strumpets and bailiffs shall class ;

Thou, driven from man,

[*To Mid.*

Shalt wander with Pan,

He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be

Be thou squire—his estate

[To Sil.

To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked mafs: { To Daph.

Live happy, while I,

{ and Nyfa.

Recall'd to the fky,

Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

Daph.

Sil.

Nyf.

{ Together with { To the bright God of day,
the other nymphs { Let us dance, fmg, and play;
and fwains. { Clap hands every lad with his
laf: }

Daph.

Now, critics, lie fnug,

Not a his, groan, or shrug;

Remember the fate of Midas,

Midas;

Remember the fate of Midas.

CHORUS.

Now, critics, lie fnug, &c.

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The first of the three
To the second of the three
To the third of the three
To the fourth of the three
To the fifth of the three
To the sixth of the three
To the seventh of the three
To the eighth of the three
To the ninth of the three
To the tenth of the three

To the first of the three
To the second of the three
To the third of the three
To the fourth of the three
To the fifth of the three
To the sixth of the three
To the seventh of the three
To the eighth of the three
To the ninth of the three
To the tenth of the three

CHORUS

Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is
Now, when the sun is

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